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Rev. Legh Richmond

A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. LEGH RICHMOND, A. M.

AUTHOR OF THE

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER, YOUNG COTTAGER, &c.

BY THE

REV. T. S. GRIMSHAWE, A. M.

RECTOR OF BURTON-LATIMER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE; AND VICAR OF BIDDENHAM, BEDFORDSHIRE.

ABRIDGED

BY THE REV. WILLIAM PATTON, A. M.

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Southern District of New York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1828, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, Jonathan Leavitt, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Memoir of the Rev. Legh Richmond, A. M., author of the Dairyman's Daughter, Young Cottager, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A. M., Rector of Burton-Latimer, Northamptonshire; and Vicar of Biddenham, Bedfordshire. Abridged by the Rev. William Patton, A. M."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "an Act, supplementary to an act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FRED. J. BETTS,
Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

Vanderpool & Cole, Printers.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In our religious and intelligent community, there must be a very general curiosity to become intimately acquainted with one, whose writings have been read with so much delight and profit, as those of Legh Richmond. The Editor of the following pages, has therefore wished to afford American readers a full view of his character and sentiments, and of the most important incidents of his life. Still it has seemed proper to omit some paragraphs and sentences of a local nature and some observations and reflections of the original Compiler, which might be interesting and useful in England, but not so much so in this country. The omission of those, and of large extracts from the Diaryman's Daughter, and other writings already in extensive circulation, has much reduced the price of the volume, and thus, it may be hoped, will greatly extend its usefulness. In making these omissions, the Editor has not relied solely on his own judgment, but has been privileged with the advice and cordial approbation of two of his ministerial brethren of this city, of the same Christian denomination of which Legh Richmond was so distinguished an ornament. Thus abridged, the book is now affectionately commended to the intelligent and good of every name.

W. P.

New York, Dec. 22, 1828.

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MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Legh Richmond—his ancestry; education; and incidents of early years—Promise of talent—Completion of his education at school.

The Rev. Legh Richmond was descended from an ancestry highly respectable on the side of both his parents, each of whom was related to some of the principal families in the counties of Lancaster and Chester. He was the son of Henry Richmond Esq., M. D., who practised as a physician, first at Liverpool, and afterward at Bath, where he resided for several years previously to his death, which occurred at Stockport, in Cheshire, in the year 1806; of which place his father, the Rev. Legh Richmond, had been rector.

Dr. Henry Richmond, was the fifth in lineal male descent from Oliver Richmond Esq., of Ashton Keynes, in the county of Wilts, on which estate his ancestors had resided from the time of the Conquest.

The mother of Mr. Richmond, was the daughter of John Atherton Esq., of Walton Hall, near Liverpool, and by the maternal side first cousin to Dr. Henry Richmond.

As some additional particulars of the family appear in the progress of this work, recorded by his own pen, any farther statement in this place is superfluous.

Mr. Richmond was born at Liverpool, on January 29th, 1772. It was his privilege to have a most estimable mother, endued with a superior understanding, which had been cultivated and improved by an excellent education and subsequent reading. In addition to her natural talents and acquirements, she was piously disposed.

This affectionate and conscientious parent anxiously instructed him, from his infancy, in the Holy Scriptures, and in the principles of true religion, according to the best of her ability; a debt, which was subsequently well repaid by her son, who became the happy and honoured instrument of imparting to his beloved mother clearer and more enlarged views of divine truth than were generally prevalent during the last generation. It seems highly probable that the seeds of piety were then sown, which in a future period, and under circumstances of a providential nature, were destined to produce a rich and abundant harvest.*

It was in the period of his childhood, that the accident occurred which occasioned the lameness to which he was subject during the remainder of his life. In leaping over a wall, he fell with violence to the ground, and injured the left leg, so as to contract its growth, and afterward to impair its use. It is a remarkable coincidence, that somewhat of a similar occurrence befel one of his own sons, and was attended with precisely the same effects. It was in

* "Could we without sacrilege enter the sanctuary of a mother's bosom, we might whisper a tale that would account for the distinguished usefulness with which God has condescended to favour some of the best of men. Many a godly mother can say—I have had peculiar solicitudes respecting *this* child. Even before its birth, I dedicated it to the Lord; and then engaged that it should be unreservedly devoted to his glory. And when the little immortal was committed to my arms, with many prayers and tears did I renew my engagements, till it was strongly impressed on my mind, that God had heard my cry and accepted my offering.—*Spring's Life of S. Y. Mills.* A. E.

consequence of this accident, that Mr. Richmond received the rudiments of his early education under the sole tuition of his father, who was an excellent classical scholar, and well acquainted with literature in general.

In addition to his proficiency in classical and other elementary studies, he made considerable progress, during this period, in the science of music; a predilection for which, he retained to the end of his life.

The activity of his mind soon began to develope itself. Some specimens of the productions of his early years have been preserved, by the partiality of his friends; and as youthful talent generally delights to assume a poetical form, his first efforts were devoted to the Muses.

The following parody on "Hamlet's Soliloquy" is one of the earliest of his juvenile compositions. It was written when he was only eleven years of age. The occasion of its production was the general habit which then prevailed of wearing hair powder.

"To be, or not to be in powder?—This is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to bear
The plagues and torments of a powdered head,
Or to take arms against a round of fashions,
And by opposing, end them?—To pomatum—to daub—
No more;—and, by a daub, to say,
We end the bickerings and chatterings
Of a trifling world:—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished for.—To powder—to pomatum—
Perchance to spoil my hair:—aye, there's the rub;
For in that woful ruin of my hair
What dreadful consequences may ensue!
Yet, who can bear the whips and scorns of fashion!
I'd spend my days beneath a barber's hands,
And breathe within a shower of falling powder;
But that the dread of something greater still—
The certain ruin of my auburn hair,
Puzzles the will, and racks the tortured brain—
Oh, dreadful thought! It sinks the rising courage,
And of my pride the current turns away.
Powder—pomatum—barbers—all, adieu!"

Lines written about the same period :

"Before the earth and sea to man were given,
Or stars were spotted o'er the crystal heaven ;
The face of Nature was throughout the same—
A rugged heap, and Chaos was its name ;
Nor any thing, but piled up heaps were there,
And earth and sea were mixed with fire and air :
No radiant sun by day afforded light,
Nor waning Phœbe shone in midst of night ;
Nor the earth self-poised in fluid air was placed,
Or sea, with circling arms, the earth embraced."

The next specimen of versification, was written at the age of twelve.

ON THE MORNING.

"Behold, the earth is clad in sober gray,
And twinkling stars foretell the approach of day.
The hare runs timid o'er the bladed grass,
And early shepherds on the meadows pass.
In splendid majesty the morning star
Welcomes Aurora, in her rosy car.
The lark, the early herald of the morn,
Whose tender sides soft gentle plumes adorn,
Flies from her nest above all human sight,
And to the skies sublime she bends her flight.
Her pleasing notes the ambient hills repeat,
And day o'er half the world resumes its seat ;
The splendent sun's ethereal light appears,
And Nature wipes away her dewy tears.—"

The following lines in imitation of Pope, may be considered as no unsuccessful illustration of the poet's rule :

'' 'Tis not enough, no harshness gives offence,
The sound should seem an echo to the sense.'—

"The line should soften when the bleat of sheep,
And gentle zephyrs sooth to placid sleep ;
When din of rattling thunderbolts is heard,
The roughest words to softer are preferred.
When purling rivulets translucent glide,
The liquid letters then should form a tide.

Within a labyrinth, the line seems vext,
Mazy, inextricable, and perplext.
But when the rougher storms fierce rage on high,
And heave the angry billows to the sky;
When rattling rain comes hissing down in showers,
And to the whirlpool in a torrent pours;
The line should rage, and every letter move,
As if great Jove was storming from above."

In the year 1784, when Mr. Richmond was twelve years of age, he was placed under the care of Mr. Breach, of Reading, for the purpose of obtaining further assistance on account of his lameness, as well as to pursue the course of his education.

Mr. Richmond was subsequently removed to Blandford, in Dorsetshire, under the care and tuition of the Rev. Mr. Jones, vicar of Loders and curate of Blandford; and having made a very creditable proficiency in his studies, and completed his education at school, he was finally sent, in the year 1789, being then seventeen years of age, to the university of Cambridge.

CHAPTER II.

Comprising the period from his entrance at the University, till his marriage and acceptance of the curacy of Brading in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Richmond was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the month of August 1789. The following particulars have been communicated in a letter from the Reverend A. J. Crespin, vicar of Renhold, Bedfordshire, a cotemporary of his in the University, and with whom he formed an intimate friendship, which continued to the period of his death.

"I perfectly well remember, that our dear departed friend came to Cambridge for admission about Midsummer, in the year 1789. I was just one year his senior. It was then the custom at Trinity College, that one of the under graduates should take the candidate for admission to the dean, and to one or two others, and then to the master, for examination It fell to my lot to perform this office for Legh Richmond, and thus our friendship commenced. He came into residence, according to the usual plan, in the following October; we were both among the candidates for foundation scholarships, and after a public examination of two or three days, we were happy on finding our names among the successful candidates; and as we afterward dined every day at the same table, the bands of our friendship were drawn still closer. * *

"I can with perfect truth affirm, that during the undergraduateship of Mr. Richmond, he applied himself closely to his studies, and was considered and acknowledged by all, to be a young man of great abilities and correct conduct."

A letter from the Rev. William Tate, Chaplain of the Dock-yard, Portsmouth, and tutor of the Naval Academy, contains a further and more detailed account of Mr. Richmond's residence at college.

"Mr. Richmond and myself were of the same year at Cambridge, and had the same college tutor, the late Rev. Thomas Jones. We were not, however, in the same lecture room till within a year of our going out A. B.; hence, our intimacy did not commence till about the beginning of 1793. Mr. Richmond came to college with a high character for his proficiency, both in classics and mathematics. In fact, I often heard him spoken of as likely to be one of the third or fourth highest wranglers. At the annual college examination in May, he was each year in the first class, and consequently was a prize-man. I do not recollect that he ever was a candidate for a University prize; indeed I think that although he was an extremely good classic, he did not consider himself sufficiently practised in writing Greek or Latin verse, to venture a competition in this respect with the distinguished men from the great public schools.

"That he had a great fondness for social life is not to be wondered at, as he was so well informed on most subjects, and had such a fluency of language that conversation with him never flagged, and his company was generally acceptable. He visited at the Lodge, Dr. Postlethwaith being then master, and was noticed by some of the senior fellows, in consequence, I presume, of their having been friends of his father, Dr. Richmond, who had himself been a fellow of the college, and whose name stands in the Tripos as having been the tenth senior optimè, in January 1764.

"Mr. Richmond's great recreation was music, in which I suppose you are aware he was eminently skilled. He always had a piano-forte in his room, and played on the organ also. To any tune he could, as he played, make an extempore thorough bass. His musical talents gave rise to a great intimacy and friendship with the late Dr. Hague, the professor of music, and also with Dr. Jowett, then tutor

of Trinity Hall, who used to have frequent musical parties at his apartments, at which I believe Mr. Richmond was generally present. He was at all times attentive to the studies of the University, and preserved, throughout, the character of a reading man. Mr. Copley (now the Lord Chancellor) had apartments directly under those of Mr. Richmond, and as they were both reading hard, they commonly, for some months before taking the degree of A. B. had coffee together after midnight. He went through the public exercises of the schools, preparatory to his degree, with great credit, and he was accordingly placed by the moderator in the first class. He did not, however, go into the senate-house to stand the final examination, owing to ill health.

Mr. Richmond for some years was collecting materials for a great work, which he intended to publish, on the theory as well as history of music. After taking his degree, he applied himself with great ardour to his favourite study, and took much pains to provide materials for his intended musical publication, which he hoped might be ready for the press in the course of two or three years. I have frequently sat with him, while, for hours together, he was making experiments with his musical plates, of which he had a great number made, some of glass and some of copper, of all the common regular forms; as circles, ellipses, squares, rhombuses, pentagons, &c. These he screwed down at a particular point, so as to be perfectly horizontal; and then, having sprinkled fine sand over the surface, the bow of a fiddle was drawn across the edge, so as to bring out a musical note; and, by the vibration thus caused, the sand was shaken from the vibrating parts, and became collected in one line or more, formed by the quiescent points. It seems very remarkable, that whenever that particular note which was the fundamental of any plate was sounded by it, the sand invariably took the form of a cross, having its centre in the centre of the plate. All other notes which could be sounded by the same plate, diverged from the fundamental note, according to a certain scale; and every

one caused the sand to take a different form. Sometimes it seemed to take the figure of two opposite hyperbolas; but in whatever form it rested, the figures on the different sides of a straight line, drawn through the centre of the plate were exactly the counterparts of each other. The lines formed by the quiescent points, in the vibration of such plates, were calculated by Euler, as may be seen by the Transactions of the Imperial Society of Petersburgh (*Acta Petropolitana;*) but the results are little satisfactory, being commonly expressed in hyperbolic forms, and not assuming a tangible shape.

"About this time Mr. Richmond was member of a small club, formed by six or eight Trinity men, for the discussion of philosophical subjects They met once a week, at each other's rooms; and, to prevent expense in giving suppers, nothing more was to be provided than red-herrings, bread, cheese, and beer. Hence they called this society the "Red-herring Club." The respectability of the members appears from this circumstance, that nearly every one obtained a fellowship. Mr. Richmond took a leading part at this time in another small society, which was named "The Harmonic Society." The members were musical amateurs, who, in turn, gave a concert every fortnight, at which, with the help of two or three hired musicians, they performed pieces out of Handel and other celebrated composers, together with catches, glees &c. In 1796 was published, by Mr. Dixon, a townsman of Cambridge, and one of the members of the Harmonic Society, a collection of glees and rounds, for three, four, and five voices, composed by the members of that society. In this publication, out of seventeen pieces, seven were contributed by Mr. Richmond.

"In 1796, Mr. Richmond began seriously to think of taking orders, and of marrying on a curacy. In that situation, he intended conscientiously to do his duty, though he had not the deep sense he afterward entertained of the vast importance and responsibility of the charge he was about to undertake."

The important period to which Mr. Tate alludes was now arrived, when it became necessary that he should no longer delay his choice of a profession,—that choice, which exercises so powerful an influence over all the events and circumstances of future life, and in which our usefulness and moral responsibility are so deeply involved.

It was the wish and intention of Mr. Richmond's father that he should embrace the profession of the law, with the view of being called to the bar; but after taking his degree, the predominant views of his mind are thus expressed in the following letter:—

"*Cambridge, Feb.* 18*th*, 1794.

"My dear Father,

"It has long been my wish to write to you on the subject which has occupied so much of my attention of late; and on which, during the solemn interval of my confinement, I had more frequent opportunities of meditating than on any former occasion. I hope and trust that I have thought more seriously on this subject, and have pursued a more regular train of sound reasoning and self-examination on account of my illness, than if I had enjoyed an uninterrupted series of good health. The time is now arrived when, after having passed through the regular forms of an academic education, it is expected that a young man should select his profession; and on the foundation (which he either has, or ought to have laid in the university) of sound learning and good morals, should begin to raise a superstructure of such materials as may render him an ornament to his profession and a satisfaction to his friends.

"I should here feel myself guilty of much ingratitude, or at least of much unpardonable neglect, if I did not, at this period of my life, return you my most sincere and unfeigned thanks for the repeated testimonies of affection and generosity, which I have experienced for upwards of two-and-twenty years at your hands: more especially do I feel myself indebted to you, during the last four years, for placing me in a situation in which I have enjoyed numberless

happy hours; have formed friendships and connexions, which are a source of honest pride and satisfaction; and have had an opportunity (which I hope I have not entirely thrown away) of making great proficiency in such studies and acquirements, as must and will be the chief basis of my future usefulness and happiness. If such be the obligations which I owe to your kindness, what must be my insensibility to every tie of affection, and to every principle of honourable feeling, were I deficient in my expressions of gratitude to the benevolent author of so many blessings. No, sir, I am neither ungrateful nor insensible It has not been my custom, hitherto, to make long professions, nor to enter into a detail of my internal feelings; and, perhaps, owing to a deficiency of this kind, I may have suffered in your opinion, on some particular occasions, more than I deserved. It now appears, therefore, to be the more advisable to unfold myself at large, observing, at the same time, that the chief faults and errors of which I hitherto have been, and of which I am still, I fear, too susceptible, have not arisen from any source of moral depravity, or innate viciousness; but from an evil, which I see much too prevalent among young men, and from the contagion of which I have not been entirely able to escape; I mean, the want of resolution to resist temptation, when it is opposed to their better convictions. A very moderate acquaintance with the younger part at least, of mankind, will convince any observer, that a certain degree of irresolution is by no means inconsistent with many better qualities, and often has its origin rather in the influence of external example, than in any real viciousness of the heart. But I can truly say that I am very desirous of becoming such as your most sanguine wishes could expect, and I look up to a superior Power for assistance not to violate these my resolutions.

"It appears to me, that in reviewing the respective merits of the different professions, and in determining upon one of them, a very intimate self-examination is requisite, previous to the formation of any fixed resolution. It has

been my endeavour for five months past to pursue this difficult undertaking; and I hope I have not failed in the attempt. The church and the law are the two subjects to which I have directed my attention. I have consulted my own inclinations, abilities, deficiencies, merits, and demerits, and examined them in as many points of view as I have been able, in order to determine which of those professions was the best calculated to promote my own, and the welfare of others. My present determination is in favour of the former, principally from the following considerations. The sacred profession is in itself without doubt the most respectable and the most useful in which any man of principle and education can possibly be engaged. The benefits which it is the province of the clergyman to bestow on his fellow creatures are more widely disseminated, and are in themselves more intrinsically valuable, than those of every other profession or employment united together. To a conscientious mind, therefore, that line of life appears to be the most eligible, in which he may be enabled to do the most solid good to mankind.

"One very strong argument with myself for preferring the church to the law is, that I have found, from four years' experience, a strong inclination to study several branches of literature, which are far more connected with the church than with the law, as neither their nature nor the time requisite to be bestowed upon them would allow the lawyer to exercise himself in them. What these are shall be the subject of future information to you. At present, my desire of becoming a VERY good general scholar is so much stronger than that of becoming an EXTREMELY good particular one, that I am convinced I could not throw aside the hopes of pursuing my favourite views in that way, and dedicating myself solely to one, and that perhaps not the most inviting, without the utmost regret.

"Your affectionate son,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

In these views, the father of Mr. Richmond ultimately expressed his acquiescence, though his own wishes inclined him to recommend the choice of the bar ; and thus was the profession of the church determined upon, for which he afterwards proved to be so singularly qualified, and where his influence and services were so widely felt and acknowledged.

He continued to reside at Cambridge till the end of the Midsummer term, in 1797, pursuing those studies which were more immediately connected with his future destination.

The following letter, the last that he wrote from college to his father, expresses his sentiments more fully on the subject of the ministry, and his preparation for those duties, on which he was now on the eve of entering. It is dated June 30th, 1797 :—

"My dear Father,

"I take this opportunity of returning you my most hearty and sincere thanks for all your kindness to me during my stay at Cambridge, for the last (nearly) eight years. I look back on the time which I have there spent, with a considerable mixture of pain and pleasure. That I have done things which I ought not to have done, and neglected to do things which I ought to have done, is most true : yet have I added very considerably to my stock of literary information—have gained the good-will and approbation of many respectable and good men—have made acquaintances and friends of several literary and worthy characters—have enabled myself, I trust, by the improvement of my abilities, such as they are, hereafter to maintain myself. I have also had an opportunity of contemplating men, manners and morals to a very extensive degree ; and finally, in an age of much infidelity, and surrounded by many, whose principles savoured strongly of irreligion, I have built up a fabric of confidence in, and love for, that holy religion of which I am now a professor. To this I ultimately look as my future guide through life, and hope it will enable me to bear with

fortitude those evils, which may be in store for me ; for who can expect exemption? In return for these advantages, I have only to offer you my gratitude, and my affection ; and let what will hereafter become of me, bear in mind that it is not in the power of any thing human to lessen, either the one or the other. I am now preparing to undertake what I cannot but consider as a most serious and weighty charge—the sole responsibility, as resident clergyman, of two parishes. So far as information is required, I hope I have not laboured in vain ; so far as good resolution is concerned, I trust, I am not deficient : as regards my success and future conduct in this important calling, I pray God's assistance to enable me to do my duty, and to become a worthy member of the Established Church ; a church founded on the purest and most exalted principles of unsophisticated Christianity, as delivered by its divine author himself, and confirmed and explained by his inspired successors. The character of a fashionable parson is my aversion ; that of an ignorant or careless one, I see with pity and contempt ; that of a dissipated one with shame ; and that of an unbelieving one with horror. I am very busy preparing sermons for my future flock. It requires much practice to write with fluency and ease. Believe me to be, with every sentiment of regard and affection,

" Your son,

L. RICHMOND."

" *To Dr. Richmond,*
Grecian Coffee House, London."

Mr. Richmond was ordained deacon in the month of June, 1797, and proceeded to the degree of M. A., the begining of July, in the same year. On the 22d of the same month, he was married to Mary only daughter of James William Chambers, Esq., of the city of Bath ; immediately after which, he proceeded to the Isle of Wight, and entered upon the curacies of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland, on the 24th of July. He was ordained priest in February, 1798.

CHAPTER III.

His entrance on his professional duties—Remarkable change in his views and conduct, and the incident that occasioned it—Reflections on the foregoing event.

Mr. Richmond appears to have entered on the ministry with the desire and aim of discharging its important duties in a conscientious and consistent manner; and manifested such propriety of conduct in his moral deportment, and in the general duties of his new charge, as to procure for him the character of a highly respectable and useful young clergyman. After he had resided at Brading about two years, a most important revolution took place in his views and sentiments, which produced a striking and prominent change in the manner and matter of his preaching, as well as in the general tenor and conduct of his life. The change referred to, was not a conversion from immorality to morality; for he was strictly moral in the usual acceptation of the term. Neither was it a conversion from heterodoxy to orthodoxy; but it was a conversion from orthodoxy, in name and profession to orthodoxy, in its spirit, tendency, and influence. But before we indulge in any further remarks it is necessary to record the occurrence to which we have alluded. About two years after he had entered on his curacies, one of his college friends was on the eve of taking holy orders, to whom a near relative had sent Mr. Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." This thoughtless candidate for the momentous charge of the Christian ministry, forwarded the book to Mr. Richmond, requesting him to give it a perusal, and to inform him what he must say respecting its contents In compliance with this request, he began to read the book, and found himself so deeply interested in its contents, that the volume was

not laid down before the perusal of it was completed. The night was spent in reading, and reflecting upon the important truths contained in this valuable and impressive work. In the course of his employment, the soul of the reader was penetrated to its inmost recesses ; and the effect produced by the book of God, in innumerable instances, was in this case accomplished by means of a human composition. From that period his mind received a powerful impulse, and was no longer able to rest under its former impressions. A change was effected in his views of divine truth, as decided as it was influential. He was no longer satisfied with the creed of the speculatist—he felt a conviction of his own state as a guilty and condemned sinner, and under that conviction, he sought mercy at the cross of the Saviour. There arose in his mind a solemn consciousness that, however outwardly moral and apparently irreproachable his conduct might appear to men ; yet *within*, there was wanting that entire surrender of the heart, that ascendency of God in the soul, and that devotedness of life and conduct, which distinguishes morality from holiness—an assent to divine truth, from its cordial reception into the heart ; and the external profession of religion, from its inward and transforming power. The impressions awakened were therefore followed by a transfer of his time, his talents and his affections, to the service of his God and Saviour, and to the spiritual welfare of the flock committed to his care. But while his mind was undergoing this inward process, it is necessary to state how laborious he was in his search after truth The Bible became the frequent and earnest subject of his examination, prayer, and meditation. His object was *fontes haurire sacros*—to explore truth at its fountain head or, in the emphatic language of Scripture, to "draw water out of the wells of salvation."—*Isa.* xii. 3. From the study of the Bible, he proceeded to a minute examination of the writings of the Reformers, which, by a singular coincidence, came into his possession shortly after this period ; and having from these various sources acquired increasing certainty as to the cor-

rectness of his recent convictions, and stability in holding them, he found what the sincere, and conscientious inquirer will always find, the Truth; and his heart being interested, he learnt truth through the heart, and believed it, because he felt it.

His own account of the effect produced on his mind by the perusal of Mr. Wilberforce's book, will excite the interest of the reader. Speaking of his son Wilberforce, he remarks :—

"He was baptized by the name of Wilberforce, in consequence of my personal friendship with that individual, whose name long has been, and ever will be, allied to all that is able, amiable, and truly Christian. That gentleman had already accepted the office of sponsor to one of my daughters; but the subsequent birth of this boy, afforded me the additional satisfaction of more familiarly associating his name with that of my family. But it was not the tie of ordinary friendship, nor the veneration which, in common with multitudes, I felt for the name of Wilberforce, which induced me to give that name to my child: there had, for many years past, subsisted a tie between myself and that much-loved friend, of a higher and more sacred character than any other which earth can afford. I feel it to be a debt of gratitude which I owe to God and to man, to take this affecting opportunity of stating, that to the unsought and unexpected introduction of Mr. Wilberforce's book on 'Practical Christianity' I owe, through God's mercy, the first sacred impression which I ever received, as to the spiritual nature of the Gospel system, the vital character of personal religion, the corruption of the human heart, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. As a young minister, recently ordained, and just entrusted with the charge of two parishes in the Isle of Wight, I had commenced my labours too much in the spirit of the world, and founded my public instructions on the erroneous notions which prevailed among my academical and literary associates. The scriptural principles stated in the 'Practical View,' convinced me of my error; led me to the study

of the Scriptures with an earnestness to which I had hitherto been a stranger; humbled my heart, and brought me to seek the love and blessing of that Saviour, who alone can afford a peace which the world cannot give. Through the study of this book, I was induced to examine the writings of the British and foreign Reformers. I saw the coincidence of their doctrines with those of the Scriptures, and those which the word of God taught me to be essential to the welfare of myself and my flock. I know too well what has passed within my heart, for now a long period of time; not to feel and to confess, that to this incident I was indebted, originally, for those solid views of Christianity, on which I rest my hope for time and eternity. May I not, then, call the honoured author of that book my spiritual father? and if my spiritual father, therefore my best earthly friend? The wish to connect his name with my own, was natural and justifiable. It was a lasting memorial of the most important transaction of my life: it still lives amidst the tenderness of present emotions, as a signal of endearment and gratitude; and I trust its character is imperishable."

Though Mr. Richmond's mind and heart were experiencing the remarkable change that has been recorded, it is necessary to state, that the regularity and decorum with which he was previously discharging his duties, far exceeded those of many other ministers. If then, notwithstanding these exertions, he was still conscious how much he fell short of the standard of ministerial faithfulness and zeal, and the requirements of personal holiness: may we not ask, what ought to be the convictions of those who evince a far less degree of earnestness, where the claims are precisely the same, and the obligations to fulfil them are equally binding? If he felt the need within, of a more operative principle of divine grace, as the only genuine source of inward and external holiness; what must be their state who, with greater deficiences, experience no conflict of the mind, no secret misgivings of the conscience? If, in his ardent inquiry after truth, he meditated over the sacred

page, and explored the voluminous writings of the Reformers; what is their responsibility who rest in a system, without an endeavour to ascertain its correctness; who give to the world the hours sacred to prayer and study; or who appropriate their time too exclusively to objects, which, however praiseworthy in themselves, are not sufficiently identified with their profession, nor calculated to promote their advancement in grace and holiness?

The principal error in Mr. Richmond's former views, consisted in this, viz., that they were deficient in the grand characteristic features of the Gospel. Not that he disbelieved a single doctrine which the Gospel inculcates; but his conceptions were far from being definite, clear, and comprehensive. They wanted the elevation and spirituality of the Christian system. They were founded more on the standard of morality, than on that of the Gospel; and therefore were defective as it respects the *motive* and *end* of all human actions, the two essential properties that constitute an action acceptable in the sight of a holy God. A Heathen may be moral, a Christian must be more; for though true religion will always comprise morality, yet morality may exist without religion. There was a confusion also in his notion of faith and works, and of the respective offices and design of the law and of the Gospel. The Saviour was not sufficiently exalted, nor the sinner humbled; and there was wanting *the baptism of "the Holy Ghost and of fire."* —*Matt.* iii. 11. His sermons, partaking of course of the same character, were distinguished indeed by solidity of remarks, force of expression, strong appeals to the conscience, and a real and commendable zeal for the interests of morality; but they went no further. As regarded the great end of the Christian ministry—the conversion of immortal souls—they were powerless; for moral sermons can produce nothing but moral effects; and it is *the Gospel alone that is "mighty through God to the pulling down of the strong holds of sin; and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."*—2 *Cor.* x. 4, 5.

CHAPTER IV.

Developement of his character—Dedication of his time and thoughts to profitable objects—Fondness for the scenes of Nature—Spiritual reflections upon them—Zeal in his ministerial duties—Extracts from Letters and Diary—Remarks on the foregoing—Poetry.

In the preceding chapter, we have recorded the remarkable change of which Mr Richmond was the subject. We shall now proceed to illustrate it by its effects, which form the best evidence of its existence, and one of the strongest arguments for its necessity. With this view, we shall consider its operation and influence on the qualities of his mind and heart—his ministerial habits—his epistolary correspondence—and the more solemn and impressive exposure of the inward recesses of his soul.

In our intercourse with men, we meet with an almost endless diversity of character; and he who studies human nature, is apt to classify those who are the subjects of his contemplation, according to their respective shades and gradations. But how painful is the discovery, when we see persons endowed with the finer qualifications of the mind, and the interesting sensibilities of the heart, wasting on unprofitable objects, the powers which, rightly directed, might render their possessor the instrument of extensive usefulness and good. We cannot help feeling, that there is wanting the heavenly spark to kindle the holy flame within. We seem to behold a beautiful and imposing structure, but it is not occupied by the rightful owner. The Lord of the mansion is absent, and a stranger has usurped his place. We turn with disappointment from the scene, exclaiming, "God is not there;" and if God be not there, how can they ever be with God? Nor can we with-

hold the prayer, that ere long the fatal illusion may cease, and the chain of the captive be broken.

In Mr. Richmond every qualification became consecrated to religion. His imagination, taste, affections and endowments received an impulse which directed all their energies to the glory of God, and to useful and profitable purposes.

To illustrate what we have said, we subjoin the following passage, which not only shows his powers for descriptive scenery, but proves, that in admiring the works of Providence, he never failed to associate with them the contemplation of the wonders of his grace.

"It was not unfrequently my custom, when my mind was filled with any interesting subject for meditation, to seek some spot where the beauties of natural prospect might help to form pleasing and useful associations.

"South-eastward I saw the open ocean, bounded only by the horizon. The sun shone, and gilded the waves with a glittering light, that sparkled in the most brilliant manner. . . . . .
On the north the sea appeared like a noble river, varying from three to seven miles in breadth, between the banks of the opposite coast, and those of the island which I inhabited.* Immediately underneath me, was a fine woody district of country, diversified by many pleasing objects. Distant towns were visible on the opposite shore. Numbers of ships occupied the sheltered station which this northern channel afforded them. The eye roamed with delight over an expanse of near and remote beauties, which alternately caught the observation, and which harmonized together, and produced a scene of peculiar interest."

The reflections awakened by these scenes are thus expressed.

"How much of the natural beauties of Paradise still remain in the world, although its spiritual character has been so awfully defaced by sin! But when divine grace renews the heart of the fallen sinner, Paradise is regained, and

* The Isle of Wight.

much of its beauty restored to the soul. As this prospect is compounded of hill and dale, land and sea, woods and plains, all sweetly blended together, and relieving each other in the landscape; so do the gracious dispositions, wrought in the soul, produce a beauty and harmony of scene, to which it was before a stranger."

Again, we insert one more brief reflection.

"What do they not lose, who are strangers to serious meditation, on the wonders and beauties of created nature! How gloriously the God of creation shines in his works! Not a tree, nor leaf, nor flower; not a bird, nor insect, but it proclaims in glowing language, 'God made me.'"

In his parochial engagements, we find him fulfilling all the duties of an active and zealous parish priest. The important and essential doctrines of the Gospel, were now made the powerful and affecting themes of his public addresses. As we shall have occasion elsewhere to enter into a minute detail of the subject and manner of his preaching, it is sufficient in this place to observe, that man's fallen and ruined state, and his deliverance and redemption by Jesus Christ, formed the grand outline of his discourses; and if the truth be best estimated by its effects, he could appeal to unquestionable evidences that he proclaimed it; for God blessed it, and numerous converts attested its efficacy and power. No such discoverable results appeared in his former ministry, because it was incompetent to produce them. In addition to the usual and appointed duties of the Sabbath, he visited his flock, and went from house to house, taking care not to make these opportunities the mere occasion of friendly and condescending intercourse, but the means of real improvement, and spiritual edification. The children of Brading were also the objects of his tender solicitude. They were in the habit of repairing to him every Saturday, for the purpose of religious instruction; and his memoirs of 'Little Jane,' records one of the happy results of these youthful meetings.

Within the parish of Brading was situated the hamlet of Bembridge, at the distance of about two miles. To this

place Mr. Richmond went once in every week, to expound the Scriptures, and to meet those who, through age and infirmity or other causes, were unable to attend the parish church. A chapel of ease has since been erected, and consecrated in the summer of 1827. There was also another hamlet, called Arreton, where he was accustomed to meet the poor, for religious edification. He had likewise the care of the parish of Yaverland; and as the scenes of his early piety and zeal cannot but be interesting to his numerous friends, the following description so completely localises every object, and presents them so vividly to the imagination, that we insert it in his own words:

"I had the spiritual charge of another parish, adjoining to that in which I resided. It was a small district, and had but few inhabitants. The church was pleasantly situated on a rising bank, at the foot of a considerable hill. It was surrounded by trees, and had a rural, retired appearance. Close to the church-yard stood a large old mansion, which had formerly been the residence of an opulent and titled family; but it had long since been appropriated to the use of the estate, as a farm-house. Its outward aspect bore considerable remains of ancient grandeur, and gave a pleasing character to the spot of ground on which the church stood. In every direction the roads that led to this house of God possessed distinct but interesting features. One of them ascended between several rural cottages, from the sea-shore, which adjoined the lower part of the village street. Another winded round the curved sides of an adjacent hill, and was adorned, both above and below, with numerous sheep, feeding on the herbage of the down. A third road led to the church by a gently-rising approach, between high banks, covered with young trees, bushes, ivy, hedge-plants, and wild flowers.

"From a point of land which commanded a view of all these several avenues, I used sometimes for a while to watch my congregation gradually assembling together at the hour of Sabbath worship. They were in some directions visible for a considerable distance. Gratifying associations of

thought would form in my mind, as I contemplated their approach and successive arrival within the precints of the house of prayer."

His reflections on this occasion are thus interestingly expressed :—

"How many immortal souls are now gathering together to perform the all-important work of prayer and praise—to hear the word of God—to feed upon the bread of life! They are leaving their respective dwellings, and will soon be united together in the house of prayer. How beautifully does this represent the effect produced by the voice of 'the good Shepherd,' calling his sheep from every part of the wilderness into his fold! As these fields, hills, and lanes are now covered with men, women, and children, in various directions, drawing nearer to each other, and to the object of their journey's end; even so, 'many shall come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.'"

In the year 1801 he formed a society at Brading, which proved an occasion of much benefit; the rules and regulations being peculiarly calculated to promote order, sobriety, and religion. This society met every Wednesday evening, and he himself assumed the office of director.* The members of whom it was composed, were such as

* The following regulation will afford a general idea of the character and object of this society:

"The society will meet every Wednesday evening, when the director will attend, for the purpose of explaining the holy Scriptures, the Liturgy of the Church of England, and other such godly books as he may think useful and profitable for the instruction and edification of the members; giving them such friendly and Christian exhortation and counsel as each or all of them may require; answering any questions which they may wish to propose, respecting the meaning and design of the word of God, and their own conduct and religious progress in general; and joining in prayer with them to Almighty God, for a blessing upon themselves, their families, their neighbours, and their country, and the whole Church of God, wherever dispersed in the world."

had derived advantages from his ministry, and were sincerely desirous of advancing in knowledge and true holiness.

To the soldiers that were occasionally quartered in that part of the country, he was made highly useful by his preaching. The history of one of those men is remarkable. It is recorded at length in a communication inserted in the 'Christian Observer,' for the year 1802 (p. 772.) Being too long for insertion here, the substance of it is as follows:—

"A young soldier, one day, introduced himself to Mr. Richmond, in company with one of his comrades, begging to know if he would kindly purchase from him a few clergyman's bands, and some manuscript sermons. Being asked by what means they came into his possession, he stated, with much embarrassment, that his history was wholly unknown to his companions in arms, but that being thus urged, he would recount the painful circumstances of his past life. He proceeded to declare that he was the son of a clergyman in Wales—that he himself had been regularly ordained, and officiated during three years on a curacy in the county of W——; that disorderly habits, and debts incurred without the possibility of discharging them, had brought him at length to ruin and disgrace; and that, to avoid imprisonment, he had been induced to enlist as a common soldier—that he had served in the last campaign in Holland, and was then about to proceed with the army, in the expedition to Alexandria, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. He added, that it was to furnish himself with a few necessaries, that he was led to offer the articles in question for sale. Mr. Richmond having ascertained, as far as possible, the correctness of his story, purchased them; and afterwards held a very long conversation with him, on the awful consequences of his past life, and his unfaithfulness to the solemn and sacred engagement he had formerly contracted. The soldier seemed to be more abashed by the disclosure of his history, than impressed by the consciousness of his guilt, and the admonitions that he had

heard. In June, 1802, the comrade who had originally accompanied him, once more called on Mr. Richmond, and stated that he was just returned from Egypt, and that the young man, in whose welfare he had taken so lively an interest, had fallen in battle, and died a true penitent—that on the evening preceding the engagement of the 21st March, he had been seized with a presentiment that he should not survive the event of the following day; and had commissioned him, (the bearer,) should he be spared to return, to inform Mr Richmond, that the counsel he had so faithfully given to him, though it had failed at the time to impress him as it ought to have done, had ultimately sunk deep into his conscience, and produced all the effects that he could have wished; 'tell our dear pastor,' continued he, 'that I owe him more than worlds can repay; he first opened my heart to conviction, and God has blessed it to repentance. Through the unspeakable mercies of Christ, I can die with comfort. The event that he had prognosticated was fulfilled; and it was discovered that poor Mr. E——— lost his life by a cannon ball, at an early period in the action."

Such were his parochial labours in the Isle of Wight. We omit the interesting circumstances that gave rise to the publication of his popular tract of the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' because they will be recorded at the proper time; but what has already been detailed, furnishes conclusive evidence that he was sustaining the part of a laborious parish priest; that he was "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" and that his doctrine, energy and example, were holding forth a bright prospect of the more extensive career of usefulness, on which he was shortly about to enter. The writer of these lines cannot recall without emotion, a visit that he paid to the village of Brading, some years after Mr. Richmond had left that scene of his former labours. And, if the recollections awakened by the mention of a person's name and affectionate traces of the past, be one of the testimonies paid to

worth, and a token that we are not forgotten, that mark of distinction might justly be claimed as his; for every tongue was eloquent in his praise, and every eye glistened with delight, while the virtues of their former beloved pastor furnished the theme of conversation, and was the welcome subject of fond remembrance, gratitude and love.

Having described him engaged in the duties of his parish, the following extract from a letter, addressed to his mother, will prove that the same high sense of his ministerial responsibility, and anxious desire for usefulness, discovers itself in his correspondence. He had recently been invited to preach the annual sermon in the abby church at Bath, on the subject of cruelty to the brute creation, in conformity with the bequest of the Rev. Henry Brindley, at the close of the last century. It is to this circumstance that the letter alludes.

"*Brading*, *March* 26, 1801.

"My dearest Mother,

"It gives me real and unspeakable gratification that any thing you observe in me should give you the pleasure you describe; yet I fear you overrate me. Daily do I become more and more sensible of my own deficiencies; and when I hear myself praised, my failings and corruptions seem to be magnified in the mirror of conscience and conviction. I do feel an earnest and solemn wish to be a real Christian minister of the gospel of Christ; but it is indeed a character too exalted for my expectations of attaining, and unutterable is the responsibility attached to it. To be a Christian at all, in the scriptural sense, is a business of unwearied attention, watchfulness, and labour; but to be a teacher, an example, a shepherd to the flock, requires tenfold circumspection. May God make me what he wishes, in order to form that character; and may no self sufficiency, carelessness or presumption, ever lead me to false security, neglect of duty, or inactivity—to all of which we are so prone by nature. In exact proportion as we struggle to

rise above our natural propensities, Satan endeavours not only to stop our progress, but to turn our very improvement into danger, and a snare, by exciting pride and self-satisfaction at what we have been enabled to do. I have no objection to hearing that my preaching excited attention at Bath (though I ought to avoid every thing likely to awaken vanity,) because I am convinced that it is not so much from any thing in me, individually speaking, as in the scriptural truths which, by God's grace, I invariably endeavour to advance and expound, that approbation was manifested. I claim no praise, but that of being in earnest; and when I open the counsel of God to a congregation, I hope I feel anxious for the welfare of my hearers, and really desirous that they should, for their own sakes, 'mark, learn, hear, and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures,' when explained according to the principles of sound orthodoxy and evangelical truth. And, thus considering sound truth as the *matter*, and pastoral anxiety as the *manner* of my preaching, I hope to steer clear of any personal vanity, or silly presumption, in the arts of human eloquence, either written or oratorical. I have no wish to be a popular preacher in any sense but one, viz., as a preacher *to the hearts of the people.*

"Mary and the children send kindest love to you and my father, with your affectionate son,

"LEGH RICHMOND.

"*To Mrs. Richmond, Bennet Street, Bath.*"

The following letter was written about the same time, to his sister, on her marriage:—

"Forgive me, my beloved sister, if I express myself with more than customary anxiety, in now writing to you; related as I am by the nearest ties of kindred, and by the still more close bonds of love and tender friendship. I feel a lively interest in all which concers you; and should be more than commonly happy, if a brother's prayer, and a

brother's admonition, should prove in any way conducive to the welfare and advancement of a much-loved sister.

"I am desirous of seeing and knowing that you will shine in the united characters of wife, mother, friend, and Christian. I feel truly and unequivocally anxious that you should not, even in appearance, sink into the mere accomplished and elegant woman. I wish you to set a right estimate upon that far more accomplished, and infinitely more useful character, which exists chiefly within the walls of your own house. Every thing depends on your first outset. By the model which you frame for your conduct *this very year*, will probably be regulated all your subsequent character and conduct in every future station and relation of life.

"You well know the affection, and I trust will not despise the judgment and sentiments, of him who speaks thus candidly and frankly to you. I am well persuaded that a young woman, to be truly respectable, must dare to be laudably singular. There always will be a certain description of persons in every place, who will wonder that you can exist without passing your time as they do; but amongst those whose esteem and opinion alone ought to regulate your own feelings and conduct, the more retired and seldom-to-be-seen wife, whose theatre of real action and real pleasure is within her own house, in the fulfilment of sober, useful, and exemplary duties, will ever be most beloved, most respected, and most befriended.

"By way of immediate occupation of your time and thoughts, allow me to direct them to the relief and benefit of the poor; not by idle gratuities, but by diligently seeking them out, informing yourself of their wants and distresses, and economizing in superfluities, in order that thereby the poor may abound in needfuls, and you may abound in their blessings. Be systematically charitable, both to their souls and bodies. Promote plans for instruction; assist in superintending them; employ yourself in making clothes for them; and rest not till you have made it

a settled and uniform part of your character, to be actively, constantly, and watchfully charitable.

Be scrupulously attentive to the observance of the sabbath, both in public and in private, both at church and at home; and in all your pleasures, all your pains, all your employments, prospects, plans, and engagements, remember that the use of this life is to prepare for a better; and that 'strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to eternal life, and few there be that find it.' Read your Bible with prayer, daily, under the impression of this awful truth: and may God remember you, my dearest sister, amongst those whom he especially loveth; and his grace render you, what I wish you may always prove to be, a valued wife, a tender mother, an estimable friend, and a devoted Christian.

Your affectionate brother,
L. RICHMOND."

We now proceed to unfold the more secret recesses of his heart, as developed in a diary, commencing January, 1804, and continued to August of the same year. It is much to be lamented that it never seems to have been regularly resumed, and that there are only occasional and interrupted documents of this kind found among his papers.

"*Jan.* 1. A new year is begun, but where is the new heart, and the right spirit? Oh, weakness and wickedness! Preached from *Rom.* xi. 28, 29; and *Job* xvi. 22. Felt much satisfaction after the morning service, from J——— and his wife proposing to become members of my society. He shed tears of penitence and joy. May God work all for good. In the afternoon, felt something of the fear of man; but found, as I proceeded, more freedom. O Lord, save me from fear of censure, and love of praise! Went in the evening, to my society at Arreton: few, but meek, humble, and hopeful. Another member proposed, an infirm old widow.

"*Jan.* 3. Uneasy at not having completed another part of the review of Daubeny.* I am very deficient in steady, persevering diligence. Let me think much of this, and learn to set a right value on time. Oh! how precious ought every hour to be, when each may be the last. Thought much of Cowper's description of preaching: (Task, Book ii.) God impress it on my heart. B. is buried to-day; how dreadfully unprepared to meet his God! How far am I responsible? Alas! how great is the burden of the pastor! Lord give me grace to see it, and feel it more and more, and enable me to bear it with a good conscience. I have been delighted, and I hope profited, by Biddulph's funeral sermon on Mr. Drewitt; oh! that I were like him! I now wonder that I had not more correspondence with that holy man. I shall ever think with pleasure, of my introduction to him God bring us together at the last. I trust my resolutions gain strength. O God, in thy mercy strengthen me! May my thoughts now close with blessed Drewitt, and sink to peacefulness with a blessing on the meditation.

"*Jan.* 4. Received the 'Christian Observer;' my 'fourth letter on Kipling,' there;† surely it is conclusive, yet what will not prejudice distort? Preserve me, O my God! in the wiles of controversy, from the neglect of practical religion within. It is not Calvin nor Arminius. nor Cranmer; but *Christ*, who is the Saviour, and his name only be adored.

"*Jan.* 6. A beautiful frosty morning. Teach me, O Lord! from the beauties of nature, to learn the beauties of grace. Every returning morning reminds me, what a mercy it is I am still alive—and have space and time given me to repent and believe. Take my heart, O God! into

* He here alludes to his review of Daubeny's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ*, of which we shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent part. It was inserted in the 'Christian Observer.'

† This is another review, in which he was engaged. It was published in the 'Christian Observer,' for 1804, under the signatures of Academicus and a Curate of the South.

thy keeping, and then it will be safe. If it be thy good pleasure to rescue me from temporal perplexity, let my gratitude appear; if not, let it be ground for submission and patient resignation. With thee, I cannot do ill; without thee, I cannot do well. Heard Nugent's morning prayers. May he learn early the lesson which I for so many years neglected, and now perform so unworthily. Prayer is the breath of faith.

"*Jan.* 7. Surprised by a letter from Hannah More, to invite me to succeed Mr. Drewitt, at Cheddar, or to recommend a curate. Oh, I am unworthy, could it be brought about. Yet what a field to act upon. Lead me, O God, to that which is right. Shall I make any overtures to remove there or not? It has filled me with mingled contemplation and solicitude. Is it a call from God, or ought I rather to do his work here? Direct my heart, O God, from doubts and wanderings, into thy paths.

"*Jan.* 8, *Sunday.* Snow and sleet How cold are my affections! like this season. Warm my heart, O Lord! till it burn with the flames of devotion. Compose my thoughts into holy meditation, and let not the events of the day destroy them.

"Preached on the Epiphany, and on Christ among the doctors in the temple.

"My heart heavy in reflecting how unworthy I am to think ever of succeeding Mr. Drewitt: to be placed in such a parish, with such neighbours and friends as that country would afford, might be an unspeakable benefit to me, and my dear M———; but I hardly dare think of it. Lord, direct me for the best. I am a poor, weak, irresolute, sinful creature; without thee, I can do nothing.

"*Jan.* 10. What an awful idea is eternity: am I prepared to encounter it? 'Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen!' Settle my opinions stedfastly, and above all, my affections on thyself, O Lord! Have mercy on the dear children whom thou hast given me, and may I give them back unto thee in Jesus Christ, their and my Saviour. I

fear I have not taught N. all I ought, and of which he is capable. Let me lay this to heart, and recommend him to God in prayer.

"Much perplexed what to say to Mrs More. Surely if vanity wanted food, it is here—to be solicited by a Hannah More, to supply the place of a Drewitt! But a sense of unworthiness, thank God, represses emotions like these.

"*Jan.* 11. Much indisposed by a very severe cold; but, alas! how much more sick in the inner man. I have nearly finished this month's portion for the 'Christian Observer.' May I grow daily more diligent, pious, and wise unto salvation, through God's blessing on my studies.

"*Jan.* 13. Better in body: I thank thee, O God; but there is much in my mind that wants healing. Oh! thou Redeemer of souls and physician of hearts, purchase me entirely to thyself, and heal my diseases. I have sent off my packet to the 'Christian Observer.' The world fights against me, the flesh within me, and Satan both within and without. How shall I conquer, but in Christ Jesus? Help me to prepare, O Lord, for the service of thy sanctuary; and direct me to such thoughts and words as shall edify my hearers, and reach my own heart to a good purpose.

"*Jan.* 14. One fortnight more, and I shall be thirty-two in years by nature, but how old in grace? Sloth, detested sloth, how does it injure my advancement. Would to God I might now break all bonds, and fly in heart and soul to the possession of my God. There are moments when all heaven seems open before me; and others, when I tremble over the pit of sorrows.

"*Jan.* 15. The sabbath is ended I preached on the reason why Christ delivered his doctrine in parables; *Matt.* xiii 10, 11. At Yaverland, read the Homily on the time and place of prayer Went to Arreton; my excellent though humble friend, J. W., was there. I pray God I might sit at his feet in the kingdom of heaven: I know no such other Christian here. Would to God I were like him. I found much comfort with my society. Returned in thunder, lightning, and rain. Thought of death and of judg-

ment. Oh, awful meditation! Let me examine my heart on its faith, hope, and love. Help me, O God! to pray; and so may thy blessing rest on me and mine.

Jan. 16. Another week and another mercy. 'Oh, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.' Why am I alive? Why have I space to repent, when so many are cut off? Who makes me to differ, either in outward or inward circumstances? Oh, my Lord and my God! to thee I owe every thing; yea, myself also. Let me then speedily pay the debt.

"What methods shall I take to cure my spiritual slothfulness? There must be a struggle and agony—heaven must be taken with violence.

Day after day elapses.—Oh, time! oh, eternity! In spite of sorrows, calms and relaxations sometimes steal on me. Let me not deceive myself with a false peace. Sometimes I am tempted to doubt whether I am a real Christian. O teach me, my God, to answer this question with a right conscience.

"*Jan.* 17. I feel much uneasiness at not making more progress in the right way. The unfruitful tree shall be cut down and burned. Have mercy on me, and all my family, according to thy goodness, O Lord! Help me to form a right judgment, bind my affection to the truth, and so let my life shew it forth. Often as my birth-day approached, have I made resolutions of a new life; but there has always been an enemy within and without, to prevail against me.

"Much pleased with Dr. Jackson, on the Catholic church—a curious and beautiful mean, between Arminianism and high Calvinism. Give me a firm and resolute heart, O God! even such an one as thou wilt accept.

"Wrote to Hannah More, dubiously. Lord, direct me to choose for the best.

"*Jan.* 18. This day, with thy blessing I shall go to feed my sheep at Bembridge. Grant me to do so with a faithful and a single heart. I always look upon that society, as a humble ground for hope that the Lord means to do good through me; yet how often do I perform that duty with

slothfulness. Give me, O God, more will, and strength, and grace, and power, and blessing, and success; and teach me to judge (if it so please thee) by the state of my people, of my own. Provide Cheddar with a successor to Drewitt, after thine own heart; and increase the number of true pastors, and true sheep in thy pasture.

"*Jan.* 19. How vain are all attempts to find peace in aught but the Gospel! How the world steals upon the mind, and usurps the throne of God. '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*'* Make me more discreet and considerate in the management of my property. Let justice and generosity be equally and forcibly remembered. I find my prayers languid and lukewarm to-day. Why is this? The fault must lie within.

"*Jan.* 20. Little Mary in a very high fever; Nugent beginning to have one. Teach me so to bear these trials, that they may be truly profitable unto me.

"*Jan.* 24. Let me impress on my mind the value of time, and resolve and act accordingly. Let me often reflect on my wife and children's souls, as well as my own; and never forget the spiritual welfare of my flock.

"Mary excessively weak—Nugent worse. Keep my heart, O God! or I shall be soon overwhelmed. Grant me thy blessing, O God!

"*Jan.* 25. Letter from Mr. Wilberforce. How beautiful a sight is riches united with godliness; yet, who that has the latter, is not truly possessed of the former. If the weather should permit my going to Bembridge, prosper my endeavour among the people, O Lord! and may their prosperity be mine.

"*Jan.* 27. An affecting letter from my mother to my wife, exhorting to fortitude and patience, in case it should please God to take our sweet little Mary to himself. May we find it to be for our good, which ever way the righteous God shall ordain. Let me reflect much on this matter—and be thou with me, O my God! in all my prayers and supplications.

* I see and approve the better but follow the worse. A. E.

Jan. 29. The Lord's sabbath and my birthday. O Almighty God! sanctify this day in my heart: herein and henceforth may I rest from sin, and spiritual sorrow, except that sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation.

"I have preached on the parable, *Matt.* xx. 1; and from *Eph.* i. 7, on redemption.

"Had some interesting conversation with J. W. and E. C. Went to Achton*—Comfort and peace My child rather better. God bless us all, and make us to know what means peace with thee.

This day some friends are coming to keep my birthday: when will friends of another kind celebrate my birthday into the life of glory? Ten pounds from Mr. Wilberforce, for the poor. Holy man! would I resembled thee.

"*Jan.* 31. May God strengthen me to keep my birthday resolutions; I am very weak and unstable.

"A momentary fit of anger, which, blessed be God, I immediately tranquillized, and sought present reconciliation. *Let the fear of God's anger ever make me afraid of my own.*

"*Feb.* 1. I am studying the Augsburgh Confession on Justification. It appears decisive against Daubeny. Oh! for a full application of the doctrine to my own soul.

"Met my society at Bembridge. The occasion profitable. Returned in a storm. May these meetings prove a solid and permanent advantage to all and to me.

"*Feb.* 2. When I reflect on my unfruitfulness, I tremble. Hours, days, weeks, years roll on, and still so much is to be done.

"I have looked into the controversy between Daubeny and Overton. Faults on both sides. But there is a controversy between me and my God, where the fault is all on one side. Who shall judge between us? O Christ! be my advocate, yea, my surety, and I shall not fear thee, when thou shalt appear as my judge.

* This hamlet is sometimes called Adjeton, and at other times Achton, in the Diary. Its proper name is Arreton.

"*Feb.* 7. Much ado about nothing, and little done about the great thing. Oh, let thy mercy be shown to me, by enabling me to show mercy to myself! When I think of what I have been, what I am, what I shall be,—the idea fills me with hopeful fear and fearful hope. Let me think of my sermons, my soul, my family, my relations, my friends, my parish, my Saviour, and my God; and thus close my meditation to-night with prayer.

"*Feb.* 9. Dreamed a dream full of confusion and danger; useful hints may be drawn rationally from dreams, so far as they may be considered as resulting from the state and frame of the body, and the inward customary state of the mind. Dreams are for the most part the uninterrupted thoughts of the soul in sleep. Oh, my God! may my waking thoughts and my sleeping imaginations, all become full of thee!

"*Feb.* 10. I find a strong inclination to false fancy, as if some change in my worldly state and residence were to bring about a correspondent one in my spiritual condition. Satan struggles, together with the flesh, to keep up the dangerous phantom. Art thou not here, O my God! and is not mine office here? and has not my soul helps sufficient? Oh, yes! give me strength to resist this, and to seek thee here and now. Oh! let me watch as well as pray, lest I enter into temptation.

"*Feb.* 11. This day is to be an eclipse of the sun. What a beautiful emblem of those eclipses of the soul, which sometimes hide the face of God from the sons of earth. Oh, revive me with thy presence, my God! even thy effectual and abiding presence. I have been meditating on the parable of the good Samaritan, in a spiritual application, with a view of preaching on it.

"To-morrow is thy day, O God of Hosts! may I sanctify it, and may my words be blessed to the hearts of my hearers. Enable me to speak *from* the heart *to* the heart.

"*Feb.* 15. Ash Wednesday. Is this truly so to me? Do I mourn in dust and ashes for my sins? I want the spirit of mortification and self-denial. Enable me to

preach to my people without fear of man, and with the love of God in my own heart.

"Oh, my God! guide, direct, sanctify and bless me, and all mine and all thine.

"*Feb.* 16. How weak, frail, and inconstant a creature is man; and of men, myself most deplorably so. Sometimes my desires and resolutions run mountains high; and then I grow faint, and the stream of my affections is muddied and thick. Let me think of my children and my household, and of their spiritual welfare; and not cleave in heart to any one temptation thrown in my way by the world.

"The organ proposal negatived. I feel the benefit of a momentary disappointment; it is physic to the soul. How every thing tends to convince me of the folly and wickedness of seeking comfort in the creature. O blessed Creator! when shall I be thine in spirit and in truth?

"*Feb.* 17. Harassed with foolish thoughts. I grow more and more ashamed of myself, that such things can lay hold of my heart, and that I should have such deadness towards heaven. 'O earth, earth, earth! hear the word of the Lord.'

"I have been to Bembridge, and read Burder's poetical abridgment of the Pilgrim's Progress, with profit and delight to us all. How much more am I in my element, among my little flock, than scheming in the world. Drank tea at John Wheler's; his cottage is God's palace.

"*Feb.* 20. Let me reflect on the fleetness of time, and on the uncertainty of my life. Drewitt was taken away just at my age—the hand of death may be close; oh, what folly to imagine it at a distance! May I then die daily.

"Received religious books to the value of £15, from Mr. Thornton, to distribute in my parish. God be thanked for such friends to me and mine.

"*Feb.* 21. I have strangely neglected the review. I pray God to give me strength to go on with it, and to think and write to his glory. My inward and bosom sin preys

sadly upon me. I beseech thee, O my God! to make me a new creature; in that respect most especially, give me a new heart and a right spirit.

"*Feb.* 24. How soon the best plans degenerate into formality, and how often Satan transforms himself into an angel of light What a fight, race, and struggle the Christian warfare is! May I so fight, run, and strive, that I may obtain.

"*Feb.* 26. A serene fine morning is an emblem of *rest*—rest from storms and rain; how ought I to seek an earnest within, of that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' In all my ministrations this day—in the sanctuary, the house, the closet, may all be to thee, and for thee, and by thee. I feel my own deficiencies daily more and more; O God! may I feel them till I lose them.

"*Feb.* 27. I every day feel more the truth of the doctrine, that the flesh and spirit strive contrarywise against each other. Excuses, apologies, procrastinations, delays, all proceed from this.

"*Feb.* 29. I perceive too much compliance with worldly company and conversation; oh my soul, if I give way to this, my usefulness will be much diminished. Let me often remember, that I renounced the world at baptism.

"*March* 4. The sabbath is over. I preached on the strong man armed; and from 1 *Cor.* i. 23, introducing a homily.

"I wish my children could *sing* the praises of God; may their learning music have this end and aim, both in themselves and me.

"*March* 6. Like the Israelites of old, I find myself wandering in the wilderness of *sin*. Yet, O my God! if thou art my guide and light, by day and night, all will be well.

"*March* 7. The beauty of such a morning as this, should be an emblem of the life of God in my soul. What is mere animal life without this? Oh! break my rebellious spirit, and bring the inner man into true subjection to thee.

"*March* 10. I am meditating a sermon, on drawing water from the wells of salvation. Let me ever keep it in faithful remembrance, that I preach to my own heart first, and then to my people's. I have been arranging the different texts which describe Gospel graces and promises, under the emblem of water. I must be more and more urgent, in drawing from the fountain of God's word.

"*March* 12. One day nearer death and eternity. Lift up my heart, O God! in earnest prayer for real blessings. Let me be more desirous of graces than gifts, and yet remember, both are from thee.

"*March* 16. A thick fog this morning. Is this the only fog? On looking over my diary, I see much to lament. What a map of frailty! O my Redeemer, how shall I estimate the infinite value of that blood of thine, which was shed for sin. What are my time, reading, learning, memory, situation, influence, authority, money, and other various abilities, of mind and body, but so many talents lent me by God, of which I must speedily render an account? Have I any talents for the ministry? Do I use them as not abusing them? Are they with a single eye and heart consecrated to the honour of God?

"*March* 17 I plainly perceive that the Lord has permitted me to suffer a dereliction as a just punishment for too much carelessness; but O! my Lord Jesus, let me see the light of thy countenance. Fix my roving wishes, and nail them to thy cross; and oh! let me remember that no flower can blow in Paradise, which is not transplanted from Gethsemane; no one can taste of the fruit of the tree of life, that has not tasted of the fruits of the tree of Calvary.

"*March* 18. A day of rest. Rest thou, O my soul! from vanity and the world. Fix thyself on the cross, and there muse and contemplate, till thou art filled with the theme.

"*March* 24. I purpose to preach five evening lectures next week, on the progress, nature, and extent of Christ's sufferings May the subject animate my soul, and through grace give life to my weak faith.

"Lord ——— dead! and thus end all hopes of preferment (as it is called) from that quarter. How absurd to build on man! Wherever the Lord designs me to do good, he will keep or place me; and in him all is right, and as it should be.

"*March* 26. How many unforeseen events crowd upon my attention; what a strange busy scene is this, and how it strives to steal the heart from God!

"*March* 27. I feel much dissatisfied with myself. Lord, what am I, that thou shouldst so regard me? A worm, a vile worm of the dust. I am to preach to-night a lecture on Christ's sufferings. What do I suffer for him?

"*March* 30. Good-Friday. I bless God that my first act has been weeping for thy sorrows, oh my Saviour!"

It is impossible to peruse the foregoing extracts without a deep conviction of the sincerity and earnestness of the writer. The heart seems to be unfolded before us, stripped of the illusions of self-love, which are so apt to mingle in the estimate that we form of ourselves, and conscience is armed with all the authority of a judge, and pronounces its impartial verdict.

We see in his internal conflicts the struggles between the two opposing principles, "the flesh and the spirit:" the strivings of inward corruption, and the aspirations of the soul towards God. The feelings of every renewed heart will harmonize with this description; though the accurate observer will not fail to remark, that the full triumphs of faith and hope were yet wanting, and *that* stability, which time and experience can alone bestow: for though the principle which renews the heart, is marked by circumstances which ascertain its reality, its effects and influences are always progressive. The reader who is less familiar with these things, may learn a most instructive lesson. He may not comprehend the doctrine of conversion—he may know nothing of the conflicts of the soul—nothing of the two principles within, alternately striving for the mastery—nothing of that jealousy over the heart, and that deep

conviction of its depravity, expressed in the Diary of Mr. Richmond. Let him then examine the fact here presented to him ; a man, undergoing a visible and remarkable change in his views and conduct, and his principles and affections directed to high and holy objects,—the reality of the principle attested by the reality of its effects, and inward grace illustrated by outward holiness. Let him remember that the conversion, so strikingly exhibited in the case of Mr. Richmond, is no less needed by himself—that it is indispensible to his admission into the abodes of peace and glory ; and that if heaven be a prepared place for a prepared people. and a fitness for its enjoyments be essential to their possession, there must be a knowledge of this principle, an inward experience of its power, and an outward evidence of its existence in the life, before we can have a well-grounded assurance of a happy immortality ; for the spirit of heavenly inspiration has recorded, in characters never to be obliterated, "except ye be converted, ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven "

The religion of Mr. Richmond, though it engaged his most earnest and anxious thoughts, had in it no tinge of gloom or austerity. He was at all times cheerful ; and the following letter addressed to his aunt about this period, is an instance of that playfulness of humour to which we have before alluded.

"*Brading, Feb.* 10*th*, 1803.

"My dearest Aunt,

"Being unwilling to trust mere pen and paper to make excuse for my long silence, I have sent a representative to do it for me ; humbly conceiving that a *shadow* of an apology would be best made by a *shadow* of a man. Now, my dear aunt, unsubstantial as a shadow is, it may nevertheless be the means of creating a very *solid* idea of the thing signified. At all events, it is better than nothing ; more especially as this shadow possesses (what other shadows do not) a *stationary* faculty ; and I do apprehend, that whether the sun shines or not, and whether a candle be or

be not in the room, the said shadowy gentleman will not quit your fire-side without leave, if you think him worthy of being once placed there. It is true, that from the very constitution of his nature, he rather looks *from* than *at* you —but what then? A man's heart may look one way, whilst his eyes turn another; and I beg you to take it for granted, that he is thinking very much about you, notwithstanding the imperfection of his bodily frame impedes his treating you with a full stare. If you please, you may fancy him in the pulpit, and that your pew happens to be rather on one side of him, which will fully account for his looking strait forward; as imagining that his admonitions and reproofs are less wanted in the pew on his right hand, than in many other parts of the church. It may, indeed, seem somewhat strange that any one, who has renounced (or at least, as a parson ought to be *supposed* to have renounced,) all dealings with the black art, should send a *black gentleman*, as an ambassador and representative. But strange, or not strange, so it is; and here he comes, and begs leave to say, that he is generally considered as bearing a strong resemblance to his master; upon the strength of which plea, he chiefly hopes for a favourable reception at your hands."

The following lines were written, to record the melancholy loss of a young midshipman and nine sailors, belonging to his majesty's ship Leviathan, who were unfortunately drowned, not far from his residence, in the Isle of Wight, in the year 1804:

Hark to a voice that sounds from ocean's caves,
Ye mortals, who in fancied safety sleep!
They that in ships o'erpass the stormy waves,
See and declare God's wonders in the deep.

Warn'd by our sudden fate, learn heaven to prize;
Earth's pleasures fade, her riches quickly flee:
Death in one awful moment clos'd our eyes,
Thou knows't not but the next may summon thee.

We add some further specimens of his poetical efforts :—

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

My birth-day of nature I've oftentimes kept,
And rejoic'd in the revels of youth;
Yet 'twas all but a dream, for I slumber'd and slept,
Quite a stranger to God and his truth.

But he pitied my soul, I awoke from my sleep,
And he saved me in infinite love:
A new birth-day my Saviour then taught me to keep,
For again I was born from above.

And now I believe that the God of all peace
Will be mine till with age I am hoary;
But if angels rejoiced at my birth-day of grace,
How they'll sing on my birth-day of glory! L. R.

"No *cloud* can overshadow a true Christian, but his faith will discern a *rainbow* in it"—*Bp. Horne.*

The same idea versified :—

What though a cloud o'ershade my sight,
Big with affliction's tear;
Yet Faith, amidst the drops that fall,
Discerns a rainbow there. L. R.

Epitaph on the death of his own infant :

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower,
In Paradise would bloom.

By a reference to the Diary, it will be seen that an allusion was made to Mr. Richmond's review of the late Archdeacon Daubeny's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. This critique, written in the year 1804, and inserted in the Christian Observer, claims a just title to distinction among productions of this class; whether we consider the ability and conclusiveness of its reasoning, the extensive acquaintance that it manifests with the writings of the Reformers,

and with the genuine principles and doctrines of the Church of England, or the conciliatory spirit in which it is written. Controversy is here stripped of the acrimonious spirit which too often disgraces its pages; and truth is pursued without violating the law of charity.

His admonitions to those engaged in controversy, are thus impressively delivered.

"What will it avail them in the great day of account, when the contentions, which now agitate their minds, shall sink into absolute insignificance, shall be as if they had never been?—what will it then avail them to have vanquished their adversaries by the superiority of their polemical skill, if, unhappily imbibing the baneful spirit of controversy, they shall be found to have violated that brotherly love which forms a distinguishing badge of the real followers of Jesus Christ? 'Certainly,' as the pious Bishop Hall has observed, 'God abides none but charitable dissensions; those that are well grounded, and well governed; grounded upon just causes, and governed with Christian charity and wise moderation; those whose beginning is equity, and whose end is peace. If we must differ, let these be the conditions: let every one of God's ministers be ambitious of that praise, which Gregory Nazianzen gives to Athanasius; to be an adamant to them that strike him, and a loadstone to them that dissent from him: the one not to be moved with wrong—the other to draw those hearts which disagree. So the fruit of righteousness shall be sown in peace of them that make peace. So the God of peace shall have glory, the church of God rest, and our souls unspeakable consolation and joy, in the day of the appearing of our Lord Jesus.'"

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER V.

His removal from the Isle of Wight—Temporary connexion with the Lock Hospital, in London; and final settlement at Turvey.

A CHANGE of destination in the life of a minister, is at all times a subject for grave deliberation. He can take no step, in the consequences of which, others are not deeply involved as well as himself. In no instance does he stand alone: his principles, habits, and conduct, wheresoever he goes, exercise their powerful effects on all around him; and he is the star, by whose genial or unfriendly influence, their present, as well as future destiny, is in a great measure to be determined It is this truth which constitutes the moral responsibility of accepting a new appointment. If the glory of God, and conversion of immortal souls, is the grand object of which, as a minister, he is never to lose sight; nothing less than a deliberate and well-founded conviction that this is the governing principle of his conduct, to which every other is subordinate. ought to determine his removal, more especially from a scene where his labours have been owned and blessed.

So long, however, as we are assured that "the Lord ordereth a good man's goings," and "appointeth the bounds of his habitation;" the indications of his will, and the openings of his providence, rightly interpreted, will ever form the best guide and ground for his determination. It was under the fullest conviction that he was pursuing the path of duty, that Mr. Richmond was induced to listen to an offer of assisting the Rev. Mr. Fry, in his laborious services as Chaplain to the Lock Hospital in London; and we shall see, by the result, in what manner his acceptance

of this appointment, short as was its duration, providentially led the way to all the subsequent events of his life. He proceeded, therefore, to London, to confer on the subject of this new arrangement, and preached his first sermon on the following text; "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption."—1 *Cor.* i. 30.

Some extracts from letters written to his wife at this time, previously to the removal of his family from Brading, will throw light on a few of the circumstances connected with this change of his residence and ministry.

"*London, February* 5, 1805.

"I think I may say, I am determined to try this situation. The Lord seems to give me such tokens of affection, friendship, and acceptableness, amongst the congregation of the Lock, and points out so many spiritual advantages, though mingled with great trials and temptations, that I believe I am right in coming to this decision. On Wednesday evening, I preached for Mr. Fry. Several gentlemen spoke to each of us, expressing a hope that I should undertake the charge; and one of them suggested that if it were an object to me, he did not doubt but very many would gladly contribute towards the expenses of the removal, and some increase of salary. The hint was kind, whatever might be the result. Yesterday morning, Mr. Fry and I conversed for a considerable time together. I told him all my history and circumstances. He seems resolved to omit nothing which may contribute to the hopefulness and comfort of my arrangement: and I really think that it is God's will that I should repose a temporal as well as a spiritual confidence in him. I called yesterday on Mr. Wilberforce, who put five pounds into my hand to go about from poor to poor and distribute.* Blessed commission!

* The wisdom of this mode of doing good, must at once commend itself to those, who are aware of the circumstances in which clergymen are frequently placed relative to the poor. Their parochial duties bring to their notice peculiar cases of want, which ought not

I am to dine there to-day, and to take leave of the Dean of Carlisle, who goes to Cambridge to-morrow. No two men ever harmonized more sweetly in opinion, views, taste, judgment, &c. than Mr. Fry and myself. Our friendship is forming and confirming, on the best grounds, I trust. You will judge how little able I am to see many friends, or to do anything but labour in my vocation, when I tell you that I am to preach twice on Good-Friday, twice on Easter Sunday, once on Easter Tuesday, and, perhaps, Easter Monday, and even next Wednesday. You cannot write too often; the sight of your letters cheers and delights me. I wish I could play on the ground for half an hour with the children.

"Pray believe how truly and affectionately

"I am your

L. RICHMOND.

"*London, Sunday, April* 15, 1805.

"I begin a few lines to you, my dearly-beloved wife, in the interval between my two services, and I can hardly give any other reason, than that my mind is worked up to a high state of agitation, by meditating and preparing to preach to-night, from *John* v. 28, 29, and it wants a few minutes relief The subject is truly solemn: and the manner in which I propose to treat it, will be very trying and awful both to me and my hearers. I preached to an overflowing congregation, this morning, from *Philip.* iii. 10:—it cost me great thought and pains;—I administered the sacrament to near two hundred persons. I have been meditating two hours, on death, judgment, heaven and hell. I

to be made public. So limited, generally, are their own resources, that unless funds are in this way put at their disposal, many of God's own children may be left to suffer. It is the practice of some churches, to put portions of money in the hands of their Pastor, for distribution among such destitute members as may come under his special notice; in addition to the appropriations which the Deacons are expected to make. Some churches are too poor to furnish such funds. How proper then, that the wealthy should remember and imitate this example of WILBERFORCE. A. E.

feel, that in the pulpit I shall either deliver myself with very little, or very great feeling and effect. Oh! for a heart to feel more for myself and others:—what a poor, cold, miserable creature I feel myself to be; I am sometimes constrained to cry out—and can such a worthless being be saved? yet there is worth in Jesus for the most worthless. God make me to experience fully, the power of his resurrection, lest when I have preached to others, I myself should become a cast-away. Adieu for the present—perhaps I may add a few lines before I go to bed.

"Sunday night, ten o'clock.—My sermon proved very solemn, and brought forth very copious tears from many eyes. I trembled inwardly, whilst I painted the resurrection and punishment of condemned souls; and the effect was very striking on a very large and attentive congregation. I am sitting up to think about a sermon for to-morrow morning.

"Monday morning, five o'clock.—Yesterday, at the sacrament, I observed kneeling at the rails, close to Mr. Wilberforce, a *negro*. I was much struck, and many interesting associations filled my mind. I find also that it was quite accidental, and that Mr. W. knows nothing of him. Last night, I dwelt on the meeting of husbands, wives, parents and children at the resurrection, and thought deeply of you and your babes;—in fact, I wept; I saw the tears of others responding with my own."

While he was thus engaged in the duties and arrangements of his intended destination, the following letter will prove that in dispensing spiritual instruction to others, he was not unmindful of what he owed to one, whose happiness and welfare was so nearly connected with his own.

London, April 20, 1805.

"My Dear Wife,

"I really feel it as an answer to very many prayers which I have for years past offered up for you, that you are now seriously thinking on the all important subject of reli-

gion. I trust you will henceforth become my spiritual monitor and counsellor, my helpmate in every good word and work, and my wife indeed, united in grace as well as in providence. With respect to the inward conflicts and doubts which you entertain in your mind, you must seek spiritual armour to fight the battle. Remember, that if you truly desire to overcome all the evil tempers, affections, desires and principles of your natural heart, you have an evidence within that God must have wrought it, and that he will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear; but will with the temptation, make a way to escape. With respect to prayer, I recommend you to consider the precept of 'pray always and without ceasing.' This evidently refers to that perpetual disposition of the heart to lift itself up in sudden, short ejaculatory prayer, which is one of the most necessary means and proofs of grace. It is this alone which can render the appointed and regular devotions of the church, the family, and the closet, lively, strong and efficacious. Satan will lose much of his strong-hold, if you thus laboriously strive to obtain a prayerful frame of heart, an habitual meditation upon Christ and eternity, a frequency of conversing on sacred things, and above all, experimental contemplation and conversation. The world is a deadly enemy to spiritual attainment; you cannot too soon see the high importance of being less conformed to it, in all its vanities, vices, follies, and unprofitable waste of time, gifts and talents. The Christian will appear, even in the simplicity of every personal ornament. The dress, the countenance, the tone of voice, the address, will lose its former levity; and in the minutest trifles of common life, you will see the hand of God leading to important events, and his finger pointing to the life that is to come. I have just been praying most earnestly, that God may carry on such a work in your heart. The grand work of all is *to believe*. This is the root and fountain of all other graces. That believing look at the Saviour, which sees an interest in him, or which at least leads to full conviction, both of his suffi-

ciency and efficiency to save our *own* souls, is the master work of God. May you be fully led to see this, and in God's own time to rejoice in it. Accustom yourself to talk constantly with Nugent and Mary on the substantial parts of Christianity, and appeal to those little instances of experience which even a child may comprehend. I wrote to you yesterday, and hope you have got my letter. I have this instant received your's of Tuesday. I hope to be able to leave London by the time you mention. The three things which I have to settle, if possible, are—the house, the furniture, and a successor; and I do hope another week will arrange the two former. I only fear for the latter, and this makes me uneasy; however, as I shall retain the curacy till Christmas, there is still time and opportunity; only, so much depends on a desirable substitute for the summer, otherwise all might be overthrown.

"Saturday morning, six o'clock.—I went yesterday to the hospital, and spent three hours in very close inspection of the miserable objects whom it includes. I have now resolved on taking the house It is in Chester-street, about a hundred yards from the Lock; it is surrounded by fields, has a very pleasant prospect, charming air, great retirement and quietness, with a little garden, a remarkable neat exterior, and as neat and comfortable an interior.

"Our final removal, if we can get a curate, must be in the middle of June. I am asked, and have consented to preach the Charity Sermon at Newport, on May 16th. I must once more assure you, that I shall not stay a day longer than absolute business requires. I trust our separation has been for the best and that our temporal and spiritual concerns, our views and resolutions, tempers and principles, will all thrive and prosper for the better. God bless the dear children. Kind regards to your fireside, from your truly affectionate husband,

"L. Richmond."

Mr. Richmond's connexion with the Lock chapel was not of very long duration. A few weeks after he had

been exercising his ministry in this place, the rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, became vacant by the death of the late Rev. Erasmus Middleton, author of "*Biographia Evangelica.*" Mrs. Fuller, an eminently pious lady, was at that period in possession of the patronage of this benefice; and being desirous of conscientiously fulfilling the important and sacred trust committed to her, she wrote to the late Ambrose Serle, Esq., one of the commissioners of the Transport Office, author of "*Horæ Solitaræ,*" and many other valuable works, stating that as she was much indebted to him for the benefit she had received from his writings, she would present the rectory of Turvey to any clergyman, of similar sentiments with himself, whom he might choose to recommend. Mr. Serle who at that time attended the Lock chapel as his constant place of worship, immediately fixed on Mr. Richmond, as the fittest person among his clerical friends and connexions to fill this situation. It is, however, a fact, highly honourable to him, and a proof of the purity of his motives, that Mr. Richmond could with difficulty be persuaded to accept the nomination. To use the words of another truly pious and excellent clergyman, who has refused to exchange a small curacy for three livings successively offered to him, and who, probably from this circumstance, will be recognised by many of the clerical readers of this memoir, "What can a man want who is useful and happy?" And, to cite the remark of another, upon this truly Christian sentiment, "What can he want who has Christ in his ministrations, and Christ's love in his heart?"

The objection which Mr. Richmond made to his acceptance of this benefice, was, the apprehension that he should enter a sphere of much less usefulness than that in which he was then engaged An extensive field now lay open before him, and a competency was pledged to him; but the tenure was uncertain. He dreaded, however, to be limited in his exertions to a small village; not being aware, at that time, that the population of Turvey consisted of eight or nine hundred souls.

At length, he yielded to the judgment of his friends, and entered on his labours at Turvey. He was inducted into the church by his friend Mr. Fry, on the 30th of July; and, with his family, went to reside at the parsonage, in the month of October following At the time of his induction, he wrote the following letter to Mrs. Richmond :—

"*Emberton, July* 30, 1805.

"My dearest Mary,

"I arrived safely, under divine blessing, at this good man's house, to dinner, yesterday. I have but a few minutes, for a few lines; but I must send that few. I went to Turvey this morning. I like the place—I like the house; and I feel disposed to be well pleased, in spite of the casement windows, which are very good in their kind. I was inducted amidst the ringing of bells and congregation of people, who assembled in troops, to peep at the new rector, and witness the ceremony. The church is very handsome and commodious. The day is delightful, and every thing appeared to advantage. There are several conveniencies about the premises. I shall reserve all farther particulars, for conversation on Thursday evening, when I hope to see you. To-morrow I go to Mr. Higgins, and to make various inquiries at the rectory; and in the evening, I preach for Mr. Fry. A vast many discussions, references, and settlements must be made; and I see, that in the opinion of all concerned, several things must be allowed to the Miss Middletons; but others also must be conceded to me. A very gracious interview took place between us. We went to Bedford, for the necessary papers for induction.

"My first impression of all the premises at Turvey, was a favourable one; and I am persuaded all may be comfortable, with a blessing on a contented and satisfied heart.

"So pray for
"Your affectionate husband,
"The Rector of Turvey."

"Kiss little ones."

CHAPTER VI.

Commencement of his ministerial labours at Turvey—Former state of the parish—Plans and exertions for its improvement—Judicious rules and regulations of his Friendly Society—Effect of his exertions—His 'Fathers of the English Church'—Doctrine and mode of preaching—Brief reflections on controversy.

Mr. Richmond commenced his residence at Turvey, in October, 1805. But before we enter on the detail of his ministerial labours there, it may be proper to advert to the state and circumstances of the parish, previous to his appointment to it as rector.

The village of Turvey is situated between the two towns of Bedford and Olney; being eight miles distant from the former, and four from the latter. It was anciently the residence of a noble family, some of whose warlike ancestors repose beneath the beautiful and splendid marble monuments which adorn the chancel of the church. What was once the mansion, is now converted into a farm-house. Having long ceased to retain its original magnificence, it seems, in its present form, to announce the transitory character of human grandeur. The family of the Mordaunts, subsequently Earls of Peterborough, illustrious as it once was in British history, and celebrated for its achievements in arms, now no longer exists, having become extinct in the year 1814. How justly may we apply to these instances of the instability of all earthly dignities, the impressive exclamation of a distinguished judge of former days:*—"And yet Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—an end of

* Lord Chief Justice Crewe, in the time of Charles II.

names and dignities, and of whatsoever is terrene. For where is Bohun?—where is Mowbray?—where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more, and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality!"

Previous to Mr. Richmond's incumbency, the village of Turvey appears to have been greatly neglected. The duties of the church were irregularly performed; nor was there ever more than one service on the Sabbath-day, in a population of at least 800 inhabitants. The ordinances of religion were not respected; the minds of the people were grossly ignorant, and their morals and manners rude and disorderly. The Rev. Erasmus Middleton was Mr. Richmond's immediate predecessor; a man distinguished both for his learning and piety. By him, the services of the church were increased; and the work of reformation was gradually, though slowly, advancing, when this faithful minister was prematurely cut off, in the midst of his exertions, having retained his office only for the short period of one year.

Mr. Richmond succeeded Mr. Middleton; and entered on his new appointment with a reputation for talents and piety, which excited a great interest in the neighbourhood, and an expectation of extensive usefulness among his parishioners. The text of his first sermon was taken from 1 *Cor.* ii. 2: "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." From these words, he uniformly preached on every returning anniversary of his incumbency, and continued to do so till the last year of his life.

To those who overlook the comprehensive meaning of this passage of holy Scripture, the text may seem to be too limited in its view, and to restrict the whole summary of divine truth to the doctrine of the Atonement, without a due regard to other important branches of Christian faith and practice. But let it be remembered, that the same Apostle, who "determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified," avows, also, that he had "not

shunned to declare all the counsel of God," (*Acts* xx. 27;) and, consequently, the passage must be supposed to comprise, within its ample range, the full extent and substance of every thing that is needful to the faith and practice of the Christian; nor is there a subject, of doctrine or of morals, which is not essentially identified with the doctrine of the Cross. It is there that we best learn the malignity of sin, the nature and duty of repentance, the character of holiness, the motives and means for its attainment, and the dutiful obligation to "glorify God with our bodies and our spirits, which are his."

The following account of Mr. Richmond's proceedings at Turvey, will convey to the reader a just notion of his zeal and judgment, in promoting the welfare of his parish.

On the Sabbath-day, there were two regular full services; and, in the evening, a lecture, more especially designed for the young. His weekly labours consisted of what he called his Tuesday-night cottage lecture from its being held successively in the cottages of the poor, whom he assembled in small groups, for the purpose of more familiar and interior instruction than could be usefully or suitably delivered in public. On Friday evening, a lecture was delivered in the church, the prayers for the evening service being previously read; and, once a month, he met the communicants, on the Saturday preceding the sacrament. He had, also, a weekly service at the work-house. His labours were not confined to public instructions: like his divine Master, "he went about doing good." At the cottages of the poor, he was a frequent visiter; fulfilling the apostolical injunction, of going from "house to house," scattering the precious seed, making himself acquainted with their spiritual state, and gathering, from their answers, useful hints and reflections for the services of the succeeding Sabbath.

A Sunday-school had been established at Turvey for many years, endowed by Charles Higgins, Esq., who bequeathed 300*l.* in support of the charity. John Higgins, Esq., of Turvey Abbey, his nephew and successor, has

generously paid an interest for the bequest, of 20*l.* a-year. The school, though well attended before, had its numbers considerably increased, and its regulations greatly improved by the new rector. He appointed a master of real piety; justly considering, that on the principles and character of the teacher, the efficiency and usefulness of these institutions materially depend. Mr. Richmond was accustomed to visit the school previous to divine service; and, for the children's benefit chiefly, he engaged in a third service in the church on the Sunday evening. Here the first fruits of his ministry appeared. The conversion of two young people, who afterward died in the faith, followed his introductory address to children. Mr Richmond, indeed, was peculiarly happy on these occasions, and no part of his labours was attended with a more striking effect.

Shortly afterward, he established a Friendly Society. Objections have not unfrequently been made to societies of this description, and a preference given to savings-banks. It must be admitted, that some of these objections are not without foundation. It has been said, "that the usual subscription of the members is insufficient to furnish a fund for the support of the aged—an insufficiency greatly increased by gross mismanagement. That ordinary friendly societies are republics of the worst kind; in which are found no men of talent or judgment, to control the disorders of their meetings, which too often present scenes of drunkenness, contention, and misapplication of their funds; —evils which, sooner or later, never fail to issue in bankruptcy. That a fifth part of the funds is regularly allowed for liquor, under the idea of encouraging the landlord, at whose house the subscriptions are usually paid. That the system is productive of much immorality. That the poor man is alienated from his home, and longs for the excitement of company. That associations and habits are formed, which bring on a train of serious evils. That, to the sum allowed from the club, the poor man often adds a large part of his weekly earnings, and, instead of exercising prudence and economy, he wastes his money in intem

perate indulgence. These abuses of benefit societies have disgusted many persons, and induced them to give a preference to savings-banks, unaccompanied with annual dinners and monthly resorts to the public-house. Admitting, however, the existence of these evils, and without detracting from the great public good of the savings-banks, it ought to be remembered, that the abuses complained of, form no just grounds of exception to friendly societies conducted on better principles; and that the savings-banks cannot accomplish the same benefits, or in an equal degree. Their character and use is widely different from those of friendly societies. The little tradesman, the domestic servant, the bailiff or overseer of a farm, and others in similar circumstances, may find in the banks, a safe and profitable repository for their savings; but the labourer, especially if a married man, has no inclination to lay up the small sums he subscribes to a friendly society; and these sums, if deposited at the banks would, in few cases, meet his necessities in sickness and old age. A long illness would exhaust his deposits, and oblige him to throw himself on his friends or the parish, for a maintenance; but the friendly societies are, strictly, *insurance companies:* and if their funds be regulated by a just rate of insurance, without which, it is granted, no friendly society deserves support—and if they be wisely and properly managed, no institution is better calculated to afford the poor a comfortable and certain independency.

Mr. Richmond, who was no mean financier, was fully competent to determine the scale of subscription; and by his judicious arrangements to prevent the evils complained of, and effectually secure to the poor the benefits of a friendly society. It is greatly to be desired that his plans were universally known; and that all benefit societies were formed, or re-modelled on similar principles. For the information of the public, the following sketch of the Turvey club has been inserted.

The Friendly Society of Turvey, was composed of three divisions.

First, *A club for children* of both sexes, from seven to sixteen years of age; each member pays one shilling entrance, and a penny per month; and is allowed in sickness eighteen-pence per week. From three to four pounds is the yearly expenditure on sick members. The society has deposited 50*l.* in the savings-bank, after twenty years' duration. Its members have varied from twenty to forty children. At sixteen years of age a member becomes eligible to the senior clubs, and is entitled to receive half the entrance for admission.

Secondly, *The club for women*, confined to persons from seventeen to thirty-five years of age. The entrance is five shillings; the monthly subscription one shilling, or one shilling and eight-pence, at the option of the members. Those who subscribe the larger sum, receive six shillings per week in illness; and to the lesser subscriber is paid four shillings weekly. The number of members has varied from thirty to forty The average payments for the last twenty years is 20*l.*, and the society has 200*l.* in the savings-bank.

Thirdly, *The men's club*, also, forms a double class, who pay seven shillings and sixpence entrance and one shilling, or one shilling and fourpence monthly; and they receive eight shillings or six shillings weekly in sickness. Their annual expenditure has been £35, and their present fund amounts to nearly £400. These clubs have about twenty honorary members, who greatly contribute to the opulence and prosperity of these institutions; and their bounty, joined to the subscriptions of a constant succession of young members, Mr. Richmond considered, on the calculation of the Northampton tables, to be adequate to the demands of the club. The rules and regulations of the Turvey club, resemble, in most respects, those of other friendly societies; but some additions and amendments were made by Mr. Richmond, too important to be omitted.

First.—No persons of immoral character were admissible, or such as were likely to disgrace the society by ha-

bits of drinking, impurity, cursing and swearing, or other notorious crimes.

Secondly.—A careful superintendence was maintained over the members, by Mr. Richmond and the officers of the society. Offenders were admonished ; and after three admonitions, if unreclaimed, were excluded from the benefits of the society.

Thirdly.—The practice of assembling the members of these societies at public houses, and of spending a portion of their funds in liquor, was prohibited ; and their meetings were held in the vestry of the church, at which Mr. Richmond constantly attended. By this arrangement nearly a *fifth part of the funds* was saved, and the temptations of the public house prevented.

In this, and indeed in all other plans of improvement. Mr. Richmond was the presiding genius. Every thing was conducted under his eye, and owed its success to his wisdom and example. He possessed the happy talent of exciting interest, conciliating regard and meeting difficulties with calmness ; he overcame impediments by a gentleness that disarmed opposition, a judgment that corrected mistake, and a temper which diffused universal harmony. There was an openness in his manner, which impressed all with a conviction of his sincerity, and prevented a suspicion of his having any other motive, than a wish to promote the welfare of his parishioners.

Where he met with opposition, he did not hazard the failure of his measures by indiscreetly urging them ; but he rather left his arguments silently and gradually to produce their effect. Circumspection and caution marked every part of his conduct ; his great aim being at all times to give no offence in any thing, that "the ministry might not be blamed." He was consistent throughout, in his ordinary intercourse with his parishioners ; and thus, the energy of his zeal in the pulpit was known not to be the excitement of the moment, "the sparks of his own kindling ;" but the steady flame of a Divine spirit, imparting to others the sacred glow which animated his own bosom.

To the character, example, and authority of Mr. Richmond, the members of these societies submitted their judgment, and yielded, for the most part, a ready acquiescence in his counsels.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of these plans, there appears to the writer of this memoir, one important defect. His societies were still of republican character; and it was competent to the members to injure their own interests, by an overpowering majority. On one occasion, this defective government had nearly proved fatal to the Turvey club. The funds had increased beyond the expectation of the members, who, in a time of great pressure, resolved to appropriate a portion of them to the relief of their necessities; and they were with difficulty hindered from their purpose, by his firmness and personal influence. This defect is remedied in a society formed at Emberton, on Mr. Richmond's plan. One of the rules of which provides, that no proposition shall pass into a law, without the concurrence of the president and honorary members. Mr. Richmond acknowledged the improvement upon his principle, observing, with his usual frankness, "our good friend at Emberton has secured by law, what I have effected by personal influence."

It is very desirable that the rules of these societies, after a time, should be enrolled according to act of parliament; by which they become legal corporations, and the evil attending the removal of such men as Mr. Richmond, is provided for, as far, at least, as it can be done, by bringing these societies under the sanction and protection of the law, and thus enabling the better informed of the poor themselves, to ensure the proper application of their funds, and control the sudden impulse of popular feeling.

Mr. Richmond's club, like other similar institutions, kept their anniversary; but in a different way, and with different effects. These feasts are usually held at the public house, and lead to much disorder. The feast at Turvey was not a revel of riot and drunkenness; but a generous hospitality, consistent with Christian principle. Mr.

Richmond invited, on these occasions, a number of his clerical brethren, and other respectable ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who usually assembled at Turvey, to the number of thirty or forty persons, and with a large concourse of the villagers, accompanied the society to the church. The subjoined letter gives a pleasing account of the proceedings of the day.

"My dear Friend,

"You wish me to give you some account of the anniversary of Mr. Richmond's Friendly Societies. This I shall do with pleasure, having attended several of them.

"He generally kept the anniversary in Whitsun-week. You already know that Mr. R. has three Friendly Societies; one for men, a second for women, and a third for young persons. Hence it frequently happens, that the father is a member of the one, the mother of another, and the children of the third. Each club consists of the higher and middle classes of parishioners, as well as of the poor. The former contribute, but do not share in the benefit, while the latter are thus more liberally assisted.

"On the anniversary, all these clubs go to church and hear a sermon, after which they dine together in the school-room. As this is an important place on the occasion, you must indulge me with a moment of your time, while I show you its interior. Imagine to yourself a fine, large, airy room, with a lofty ceiling, following the form of the roof of the building; the floor even, and the walls, as well as the top, beautifully white Every part of the room is ornamented with the staves of the different members, painted blue, and disposed upon the walls, somewhat like the swords and halberts in an armoury. These are surmounted with bouquets and festoons of flowers in rich profusion; for which, the 'squires' gardens and shrubberies are laid under such heavy contributions, that it needs almost a year to replenish them. Think of the variety of flowers and shrubs that a village like Turvey would produce at Whitsuntide, and you may conclude that the choicest of them are to be found

most tastefully disposed over the room. One garland is suspended from the centre, and which is carried before the clubs to the church, instead of any colours. In the centre of this garland, which is in the form of a sphere, there is a triangle, emblematical of the three clubs united in one; and in the centre of the top of the room hangs the triangle of Unity, which I shall have occasion to notice by and by. Four tables are placed round the room, so as to form one. That at the top for the honorary members, the clergy and gentry; on the right are placed the men, on the left the women, and at the lower table the children. I have been thus minute, because the order as well as the elegance displayed on the occasion, contributes much to the good effect of the whole. At eleven o'clock the 'squires of Turvey, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond with their friends, and some of the neighbouring clergy, assemble to meet the club, near the school-room. A long train of members of the different clubs proceed in order to the church, headed by the rector; the benefit members all carrying blue staves. The same order is observed on returning from church to the school-room. A visiter generally preaches the sermon.

"We were disbanded at the school-room, and allowed an hour to ramble about; after which we were summoned to dinner by a bell. The members had taken their places when we entered the room. We were disposed at the chief table, and on a signal given all rose up, and Mr. Richmond said the grace. The covers were removed, and we enjoyed a very nice dinner. After dinner, the following grace was sung by the whole company, standing:—

> "We thank the Lord for this our food,
> But more because of Jesu's blood;
> Let manna to our souls be given,
> The bread of life sent down from heaven."

"At this part of the day, as many of the villagers as can approach the doors and windows, are allowed to gratify their curiosity in seeing and hearing what is going on. After a glass of wine at our tables, and the simpler beverage

of nut-brown ale at the tables on our right and left, the steward for the day proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, for their attention to the interests of the club Upon which, Mr. Richmond rose and addressed them at some length on the principles of these societies, and he had recourse to the triangle before mentioned, on whose sides were written, 'Faith, Hope, Charity;' and on crossbars, 'Mutual Support, Unity, Patience,' &c. He commented on these with his usual simplicity and piety, reverting to the early history of the institution, and urging the necessity of keeping those principles steadily in view, both in regard to their conduct in the management of their society, and towards each other. He dwelt also on the subject of the perpetuity of clubs, and the necessity of taking the calculation of human life from more recent tables, than those from which it had hitherto been made; experience having proved that human life is generally longer than had been supposed. I need not say he made himself understood; but I may say he gave the whole discussion such an air of interest, that all were delighted, as well as improved.

"A few minutes after Mr. Richmond had resumed his seat, the steward proposed the thanks of the societies to the honorary members, for their countenance and support. When this had passed, Mr. Grimshaw arose on the part of the honorary members. His address contained a strong appeal to their moral principles, and was heard with much interest. After a short interval, the honourable Mr. Powys made an address, in which he exhibited such a burst of feeling as almost to prevent utterance for some moments. His remarks produced a more than ordinary effect on the whole assembly. He held in his hand a narrative of a waterman, who had plied upon the river Thames, and by his honest industry, had been able not only to educate several of his relatives and settle them in the world, but also to leave considerable pecuniary legacies to some public religious societies. This book he presented to Mrs. Richmond, with a request that she would lend it to the members

of the club, to teach them the blessings of patient industry, with the fear of God. He pointed out to them in the waterman's character, his conscientious observance of the Sabbath, in his steady refusal to ply on the river on that day.

"What I said, I must leave you to conjecture. The happy countenances around me—the beautiful effect of the pendant flowers, and the sweet union of 'young men and maidens, old men and children,' filled my mind with so many pleasing ideas, that I assure you I could not continue silent, nor refrain from contrasting the scenes of wretchedness I had witnessed in the manufacturing districts of the north, with the comfort and tranquillity of Turvey.

"I have mentioned to you, that I was present at several of these anniversaries, and I could not help observing that they were so managed, as never to present an uninteresting sameness. Some new incident furnished a pleasing variety. On one occasion, the senior chaplain of St. Helena was present. With a view to inspire contentment amongst the poor, he drew a lively contrast between their comforts and his own privations in that island. He told them, that in consequence of the failure of the regular supplies of provisions, they were frequently reduced to the necessity of eating salted beef, as black and hard as the piece of mahogany which he held in his hand. After describing Buonaparte's residence at Longwood, he produced a lock of his hair, which was handed round the tables, and of course examined with eager curiosity.

"Without entering into further detail, I would make this general remark—that so much cheerful sobriety, decorum and good feeling, were every where visible, as to afford a lively illustration of St. Paul's precept, 'using this world as not abusing it.'

"At the close of the meeting, Mr. Richmond requested a part of the company to drink tea with him at his own house. His conversation was carried on in the same improving strain, and was calculated to engage the attention

of the younger clergy of his neighbourhood, whom he frequently invited on these occasions.

"In closing my letter, one subject of mournful reflection forces itself upon my mind.—These scenes are passed away! our dear friend is indeed gone to a more beauteous abode—a pleasant paradise above; but the vineyard he has left may, I fear, in some future day, be overgrown with weeds, and the anniversary at Turvey cease to present the same happy fruits to win our admiration, to console and improve our hearts. Yet many of the members of the Friendly Societies at Turvey, are members of Christ. These will follow their beloved pastor, their father, and their friend, to that blessed society, whose members are 'no more sick.'

"That you and I may be numbered with them, is the sincere wish of your faithful friend,

"Amos Westoby."

The good effects of these societies were universally felt. The poor learned to enjoy hospitality without excess. An occasional intercourse between rich and poor, called forth affections and emotions of sympathy and kindness in the one, of respect and gratitude in the other. Instead of the usual scenes at such meetings, a cheerfulness and decorum without constraint prevailed, and a respect for religion gave a sacred character to the whole. It is remarkable, that for twenty anniversaries, though an instance or two might be selected, of persons retiring from the meeting to a public-house, not a single instance of intemperance occurred at the school-room. Another good effect of these societies was strikingly exemplified in the improvement of the female character. A lamentable departure from propriety previous to marriage, was general, before the establishment of these societies; afterward, however, it was a rare occurrence.

As might be expected, his exertions on the week day contributed, in no small degree, to give effect to Mr. Richmond's ministry, and attach the people to it. The

church was numerously attended; the sabbath became a hallowed day, and its approach was anticipated with lively expectation. The Gospel was preached with fidelity, and heard with deep and solemn interest. Many were awakened from a state of insensibility and thoughtlessness, to a just estimation of the truths which they heard from their beloved pastor. Instances were not wanting, of sound and solid conversion; and even those who received little spiritual benefit, learned to treat religion with respect, and began to exhibit a decency of deportment. Vice did not lift up the head with its wonted effrontery, nor was sin committed with the same fearless unconcern.

Another circumstance in the ministry of Mr. Richmond, deserves the particular attention of the reader; we mean the examination of candidates for the communion. It has often been objected to the Church of England, that her ministers admit to the Lord's Supper indiscriminately, and without due regard to the principles and character of the communicants. The charge cannot apply to a consistent minister of the Established Church. He is empowered, nay, required, by the instructions of that church, to put in force her discipline—to examine, to reject, or admit at his own discretion; subject, indeed, as it ought to be, to the approval of his superior.

Mr. Richmond, as a faithful son of the church, and a no less faithful minister of the Gospel, endeavoured to carry into effect the requirements of the Rubric, and the directions of the Holy Scriptures: 1 *Cor.* v. 7, &c.; xi. 28. The person proposing himself for the communion, was examined, and a year of probation was recommended to him for the trial of his sincerity, and the manifestation of it by a consistent and virtuous conversation. Perhaps there were few communions which exhibited a more satisfactory piety; and the attendants at the sacrament were, for the most part, the fruits of his own ministry, and the dearest objects of his heart: he was regarded by them as a father; they consulted him on all occasions, and received advice and sympathy in all their affairs, both temporal and

spiritual. At once respected and beloved by "the children which God had given him," he, in return, watched over them with anxiety, prayed for them with earnestness, instructed them with diligence, ruled them with mildness, and regarded them with the affection of an apostle: "for now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."—1 *Thess.* iii. 8.

While Mr Richmond was thus fulfilling the duties of an active and laborious parish priest, he commenced a work, which justly entitles him to the gratitude of present and succeeding generations. We allude to the 'Fathers of the English Church,' a publication containing copious and impartial selections from the writings of our Reformers, and comprising a valuable mass of theological knowledge, illustrative of the doctrines of the Reformation. Nothing of the kind had ever been attempted, and perhaps, few modern divines possessed the requisite means of information.

The circumstance to which Mr. Richmond was indebted for his superiority on this subject, is singular, and deserves insertion. While he resided in the Isle of Wight, and shortly after his perusal of 'Wilberforce's Practical View,' which had effected so striking a change in his own sentiments and character, a grocer at Newport sent him some trifling article wrapped up in a leaf of Bishop Jewell's Apology. His attention was directed to the wrapper by one of his family, who jocosely remarked, "this looks as if it would suit you, Legh." He read the leaf, and instantly set off for Newport, to inquire after the remaining pages. The grocer, smiling at the anxiety of his clerical customer, replied, "O yes, Sir, here they are, and I have a whole hogshead of these worthies; they are much at your service, for two-pence a pound." The treasure was speedily and joyfully secured; and to this incident, trivial as it may appear, Mr. Richmond owed his extensive and profound acquaintance with the authors of the Reformation.

It is, indeed, a humiliating consideration, that works like these should lose the veneration of posterity, and be treated with the contempt due only to the meanest pro-

ductions of the day. It was an honour reserved for Mr. Richmond, to draw from obscurity the writings of those eminent men, who had shaken empires by their discussions, overthrown systems which centuries had struggled to uphold, and sealing their testimony with their blood, bequeathed a sacred legacy of pure doctrine to the Protestant church.

At the urgent and repeated entreaties of a large body of the clergy, Mr. Richmond consented to lay before the public a prospectus of his plan, about the year 1806 ; and shortly after, he published the work itself in numbers, which was completed in eight volumes. It was favourably received, and is allowed to be executed with much judgment and impartiality. On the whole, the selection is rich and appropriate—presenting a perfect uniformity of sentiment in the great essentials of Christianity ; and if compared with the writings of many modern divines, detecting in those writings a mournful departure from the truth. Some parts of the selection might, perhaps, have been omitted, without injury to the cause of vital religion ; and other extracts added, which would have increased the value of the publication The candid reader will allow for these defects, and duly appreciate what has been accomplished. It is only wonderful, that amidst incessant parochial labour, when it was difficult to find moments unemployed or spirits unexhausted, Mr Richmond should have been able to bring together so much valuable material with credit to himself and advantage to the church of God. A man less devoted would have shrunk from the task, or have failed in its execution But the apostle's command was Legh Richmond's motto through life ; " give thyself wholly to them." His heart was in his work : he turned for relaxation to his employment, and found refreshment in its variety.

From this brief mention of the ' Fathers of the English Church,' we are naturally led to the consideration of the doctrines in that work, to which Mr. Richmond attached

so much importance, and which furnished the leading topics of his own ministry.

He has often been heard to declare, "that two great subjects pervaded the Bible—*sin, and salvation from sin;* and that these ought to form the basis of the Christian ministry."

In his addresses from the pulpit he never failed to point out, distinctly and forcibly, *man's ruin by the fall—his condemnation under the law, and his moral inability to deliver himself by any power or strength of his own.—Free and full justification, through faith in the atoning blood and righteousness of the Redeemer—the nature of that faith, and its fruits and evidences,—the agency of the Holy Spirit, in the regeneration and sanctification of believers;—and the necessity of personal righteousness, or a conformity of heart and life with the word of God—not as the title to heaven, but as a meetness for its enjoyment.* These are fundamental doctrines, in which all true Christians, without distinction of sect or party, cordially unite. They have been the food of the church of God in all ages—the manna which has sustained her children in the many and diversified scenes of human trial and infirmity; they have been the song of their pilgrimage; their joy in tribulation; their light in darkness, and their guide to life and immortality

In addition to the above-mentioned doctrines, Mr. Richmond adopted the views which are commonly called Calvinistic; but not in that offensive sense in which they are frequently, though most erroneously imputed. It is not the intention of the editor to enter here on the Calvinistic controversy: this is neither the time nor the place for such a discussion. He may offer a still better reason for his silence—the conviction which he has long entertained, that the real question at issue, and the one in which the interests of true religion are most concerned, is not, whether the Articles of our Church, and the sentiments of the Reformers, be more or less Calvinistic; but whether we *spiritually* understand, and *cordially* embrace those funda-

mental principles, the belief of which is indispensable to salvation, and the well-being of every Christian community.

These principles are stated, with admirable precision, and strict adherence both to the letter and spirit of the Scriptures, in the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th Articles of the Church of England; and must ever entitle her to rank among the purest of the reformed churches. Satisfied with the principles there laid down, we may safely allow a latitude of interpretation on points which, though deemed important by some, are not maintained by any to be essential to salvation

The following analysis of Mr Richmond's mode of preaching, is submitted to the candid consideration of those persons who have fostered prejudices founded on error and misrepresentation;—prejudices not wholly unaccompanied by a very culpable ignorance, and which charity and truth must alike lament and condemn.

As a preacher, he was *scriptural—experimental—practical—comprehensive—powerful in his appeals to the conscience, and addresses to the heart—full of pathos and interest.*

1. *He was scriptural.* A rich vein of divine truth was diffused through his sermons, arising from a frequent perusal of the Bible, and a familiar acquaintance with every part of it. No man can become a sound and enlightened divine, who does not give his days and nights to the study of the Word of God, accompanied by prayer and meditation. The connexion of solid piety with an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, is indissoluble. This forms, indeed, the manual of every Christian, but belongs in a more especial manner to the minister of the sanctuary. It is the armoury whence he must draw all his weapons;—it is the treasury whence he is to be supplied with every motive and every argument which, through the grace and power of the Holy Spirit, can fix conviction on the mind, rouse the torpid conscience, excite the affections of the heart, and elevate the soul to God. It is the sceptre of righteousness, by which he rules and guides the flock;—the rod

and staff of their support, in the dark valley and shadow of death; and by it they are taught the new song, which will animate their praises in the land of their inheritance—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen."

Such was the model on which Mr. Richmond formed his ministry. He did not, like the polished but flimsy essayist in divinity, select a motto to head a discourse, vague and unappropriate;—nor did he encumber his expositions with an unnecessary parade of human learning; nor seek to attract admiration by ingenious subtleties, or wrest the Scripture to subserve a system. He regarded his office as being that of an *interpreter;* and his aim was, with simplicity and plainness, to unfold the mind of God in his word; "rightly dividing the word of truth, and giving to each their portion of meat in due season."

2. *He was experimental.* Divine truth, from his lips, was not a cold, speculative statement. He declared, "that which he had seen, and heard, and tasted, of the word of life." From the heart he preached to the heart, and seemed to enter into all its secret recesses. He detected the illusions by which it is beguiled—he traced human action to its hidden springs—he accompanied the soul in the alternations of doubt and hope, of fear and joy, in its conflicts with despair and unbelief; till, led to the foot of the cross, it found peace with God.

3. *He was practical.* He did not preach doctrine without practice, nor practice without doctrine; but both in due proportion, in their mutual dependence, connexion, and use. He connected precept with promise, and privilege with duty. As a spiritual workman, he considered the doctrines to be his tools, and practice the effect to be wrought out by them; adopting the sentiment of one of his favourite Reformers—"truly it is said, 'without holiness, no man shall see the Lord;' but this I know, without the Lord, no man shall see holiness."

4. *He was comprehensive.* Christianity, in his mode of

exhibiting it, was a grand and comprehensive whole; while the symmetry of the several parts was faithfully preserved. All the doctrines and all the precepts,—all the promises, and all the characters to whom they are made—all the privileges and all the duties, were, in turn, the theme of his discourses. Of the doctrines, even the highest, he would say, "I dare not omit what God has revealed to his church; nor call that useless or dangerous, which he requires me to believe and teach." Of the privileges and promises—"Human weakness needs encouragement; it can stand no longer than it is supported—it can only climb by clinging." Of the duties and precepts—"While the apostle charges me constantly to affirm, that those who have believed be careful to maintain good works, my good people must allow me to stir up their pure minds in the way of remembrance."

The well informed reader will easily discern *the old divine* in these sentiments. The highest Calvinist, in former days, took in the whole range of Christian faith and practice. Usher, and others of the supralapsarian school, are as minute and particular in explaining and enforcing the law, in all its ramifications, as they were full and glowing in setting forth the grace of the Gospel; and insisted as strenuously on the necessity and importance of good works, as the lowest Arminian.

5. *He was impressive in his appeals to the heart and conscience.* No man better understood that part of a discourse which consists in the application. Some preachers are very deficient in this respect; either wholly omitting to apply their subject, or for the most part failing in discrimination. A discourse, to be profitable, must come home to our own case.

Mr. Richmond, in appealing to his hearers, was faithful, searching, forcible, and impressive. "He reproved, rebuked, exhorted, with all long-suffering and doctrine;" but his exhortations were accompanied by the most affecting displays of the mercy, power, and grace of God in the Gospel; and while his own experience of the truths he uttered, gave an authority and efficacy to his words, God put his

seal to the testimony, and crowned his labours with success.

In presenting this delineation of Mr. Richmond's mode of preaching, the editor feels there would yet be something wanting, to give its complete character, if it were not stated more specifically, that the Saviour, in his various offices of Prophet, Priest, and King, was the grand theme of Mr. Richmond's ministrations. His excellence, like that of a skilful painter, consisted in so arranging all the subordinate parts of his picture, as to give due prominence and effect to the principal figure. *Christ Jesus was the soul of all his discourses;* and every precept, every promise, derived its force and value from its bearing and relation to Him.

A style of preaching like this, must be allowed to be singularly useful, combining all that is important and requisite in a Christian preacher. His ministry possessed two peculiar excellencies,—it was too practical to make an Antinomian, and too doctrinal to make the mere moralist. Antinomianism may indeed exist, notwithstanding the utmost precaution of the preacher; and a dependence on our own works is interwoven with the very frame of our corrupt nature; but a minister is only then culpable, when his mode of preaching has a direct tendency to produce either the one or the other. No man was ever more free from both these defects, as a preacher, nor any congregation more exempt than his own from these pernicious errors. In that important branch of Christian theology relating to faith and works, where some preachers are most confused, he was most clear and scriptural. He laid the foundation in Christ alone, and in faith in his name;—a faith which was the gift of God, and the work of his Spirit; living, energetic, fruitful and holy;—not the cause, but the instrument of salvation; and he taught, that good works were themselves the *subjects of promise* (*Mich.* vii. 19;) the necessary fruits and evidences of faith, but not the meritorious conditions, in whole or in part, of the divine favour. It may be thought, that where the necessity of faith and

good works is equally admitted, distinctions of this kind need not be pressed with so much earnestness; but it will be found, that the right understanding of these distinctions involves the most important consequences. It is not a matter of small moment, whether we put cause for effect, or attribute to our own imperfect services, that salvation, which is the result of God's free grace in Christ Jesus. So far as our own doings enter into the meritorious grounds of our acceptance, they destroy the character of the Gospel as a dispensation of gratuitous mercy. "If by grace, then is it no more of works; otherwise, grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace; otherwise, work is no more work."—*Rom.* xi. 6. It has been said, that the poor, who constitute the larger part of a congregation, are unable to comprehend these theological subtleties, which ought not, therefore, to form a part of ministerial instruction. We cannot better meet this objection, than by a reference to the sentiments of Bishop Horsely:—"Pray earnestly to God to assist the ministration of the word, by the secret influence of his Holy Spirit, on the minds of your hearers; and, nothing doubting that your prayers are heard, however *mean and illiterate* the congregation may be, in which you exercise your sacred functions, fear not to set before them *the whole counsel of God. Open the whole of your message without reservation;* that every one of you may have confidence to say, when he shall be called upon to give an account of his stewardship, 'Lord, I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and truth from the great congregation.'" We will merely add to this testimony, that the doctrines of grace are often better understood by the poor and illiterate, than by the rich and the wise. "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—*Matt.* xi. 25. The cross of Christ, which is declared to be, "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks, foolishness," is to them that believe "the power of God,

and the wisdom of God."—1 *Cor.* i. 24. The reception of divine truth demands not human learning, but poverty and humiliation of spirit. The learned are required to become as fools, and to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child. While to learning is reserved the honour of defending the outworks of religion; it is the happy privilege of none but the meek and lowly, whether learned or unlearned, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, to enter in and be saved.

After these extended remarks on Mr. Richmond's mode of preaching, which the importance of the subject seems to justify, we may now be permitted to ask, whence are we to account for that prevalent disposition to represent ministers of Mr. Richmond's sentiments as preaching about nothing but exterminating decrees, predestination, election, and reprobation; and incessantly occupied in proclaiming doctrines without practice, a God without love, and a faith without morality? Surely, it is time to awake from this illusion, which first creates a phantom, then combats it, and afterward gains an imaginary triumph over a no less imaginary opponent. Men should not be charged with consequences which they disavow; much less be accused at one moment of relaxing all the obligations of moral virtue, and at the next of enforcing them beyond the bounds of reasonable strictness. If, by the above language, it is meant to attach the charge of *high Calvinism* to that portion of the clergy, who are here intended to be specified, *high Calvinism* is most unequivocally not the prevailing creed of those to whom the term is often so indiscriminately and ignorantly applied. Many are known to disclaim the title of Calvinist altogether. Few, very few are disposed to climb its Alpine heights; and the general persuasion seems to be, that in the construction of the doctrinal articles of our church, there is a sufficient approximation of sentiment to prove a resemblance to the views of Calvin, and yet a sufficient distinction to show that there is not an identity. Party names of any kind are highly objectionable and offensive in a cause

so sacred as that of religion, because they seem to give to erring man the honour and pre-eminence that belongs to God alone. "Be not ye called Rabbi, for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren: Call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven: Neither be ye called masters, for one is your Master, even Christ." *Matt.* xxiii. 8—10.

But if a term be employed to designate the religious creed of the clergy in question, that of modified Calvinism is, perhaps, the most appropriate. They conceive the Reformers, in the composition of the articles, to have discovered that happy medium of doctrine, which is free from objectionable extremes, which gives to grace its freeness, and to man the responsibility belonging to a moral agent; and while it ascribes to God all the glory of salvation, charges the sinner with the guilt of his own condemnation. The sentiments of that distinguished prelate, Bishop Horseley, whom we have already quoted, are, on this subject, entitled to notice. "It has been the fashion," he remarks, "of late, to talk of Arminianism as the system of the Church of England, and of Calvinism as something opposite to it, to which the church is hostile. That I may not be misunderstood in what I have said, or may have occasion farther to say upon this subject, I must here declare, that I use the words Arminianism and Calvinism in that restricted sense in which they are generally taken, —to denote the doctrinal part of each system, as unconnected with the principles either of Arminians or Calvinists, upon church discipline and church government. This being premised, I assert, what I have often before asserted, and by God's grace I will persist in the assertion to my dying day, that so far is it from the truth, that the Church of England is decidedly Arminian, and hostile to Calvinism, that the truth is this—that upon the principal points in dispute between the Arminians and the Calvinists—upon all the points of doctrine characteristic of the two sects, the Church of England maintains an absolute neutrality; her articles explicitly assert nothing but what is believed both by Armi-

nians and Calvinists. The Calvinists, indeed, hold some opinions relative to the same points, which the Church of England has not gone the length of asserting in her articles; but neither has she gone the length of explicitly contradicting those opinions; insomuch, that there is nothing to hinder the Arminian and the highest supralapsarian Calvinist from walking together in the Church of England and Ireland as friends and brothers, if they both approve the discipline of the church, and both are willing to submit to it. Her discipline has been approved—it has been submitted to—it has been in former times most ably and zealously defended by the highest supralapsarian Calvinists. Such was the great Usher; such was Whitgift; such were many more;—burning and shining lights of our church in her early days (when first she shook off the papal tyranny,) long since gone to the resting place of the spirits of the just."

If, by the charge of holding a faith without morality, it is intended to arraign the doctrine of justification by faith, are those who make this charge aware that they are impugning one of the articles of their own church, which expressly asserts this doctrine?—That it is illustrated at large, as we have already proved, in the book of Homilies?—That it forms a characteristic ground of distinction between the Protestant and Romish churches; and is one of the fundamental principles of Christianity itself? Once more let us appeal to the authority of Bishop Horseley:—"That man is justified by faith, without the works of the law, was the uniform doctrine of the first Reformers. It is a far more ancient doctrine,—it was the doctrine of the whole college of apostles. It is more ancient still,—it was the doctrine of the prophets. It is older than the prophets,—it was the religion of the patriarchs."

Nor can we omit the insertion of the following admonitory hint from the same quarter:—"Take special care," says that distinguished prelate, "before you aim your shafts at Calvinism, that you know what is Calvinism, and what is not;—that, in that mass of doctrine, which it is of

late become the fashion to abuse, under the name of Calvinism, you can distinguish with certainty between that part of it which is nothing better than Calvinism ; and that which belongs to our common Christianity ; and the general faith of the reformed churches ; lest, when you mean only to fall foul of Calvinism, you should unwarily, attack something more sacred, and of higher origin.

After this almost involuntary allusion to polemical divinity, but which the nature of the subject, and the peculiar circumstances of our own church, seem to have rendered unavoidable, we cannot close this chapter without a few reflections.

It may check the pride and asperity of religious controversy, to remember, that amidst the various attempts to unite mankind, at different periods, within the bounds of one common uniformity of opinion ; whether under the names of Luther, Calvin, or Arminius, or under the various subdivisions of the present day ; all have alike failed in the establishment of an universal standard. But it well deserves our notice, that, while each denomination claims a preference for their own peculiarities, God has given his blessing to all, wherever their aim has been holy, their efforts earnest, and the essential truths of Christianity have not been violated.

Where, then, God withholds not his blessing, man must not withhold his charity ; and though union cannot exist without the essentials of religion, which are—faith in Christ, and a conformity to his image, in a renewed heart and holy life—if these be secured, the union is not only practicable, but a necessary consequence ; for, if we are members of Christ, we are members one of another. The more we imbibe the genuine spirit of Christianity, which is a spirit of love, the more shall we be divested of the shackles of party distinction ; and be convinced, that the religion which is from above, is a religion, not of names, but of principles ; not of forms, but of realities ; not "the letter, which killeth, but the spirit, which giveth life." "God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in

God, and God in him."—1 *John* iv. 16. "The spirit of Christianity is Christianity. If this be wanting, the glory is departed, and nothing remains worth contending for."

CHAPTER VII.

His talent for extempore preaching—Family letters—Commencement of the editor's acquaintance with him—Public societies.

The principles on which Mr. Richmond formed his ministry, have been laid before the reader in the preceding chapter; in which were detailed the soundness of his views, and the impressive manner of his delivery. He never failed to attract a crowded congregation, and seldom preached without the most decided proofs of a divine power accompanying his ministrations. He also possessed many natural endowments, which in no small degree contributed to his success. He was an eloquent speaker; but his eloquence was not laboured and artificial—it was the simple and glowing expression of a mind deeply impressed with the importance of his subject, full of affection, and intent on imparting the same feelings to those who heard him.

He used to refer his friends, who conversed with him on the subject of preaching, to the advice of his college tutor: "Don't use terms of science. The people have no abstract ideas—they cannot understand comparisons and allusions remote from all their habits. Take words of Saxon derivation, and not such as are derived from Latin and Greek. Talk of riches, not affluence—of trust, not confidence. Present the same idea in a varied form, and take care you understand the subject yourself. If you be intelligent, you will be intelligible."

Mr. Richmond's successful application of these useful rules, is well known to all who had opportunity of hearing his sermons. Though never offensively colloquial, he was well understood by the most illiterate of his congregation; nor was he satisfied till he had explained an idea in every possible variety and point of view. On this account, he sometimes seemed to persons unacquainted with his design, to employ a needless number of words. It was once pleasantly said, by one who heard him—"An excellent sermon, but with too many various readings."

He was also singularly felicitous in imparting interest to what, in familiar phraseology, is called a dry subject. He was once known to preach an hour and three quarters,* on the incidental evidence of Christianity. On this occasion it was said, by a sensible man who heard him—"This is indeed a magnificent sermon! I always thought Mr. Richmond a good man, but I now know him to be a great man."

Mr. Richmond, as we have before noticed, possessed a fine taste, and an almost enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of nature. From these he often selected illustrations, and embellished his subject with allusions to them. He used to say: "There are three books to be studied—the book of creation, the book of providence, and the book of grace. They confirm and illustrate each other."

These natural talents were consecrated to the service of religion, and gave an interest to his preaching, equalled by few, and excelled by none.

The editor would not be supposed, by these remarks, to lose sight of the influence of the Holy Spirit, without whom "nothing is strong, nothing is holy." He knows that "the

* This sermon was one of a course of lectures on the evidences of Christianity, preached at Olney, by the neighbouring clergy. Mr. Richmond took his plan from the "Horæ Paulinæ," and applied Dr. Paley's principle to every book of Holy Scripture, with great ingenuity and success. It is much to be regretted that nothing remains of the sermon, except a few short heads of discourse, used by Mr. Richmond at the time of preaching.

Gospel is a mighty engine. but only mighty when God has the working of it."* Yet is it most evident, that God is pleased to make human agency. the natural endowments and temperaments as well as the graces of his servants, subserve his purposes; and in the selection of instruments, there is always a peculiar fitness for the work in which he employs them.

The effect of Mr. Richmond's ministry was also considerably heightened, by the fluency of his addresses. He adopted a method of preaching usually called *extempore;* without premeditation, as to the words of a sermon, but not to the exclusion of much previous prayer, and labour in the arrangement of its materials. "It is a singular circumstance," observes a friend of his early life, "that his first attempt to preach *extempore*, in the very small church of Yaverland in the Isle of Wight. was a total failure. He was so ashamed of it, that he declared he would not repeat the attempt; and it was only in consequence of the urgent solicitations of our common friend, the Rev. Charles Hoyle, that he was induced to make a second trial; when he succeeded beyond his hopes, and never afterward found any difficulty."

As a proof of the eminence to which he afterward attained, we venture to introduce another anecdote.

The late Mr. Whitbread went to hear him preach at St. Paul's, Bedford, in the year 1807, accompanied by a friend, who had expressed an earnest wish to be present. The church was remarkably crowded—the preacher animated—and the interest of the congregation strongly excited. The gentleman above alluded to at length observed: "He has now preached with incredible fluency, both as to matter and language, for three quarters of an hour, and he does not seem even yet to be exhausted, or to be drawing to a close." "Exhausted!" replied Mr Whitbread: "he can hold on, in the same way, if necessary, for two or three hours longer."

* Adams' Private Thoughts.

Before we proceed with the narrative, we lay before the reader a few letters written about this time by Mr. Richmond, to his aunt and mother. They are not, indeed, connected with any previous or subsequent remarks of our own; but are here introduced to preserve the chronology of the memoir. They are pleasing proofs of Mr. Richmond's affectionate attention to the claims of his own family, amidst the incessant demands of public duties.

"*Turvey, January* 10, 1808.

"My dear Aunt,

"Affection for one so long known and loved must indeed be asleep, if I did not hasten to express my tenderest concern on your account My office and station calls me daily, in one place or another, to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded breast. I cannot, indeed, comfort you in person; but if I may be allowed to speak in my Lord and Saviour's name, I may often do so by letter. Indeed, my dearest aunt, I shall be happy in any endeavour I can exert, to prove to you how affectionately I am interested in what regards your welfare, both spiritual and temporal. I am daily exercised among the sick, the weak, the maimed, the suffering and the departing; and am constantly reminded of the uncertainty of life, even from one day to another. What a glorious light has the word of God thrown on the otherwise dark and gloomy uncertainty which would have overhung the prospect of eternity! How full, how free a provision has our gracious God revealed for the salvation of sinners who lay hold on his promises by faith! May you and I be enabled, under every trial and pang of soul or body, to flee to the strong One for help, remembering that in all our afflictions he was afflicted.

"May the recollection of every past instance of God's kindness lead you to trust in him, and repose on his redeeming grace and love. May your prayer be constantly heard and answered, when at the throne of grace you plead what a Saviour has done and suffered for you, and supplicate for a heart thankfully resigned to God, let what will be

his pleasure concerning you. I feel persuaded you will ascribe what I have said to a sincere affection, and a desire to contribute my mite of consolation under the trial which Providence has brought upon you. May you meet it with the true spirit of Christian fortitude! Sanctified afflictions are the Lord's peculiar mercies to those whom he loves. May your's prove one of this kind! Frequent meditation on the great change to which we are all daily liable; to which the youngest are rapidly hastening—is highly profitable to the soul, and begets a watchfulness and preparedness of mind for every event and circumstance. Seasons of sickness and debility are peculiarly calculated to this end. They are often expressly sent, that as in the day of health and prosperity we are too prone to forget the Author and Giver of all our blessings, these messengers of mercy may be the means, in his Almighty hands, of collecting our wandering thoughts and affections, and of fixing them abidingly on him. Receive these reflections from one who loves you, who wishes never to forget that he is a minister of Christ, and always

"Your affectionate nephew,
"LEIGH RICHMOND."

"*Turvey, January* 29, 1808.

"My dearest Mother,

"The return of this day* reminds me of life, death, and eternity; it reminds me of times past, and anticipates times to come; it reminds me of my dear mother also, and of the many affectionate sensations which the successive anniversaries of my birth have from year to year given her, arising from the mingled hope of good and fear of evil. Sometimes you have written to me on this day; but lest a letter should not be penned between us, I take up the quill to write to you. Accept my kind, tender, and dutiful assurances of filial love and veneration, and ten thousand thanks for all your cares and prayers on my account, for

* His birth-day.

six-and-thirty years; nor let it ever be thought that I am insensible to what I owe you. Happy shall I feel, if enabled and permitted to contribute to the ease and consolation of your declining years, and to mitigate the infirmities of old age, by the duly applied exertions of younger years! It seems but a little while since I was a boy myself, returning home from season to season, to enjoy the blessing and comfort of parental and sisterly society and affection at your home: and now I see myself surrounded by my boys and girls at my own home, growing apace, and preparing to occupy the station in the world, which we now fill up. It is an old and worn out remark, 'how time flies!' Yet we cannot help all making it in our turn; we feel its force, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. One cannot help sometimes ejaculating with good old David, 'O, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence and be no more seen!' What a scene does eternity present!—the years of life past—earthly connexions dissolved—the secrets of all hearts laid open—souls saved or lost—Christ, a frowning judge, or a welcome saviour—all mistakes and errors in religion at an end—every false foundation undermined—a world in flames and consumed, as though it had never been—time itself no more—eternal ages of ages rolling on in ceaseless bliss or wo! Who is sufficient even to speak on these things?

"Pray for me, that since the Lord has spared me another year, I may not prove such a barren fig tree as heretofore. I could look at all that is past, and view myself as no better than a cumberer of the ground. But the gracious Vine-dresser intercedes, and his prayer is full of love and mercy; may the Owner of the vineyard hear, and answer it. I have been very unwell, but am now much better: the poor fig-tree is not yet cut down. May it bear fruit to the glory of the Father. Accept our love, and give it to those around you; and believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

"*Turvey, March 25th*, 1809.

"My dearest Mother,

"I do indeed most sincerely rejoice at your recovery from so severe an attack of your complaint, as that which you describe. May a gracious God protect you under the shadow of his wing, and spare your valuable health, for all our sakes; may you daily enjoy more of a sense of the divine presence, as you advance in your pilgrimage; may you sometimes be favoured, from the top of the mount of Pisgah, with a cheerful prospect of Canaan; and always be supported by the trust that He who hath begun the good work in you, will perfect it in his own time. Your occasional doubts and fears, arise from too much considering faith and repentance as the *grounds*, rather than the evidences of salvation. The truth is, that a weak faith makes the soul as secure, though not so happy, as a strong one: and an imperfect repentance, as we deem it, may be sincere, and therefore a work of grace. Our salvation is not, because we do so well, but because '*He* whom we trust, hath done all things well.' The believing sinner is never more happy nor secure, than when, at the *same* moment, he beholds and feels his own vileness, and also his Saviour's excellence.

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me;

is the burthen of his song. You look at yourself too much, and at the infinite price paid for you too little. For conviction, it is true, you must look to your own heart; but, for comfort, at your own Saviour. Thus the wounded Israelites were to look only at the brazen serpent, for recovery. The graces of the spirit, such as love, patience, goodness, faith, &c., are good things for *others* to judge us by; but it is Christianity, as received, believed in, rested upon, loved, and followed, that will speak peace to ourselves. By looking unto Him, we shall grow holy; and, the more holy we grow, the more we shall mourn over sin, and be sensible how very short we come of what we *yet*

desire to be. None are so holy as those who mourn that they are not more so. While our sanctification is a gradual and still imperfect work, our justification is perfect and complete: the former is wrought in us, the latter *for* us. Rely, simply, as a worthless sinner, on the Saviour, and the latter is all your own, with its accompanying blessings of pardon, acceptance, adoption, and the *non*-imputation of sin to your charge. Hence will flow thankful obedience, devotedness of heart, patience in tribulation, and quiet waiting for the glory of God. Thus, salvation is by faith alone; and thus, saving faith works by love. Embrace these principles freely, fully, and impartially, and you will enjoy a truly scriptural peace, assurance, and comfort.

"You would hear from my dear wife, something of my intended proceedings, during the ensuing month of May. She has, of course, told you, that I am to preach the annual missionary sermon in London, on Whit-Tuesday. Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, preached last year.

"I hope ——— will succeed in procuring an eligible residence. How I wish they might fix near a truly pious and devoted clergyman. The importance of this circumstance should never be forgotten in the choice of a residence, and is of far greater importance than many are disposed to consider it.*

* How many, who have a good support for their families, for mere purposes of worldly gain, remove to sections of the country, where the regular ordinances of religion are not found, and where schools and religious institutions are unknown. Thus their children grow up in ignorance and sin, and become a curse to themselves and society. How cheaply do such parents sacrifice the interests of the soul and eternity, for the riches of earth. We would not discourage emigration, but we would invoke every parent, not to choose his residence beyond appointed means of grace. It has pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.

We would suggest the propriety of *colonies* of a dozen or more pious families going forth to the more destitute parts, carrying with them all the religious institutions of the day. New settlements

"May God bless, protect, and preserve you to his own kingdom. Love to Mr. and Mrs. H———, from all here, and from

"Your affectionate son,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

It was towards the close of the year 1808, that the writer of this memoir first became acquainted with Mr. Richmond; and, as the circumstances connected with the occurrence were of a nature that led to a very confidential intercourse, terminating only with the decease of his revered and much beloved friend, he trusts he shall be excused for briefly adverting to the subject. Soon after his entrance into the ministry, the serious charge first attracted his attention, that the Gospel was not generally preached with fidelity and correctness, by the clergy. As this accusation was circulated in the neighbourhood where he then lived, and he was included in the supposed number of the delinquents, it awakened serious reflections in his mind. Having adopted the profession of the Church under a strong predilection for its duties, he was disposed, in the first instance, to repel this insinuation, with a deep sense of injured feeling, not wholly unmingled with indignation; and to attribute it to the prevalence of dissent, in that particular vicinity. But the question immediately suggested itself—*Why was there a prevalence of dissent; and did not this fact, of itself, constitute a grave and momentous charge, affecting the character and credit of the clergy?* The fact, of the poor usually forming the larger proportion of the seceders, contributed, in no small degree, to rouse his conscience, and to call for deliberate and solemn inquiry.

At that period, the religious views of the writer, in common with those of many others, were of the following nature, viz.—that we were to fulfil every appointed duty

thus formed, might not need afterward to be *evangelized*, but would themselves exert a salutary influence on present and future generations.—AM. ED.

o the best of our ability, and that all deficiences would be supplied by the merits of the Redeemer: thus making the sinner's salvation, principally, the effect of his own merits, and considering those of the Saviour merely as supplementary to them The corruption and entire alienation of the human heart from God, the necessity of the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, and the manner of their operation, were very inadequately understood by him; and consequently, very obscurely stated from the pulpit: and yet he was diligent in his parochial duties, zealous as a preacher of righteousness, and aimed at holiness in his life, without ever being able to attain what he so earnestly desired. After various attempts to satisfy his conscience, the suggestion gradually presented itself, that it was *possible* he might hold erroneous views, however unconscious of their nature and extent; and the awful words of the apostle, "Wo unto me if I preach not the Gospel," began to fill his mind with trouble and dismay. Not to dwell on a series of minor circumstances, the idea which was first admitted as a *possibility*, assumed the character of *probability;* and, for a period of two years, his mind was kept in a state of painful conflict; during which, many a prayer was offered up to the Father of lights and to the God of all mercy: and the promise unceasingly pleaded—"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."—*James* i. 5.

At the expiration of this time, a dying friend sent him Romaine's twelve Discourses on the law and the Gospel; earnestly expressing a hope, that the perusal of them might be as useful to him as she had found it to be to herself. It was to this book that the writer owed the solution of all his difficulties, and the first clear and spiritual conviction of the mode of a sinner's acceptance before God; from it he discovered that the law can never save, either in whole or in part,—that its office is rather to condemn, "as the killing letter," and "the ministration unto death," because it requires that perfect and unsinning obedience, which no

man can perform; and in the absence of such obedience, pronounces the awful sentence,—"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them"—*Gal.* iii. 10. Thus the law becomes "a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ,"—that the condemned and guilty sinner may see the grace and glory of that redemption which is revealed in the Gospel; and disclaiming all self-dependence, may seek and find acceptance from the unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus. The work entitled "the Fathers of the English Church," of which an account has already been given, was, at the same time, just published in numbers; and, from a conviction that none were likely to be better guides, in the right interpretation of the doctrines of the Church of England, the writer began to read them with great interest. Shortly afterward, he was removed to his present residence, at Biddenham, but not before he had been permitted to see some very decided fruits from his change of views, and from a more scriptural style of preaching. The parish of Biddenham not being further distant from Turvey than six miles, he frequently heard of Mr. Richmond's character and proceedings; and having expressed a strong desire to cultivate his acquaintance, this wish was shortly after gratified.

As he was one morning engaged in reading the "Fathers," the name of Mr. Richmond was announced, and he immediately entered the room. After a few general remarks, "What is the book, sir," he asked, "that you are reading?" "The 'Fathers of the English Church,'" I replied. "What is the nature of the work, and your opinion of its merits?" I observed, that I had been led by a train of circumstances to examine very minutely into the real purport and character of the doctrines of our church, from a conviction that a great diversity of opinion prevailed on the subject; and that, instead of being directed by any modern guide, it appeared to me to be the duty of a conscientious minister, to trace doctrine to the fountain-head. That a work had lately been published, professing

to contain copious extracts from the writings of the Reformers which I considered to be a most invaluable performance; that I was deriving much benefit and edification from it; and that if it were read by the clergy generally, I thought it would be attended with very important consequences. Seeing a smile upon his countenance, I observed, "Why do you smile, Sir?" "It is owing," he replied, "to the singularity of our conversation; and you yourself will, perhaps, smile, and be surprised, when I inform you that the editor of the work, in the praise of which you are so earnest, is now before you." "You the author of this work?" I said. "Yes," he replied, "I am the compiler." He then related the facts that have already been recorded, as to the manner in which he first became possessed of the writings of the Reformers. The interest excited in my mind by this communication, and by the whole of the interview, awakened a strong wish to cultivate a nearer intercourse with so valuable a character; and the foundation was soon laid, of an intimacy which the experience of every year increased and strengthened—the harmony of which was never interrupted for a day, an hour, or a moment; and which was the source of increasing profit, comfort, and happiness, to its lamented close. Little did I think, when this first interview occurred with my estimable friend, that we were afterward to be frequent companions in many a labour of love—in many a public cause; and to share, with mutual sympathy, in the various events that have occurred since that period;—that I then saw before me the man with whom I was to be leagued in the closest bonds of intimacy,—that I should christen his children, marry his daughter, and bury two of his sons; and, finally, that it would be my mournful duty, amidst the tears of his bereaved family and sorrowing parishioners, to perform the last sad office for himself!

Shortly after the above interview, Mr. Richmond was requested to preach at Biddenham. It was the first time that I had ever heard a minister of his sentiments. The clearness, the ability, and the impressive manner in which

he unfolded the great truths of the Gospel—the earnest and affectionate appeals that he made to the conscience, the skill with which he discriminated the different classes of his hearers, the astonishing fluency of his utterance, and the earnestness both of the preacher and the congregation, awakened in me a train of solemn reflections, and especially on the value of public preaching, when conducted on such principles, and accompanied with such holy and devout affections. An intense interest and heavenly fervour seemed to be depicted in every countenance, and to be felt in every heart. I shared in the same emotions, but they were accompanied by a great depression of feeling, and a conviction that I was wholly unworthy to enter the same pulpit; nor shall I ever forget the seasonable remark of a pious old man, on the following morning, who, in dwelling on the excellencies of the preceding day's discourse, observed—"The grace that God has given to him, he can give both to you and me: for God is no respecter of persons."

The writer being called away for a short time, by some family circumstances, Mr. Richmond undertook to assist him, and supply the duty at Biddenham and at the adjoining parish of Stagsden. It was during this interval that he received from him the two following letters.

"*Turvey, February 8th*, 1809.

"My dear Friend,

"I sincerely pray that you may be restored to your parishes in that happy frame which may, under a divine blessing, render you to them, and them to you, a mutual comfort. A general interest and inquiry is excited in your whole vicinity, to hear you, and the word of God from your lips. May you be directed and enabled, by the Searcher of all hearts, to preach Jesus Christ freely, fully, and effectually, both to unconverted and converted sinners. Do not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. Keep in mind that excellent rule I mentioned the other morning: 'never preach a single sermon, from which an unenlightened hearer might not learn the plan of salvation, even though

he never afterward heard another discourse.' *Sin* and *salvation* are the two grand subjects of our preaching; and they ought to be brought forward unceasingly, both doctrinally, practically, and, above all, *experimentally*. Preach *from* the heart, and it will always reach the heart. I always find that when I speak from the inward feelings of my own heart, with respect to the workings of inbred corruption, earnest desire after salvation, a sense of my own nothingness, and my Saviour's fulness, the people hear, feel, are edified, and strengthened. Whereas, if I descend to mere formal or cold explanation of particulars which do not affect the great question—'What must I do to be saved?' my hearers and I grow languid and dull together, and no good is done.

"Many of our hearers have been accustomed to attend at various descriptions of meeting-houses. The general character of meeting-house piety is simple, earnest, scriptural, plain, and interesting,—the awful condition of a sinner, in his natural state, and the consolations and promises of a Saviour, are dwelt upon throughout their prayers and discourses. *Thus far* all is good; and we must do the same, if we would retain or regain our congregations. Thus the fathers of the English church preached to our elders and predecessors,—thus preached Romaine, Walker, Venn, Berridge, Milner, Newton, &c; and thus souls were saved, and the church of England *flourished*, and was built up under their ministry. May you and I do so likewise, and daily see the fruit of our labours, in the growth of our people in divine knowledge.

"You see, I speak to you with the freedom of a brother; you have given me liberty so to do. I esteem you highly for it, and thank you for the confidence you repose in me; I only desire to use it to the glory of God, and the good of souls. Having some little experience in the ministry, and knowing a good deal of the character and circumstances of the people, both religious and irreligious, in this neighbourhood, I may sometimes have it in my power to suggest hints, and communicate information, that may be useful

and satisfactory to you. But above all, pray fervently to God for a blessing on yourself, your preaching, your people, on the church of God, and last, though not least, on

"Your unworthy friend and brother,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

"*Turvey, Feb.* 20, 1809.

"My dear Friend and Brother,

"I promised you an account of my proceedings with respect to your parishes, and now sit down to fulfil that promise. My friend who engaged to assist me, having been prevented from coming here, I was under the necessity of fixing a later hour for the services at Biddenham, but it was perfectly agreeable to your people, and to many even more agreeable than if I had served your church at the usual time.

"Your churches have been overflowing as to the number of hearers, and I trust God will bless the work among them; I preached for you also at Biddenham, on the fast-day—I had every reason to be highly satisfied with the general appearance of things, during the three weeks I preached at Biddenham. Our only Christian friends, the B's, did every thing possible to promote my comforts, and the general good of our holy cause. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th ultimo, I arrived for the first time at Stagsden; the whole school were assembled in the church, and a fine congregation. I preached a sermon on the opening of the school. When the service was over, I desired the children and their relations to come into the chancel, where I gave them a familiar address by way of encouragement, and spoke to them individually on their respective duties. I yesterday went to Stagsden again, later in the afternoon, being unable to get there so early as I wished, and found a noble congregation indeed After service I inspected the school, and made a few regulations for order and decency, to await your approbation. I have been very desirous that the first impressions on the minds of the scholars, and that of the parish at large, should be,

that it is a religious as well as a *literary* institution ; and I think I have succeeded. I visited, this morning, two dying parishioners of Stagsden, one at North-end, and the other at Bury-end. Both, alas ! with little light. I have said and done every thing I could among the people to pave the way, as I trust, for your comfortable labours among them. I shall hope to see you as soon as you return, and I shall be glad to enter into full detail of several little particulars, which may be for your satisfaction, and that of the parishes. One day at Biddenham, I conversed individually with several of your parishioners and was happy to find that some young persons have been seriously impressed under your ministry. Some persons also spoke to me, and desired to be kindly remembered, particularly one named ———, I propose going next week to see your Biddenham flock once more before your return.

" Having given you some account of your parochial transactions, allow me to express my earnest wishes for your spiritual prosperity, both as it concerns your own inward experience and outward ministry. I feel persuaded, that you will every day increasingly discover your infinite obligation to our common Lord and Saviour, who had led you by his grace to discern between good and evil, truth and error, salvation by works, and salvation by grace through faith alone. I cannot help feeling an affectionate and brotherly concern and regard towards you, from having so exactly trod over a similar ground. I have known the difficulty of giving up all for Christ—of ceasing to do and speak as the world around me did,—I have felt the necessity of denying myself—taking up the cross, and following our Lord. I offer up my prayers, that your mind may be strengthened unto the clearest views of every essential truth, and unto firm resolutions to walk in the good old way of our forefathers.

" God appears to have prepared you a people for your labours, and they are anxiously awaiting your arrival. May the Lord give you many of them as souls for your hire !

"Allow me, with all the confidence and anxiety which friendship, and a desire to serve the interest of our great cause inspire, to give it as my decided advice, (founded on observation, and the state of feeling and habit among religious people in general,) that you study even the prejudices of those among whom you may labour against all worldly conformity, that might injure the weight and influence of your ministry. Public, and some private amusements, are viewed with peculiar dislike and disapprobation by good people in general. Those who have not been accustomed to converse intimately with that most respectable part of the community, the middle and lower ranks of religious persons, would hardly conceive how strong their feelings are upon those points which others often view as trivial. I merely mention these things, because I have myself found the necessity of attending to them, far beyond what I at first supposed. I feel a deep interest for your happiness, and the success of your ministry. I view it as a matter of providential mercy, that you are thrown into this new situation, and trust great good will arise from it to you, and to the people.

"I am much obliged by the friendly confidence with which you have treated me, and pray God that our intercourse may be truly blest.

"I ought to apologize for so long a letter, but I have been insensibly led to be prolix. I shall preach, and visit the new Sunday school at Stagsden on Sunday next, and shall pay one more visit to your people at Biddenham, in the middle of next week; at the end of which I hope God will restore you in safety to 'your work and your reward.' May the free, sovereign, unmerited, and effectual grace of God, give you all spiritual blessings in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. I commend you to his high and holy keeping, and desire you to be assured with how great sincerity I am

"Your unworthy fellow labourer,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

The writer of this memoir cannot help here observing, how much he recognised the hand of providence in leading him to a neighbourhood, which abounds with so many privileges of a religious nature, and where he found so experienced and useful a guide as Mr. Richmond. In his former residence, with the exception of an endeared friend, the want of these advantages was highly injurious to his progress in the knowledge of religion. In this way we discover the goodness and wisdom of providence in the various circumstances and events of our lives, in appointing the bounds of our habitation, and placing us when and where his Almighty wisdom and love sees to be most suited to the purposes of his own grace, and our welfare.

It was about this period, in the year 1809, that those institutions, whose subsequent career is so well known, suddenly emerged from a state of comparative obscurity, and by a kind of simultaneous movement engrossed the popular favour and sanction, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Men were at length roused from their apathy, and seized with avidity the opportunity now presented of redeeming the guilt of past neglect. On the other hand, feelings of disapprobation, or of more avowed opposition, were manifested in certain quarters, and ministers of the established church were subjected to much misrepresentation and censure, on account of their attachment to these societies.*

It was maintained, and no doubt with all the sincerity of

* It is proper to remark, that the compiler of the memoir, had introduced in this place, some remarks upon the state of society at the time when the British and Foreign Bible—the Church Missionary Society, and the society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, were formed, as a vindication of Mr. Richmond for the very active part which he took in their establishment and enlargement. He also stated, and refuted at large, the objections urged against the course pursued by Mr. Richmond in serving these societies as an agent. This discussion is omitted on account of its local nature, and from the conviction, that no good would follow from perpetuating objections no longer felt, at least in this country. Am. Ed.

conviction, that the circulation of the bible alone, unaccompanied by the prayer book, the proper and authorized symbol of the established church, must ultimately prove fatal to that church ; and yet, if the prayer book be in accordance with the bible, as all the members of the established church believe and avow, does it not seem at variance with the allowed connexion of cause and effect, to suppose that a principle, in its tendency and design, can be subversive of that with which it is identified ; or that the bible, which propagates nothing but truth, and therefore is opposed to nothing but error, can possibly lead to such a consequence ? It would certainly have been a strange anomaly in morals, as well as in philosophy, for the future historian to have recorded, that in the sixteenth century, the Church of England was first erected on the foundation of the bible, and of the bible alone ; and yet, in the nineteenth century, that it was undermined, and finally overthrown by the same instrumentality : thus exhibiting the extraordinary spectacle of a church, subverted by the same cause to which it owed its establishment. The truth is, the Church of England will increase in stability and prosperity, in proportion to its adherence to the bible. It has only to fear "the worm at the root," the decay of sound and scriptural principles among its rulers and members.

The unpromising state of public feeling, prior to the establishment of these societies, has already been adverted to. The change subsequently produced, is obvious to all. We may hence learn an important lesson :—a nation, comparatively speaking, may be sunk in religious apathy ; the zeal and piety of churches may lie dormant, and the prospect may appear dark and lowering. But amidst general declensions, some characters are always preserved by the power and grace of God from the contaminating effects of the surrounding lukewarmness ; and it is to their efforts that we must look, at such times, for the needed revival. If it be asked, how are those efforts to be employed ? We answer, *strike the rock* at the divine command, and never doubt but that a plentiful stream will

follow. Means must be used in dependence upon a divine power: the minds of men must be excited. They have intelligence, affection, conscience, and capacities of action. These properties may grow torpid, yet not be extinguished; they require to be called into action. Let us deal, then, with men as moral agents. Let us address to the *understanding*, arguments calculated to inform and convince—to the *heart*, what is likely to win and engage—and to the *conscience*, what is best suited to rouse it from its state of torpor. Let us apply *the exciting principle*, and be unwearied in invoking the divine blessing, which can alone crown our efforts with success, and God *will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; he will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water* —*Isa.* xli 18.

Let churches and states, legislators and prelates, ministers of the sanctuary and individuals in their respective families, adopt this principle; and communities will prosper, churches will revive, and the domestic altar will never want a sacrifice, nor God withhold a blessing.

And yet it is this very principle of excitement, as applied to the religious institutions of the day, which has been most strongly censured The system of public meetings, the addresses sermons, biblical and missionary tours. have been the subject of severe reprehension with the opponents of these societies. But it is this very system which has elicited the moral energies of the country, which has given one simultaneous and unparalleled impulse to all its public institutions—which, by its direct or indirect tendency, has localized among us every form of charity that can afford an asylum to distress:—to crime, the means of reformation—to ignorance, the benefit of instruction;—and to penitent guilt, the hope of mercy and salvation. It is to the *publicity* of these societies, next to their intrinsic value and importance, that we are to ascribe so large a portion of their popularity and success. If they were less public, they would be less known; if they were less known, they would be less supported; and if

they were less supported, their efficiency would be proportionably impaired. An institution, to be popular, *must be brought in contact with public opinion.* The men who conduct it *must be seen, heard, known, loved, and respected;* the subject of it must be carried home to the heart, and descend through all the various gradations in society; be as accessible to the poor as to the rich—to the unlearned, as to the learned—to the humblest cottage, as well as to the lordly mansion. It will thus secure the patronage and liberality of the wealthy, the approbation of the wise, and the benediction of the poor. These advantages have pre-eminently distinguished the institutions of which we are speaking; and, so long as the principle of publicity characterizes almost every undertaking of a secular nature, why are religious objects alone to be debarred from the benefit of this principle, where the application of strong stimulants is the more necessary, in proportion as the end proposed is more momentous, and men less disposed to appreciate its importance?

The real and only question for consideration is, whether public societies can be effectively carried on without the agency of public advocates? The result of experience is, that societies, depending only on *local* means for their support, are in the most declining state. Men, too, who are in the habit of contributing their money to a public cause, think, and with justice, that they are entitled, in return, to a detail of its operations from those who, by their connexion with the parent institution, and from the sources to which they have access, are best qualified to communicate information. Admitting, then, the justness of this remark—from what class are public advocates to be selected? From among laymen or ministers? The professional habits, experience, and education of the latter, evidently constitute them the fittest organs of communication to all religious institutions. How to reconcile these public exertions with parochial duties, is, therefore, the only remaining consideration. Let it be observed, that every clergyman is legally entitled to an absence of three

months in every year, on the presumption, that he will provide a proper substitute.* If, then, a minister, unconnected with public objects should choose to avail himself of this privilege, for the purpose of allowable recreation, or from any other motive, would his conduct be considered as affording any reasonable ground for reproach? Why, then, should another minister, in the exercise of the same privilege, and using the same precautions, be the subject of animadversion, because, instead of appropriating the allotted period to a watering-place, or to any other object, his principles and conscience lead him to devote his time to the more important claims of a religious institution?

Each *itinerates;* each is occasionally absent from his parish—with this distinction, that one is occupied with engagements most interesting to himself; the other consecrates his time, his talents, and his strength, to the service of the cause of God; and leaves for a while, the limited, though important, scene of his own parish, to aid in the dissemination of light and knowledge to the remotest regions of the earth.

In the navy, no means existed for distributing the book of common prayer among that valuable body of men, who risk their lives for the defence of their country. The society was formed to supply this deficiency. But, independently of this call for its exertions, we would ask, were not prayer books generally published and circulated at that time, without the insertion of the articles of our Church—those articles which are the appointed standard of her doctrine, the guide to her worshippers, and the intended security against all declensions and corruptions in her faith? As a consequence of this omission, were not a large portion of her members utterly unacquainted with the very existence of those articles—and was not a reference to them, in the pulpit, a matter of rare occurrence?

* This has reference to ministers of the established church.
AM. ED.

We would also ask, *whether a single copy of the book of homilies was to be obtained through the medium of any existing society in the Church of England?* And yet, were not these very homilies set forth by authority, originally appointed to be read in churches by the ministers, diligently and distinctly? and are they not recognized in the articles, to which every minister declares his solemn assent, as "containing a godly and wholesome doctrine?" When, therefore, these necessary bulwarks of our Church, the articles which record her faith, and the homilies which illustrate and enforce it, were thus almost inaccessible, we would demand of every impartial and reflecting mind, whether there was no just ground of apprehension, that the purity of Christian doctrine might be ultimately corrupted?—whether the general tone of preaching in our pulpits at that time, and before that time, did not in many respects, justify that apprehension?—and whether doctrine was not treated as an inconsiderable part of Christianity, and practical duties held up as the sum and substance of all true religion?

CHAPTER VIII.

Review of his Anniversary Sermon for the Church Missionary Society—Meeting at Bedford, in behalf of the Jews—Bedfordshire Bible Society—Tours for the Jewish and Church Missionary Societies—Extracts from his journal.

We have before alluded to the anniversary sermon, preached by Mr. Richmond, for the Church Missionary Society, in May, 1809. It is much to be lamented, that one so capable of contributing to the stock of valuable theological literature, should have composed only three sermons for the press: two of them published during his residence in the Isle of Wight, and the third, which we now propose to review, after his removal to Turvey. This deficiency of printed discourses, is the frequent consequence of extempore preaching; and ministers of acknowledged talents and usefulness, would do well to remember, that they owe to the Church some more lasting memorials of their pastoral labours, and of their zeal for the general interests of religion.

Mr. Richmond has received many an urgent representation from the writer, on this subject: but his unceasing engagements, his extensive correspondence, and the more immediate claims of duty, were always pleaded in excuse. An examination of the missionary sermon will enable the reader to form some judgment of Mr. Richmond's powers of composition, as well as afford an illustration of his sentiments on the important subject of missions.

His text is taken from *John* xxi. 16.—"He saith unto him again, the second time, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' He saith unto him, 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest

that I love thee.' He saith unto him, 'Feed my sheep.'" Commenting on these words, he considers—

1st. The nature and design of the commission given by our Lord to Peter.

2d. The application of the commandment to feed the sheep of Christ, as it respects the heathen nations, and our own exertions, in order to their conversion.

Under the first head, he briefly describes the peculiar interest and solemnity of the occasion;—the question proposed: "Lovest thou me?" The answer given: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." The successive repetition of the question, and Peter's asseveration, "Lord, though knowest all things, though knowest that I love thee;" and the final command of the Saviour, obedience to which is the test of the sincerity of the profession: "Feed my sheep." The motive of love to Christ is deduced as the only adequate and scriptural stimulus to missionary exertion; and the commandment given, to feed his flock, declares the nature and object of the duty required. The application of the whole to ourselves, is inferred from the commission given to Peter and the apostles, as the representatives of the church universal to the end of time; and from the fact, that general exhortations, accompanied by, and founded upon, Christ's general promises to his church, admit of no limitation, either of time or place. Under his second head, he inquires—

Who are the sheep of Christ?

Why ought they to be fed?

When?

By *whom?*

With *what* food must they be fed, nourished, and supported?

We pass over the first, as obvious in its meaning. To the second inquiry, "Why," &c. he replies—"Because the heathen are without Christ—aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise; having no hope, and without God in the world."

And, he adds, that our own opportunities of ascertaining their present state, fully proved it to be, in all respects, analogous to their former state, as described by the apostle, *Rom.* i 21.; although, under specious but very equivocal pretensions to candour, some had maintained a contrary supposition;—which he considered to be opposed to the honour of God and the testimony of his revealed word.

Mr. Richmond quotes the well known and modest language of Bishop Ridley,* as expressive of his own feelings, in respect of a subject confessedly mysterious:—"In these matters I am so fearful, that I dare not speak further; yea, almost none otherwise, than the very text doth, as it were, lead me by the hand." Yet, with respect to the *state* of the heathen, Mr. Richmond observes;—"I think the nature of the covenant of grace is so clearly stated in the word of God, and the condition of sinners so plainly there described, that it is no presumption to adopt the conclusion of the primitive church, as expressed in the terms of our own article—that 'men cannot be saved by the light of nature. For holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby men must be saved.'" —*Art.* 18.

He adds—"It may with propriety be asked, whether any thing short of the absolute demonstration of their safety without Christianity, can justify our withholding from them the knowledge of the way of salvation by Christ Jesus."

As to *when* this duty is to be undertaken he unhesitatingly answers—"Now is the accepted time,—behold now is the day of salvation."

He then recites the following circumstances, to point out the present as a season of special hope and promise, viz:—

The great increase of Gospel light and knowledge among us, of late years.

The revival of the principles of the primitive church, and of the reformation.

* See 'Fathers of the English church,' vol. iv. p. 249.

Our present freedom from papal tyranny, the experience of which prevented the martyrs and confessors of our protestant faith from engaging in so holy a cause, leaving the duty to be fulfilled by succeeding generations.

The growing attention to prophecy, as it concerns the downfall of the papacy, the restoration of the Jews, the conversion of the Gentiles, and the approach of the millenium; all which subjects are intimately connected with missionary plans.

The naval and commercial eminence of this country, and the ample facilities enjoyed by it, for the promotion of such an undertaking.

Again,—"By whom are the sheep of Christ among the Heathen to be fed?"

This duty devolves evidently on the visible churches of Christ, which, by their principle and constitution, are missionary bodies; but more especially does this duty rest with the *Protestant churches*, which, by the actual principles they profess, are alike called upon to protest against the idolatry of the Heathen tribes, and the idolatry of the church of Rome.

Here he notices the triumphant boast, often uttered by the church of Rome, though less applicable to the times in which we now live "It has never ceased," says Muratori, their zealous historian and partizan, "sending into divers parts of the earth fervent labourers to plant the true faith." "Let the modern sectaries (the Protestants) be considered: this heroic charity will not be found among them. They leave the bringing over of idolaters and infidels to the belief of the Gospel, to the missionaries of the *Catholic* church; and freely resign to them the inestimable advantage of being consumed with evangelical labours, and exposing their lives to enlarge the kingdom of Jesus Christ." "Hence," the historian adds, "the church in communion with Rome, is the only one that keeps up the first spirit of Christianity: she alone, like the primitive church, abounds in apostles and martyrs: hence, she alone is the true spouse of the Saviour of mankind."

From this reflection of Muratori, Mr. Richmond takes occasion to call upon Protestant churches to wipe away the reproach.

"Let the superior purity of the religion which we profess, be made manifest in our superior union of the various qualifications, which are requisite to adorn and give energy to the cause of missions."

The church of England, in particular, ought to be found among the foremost of her Protestant sisters in this glorious exertion. The purity of her doctrines, and the conformity of her government to the primitive model, &c. unite in distinguishing her as highly qualified for this mighty conquest over the powers of darkness.

In answering the inquiry,—"who shall be the missionaries?" he observes; "the shepherds whom you set apart to this honourable labour of feeding and nourishing souls for Christ, must be men who love Christ for the salvation which he hath wrought in their own souls; men, who 'feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their mind to high and heavenly things.'"—(*Art.* 17) They must be men, not of warmth and zeal alone, but of solidity, patience, and perseverance; men who, like their Lord, can *endure the contradiction of sinners*. For the most part, it is not so often men of extensive learning, of genius, and superior literary talents, who are wanted, as men of simplicity and sincerity; men of prayer and meditation; men who so love Christ, as to be willing to spend and be spent, for his sake; men of subdued passions and mortified minds, who patiently wait for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In his next important inquiry,—"wherewith they are to be fed," the following remarks claim the attention of all who are engaged in the cause of missions.

"Preach Christ, as a free, full, perfect, and all-sufficient Saviour to the greatest of sinners. The sheep of Christ, whether at home or abroad, will hear and know their own good Shepherd's voice, and none other. Proclaim, as

from the house-top, 'that God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us;' and thus accomplished that wonder of men and angels, 'that God might be just, and the justifier of the sinner which believeth in Jesus.'"

"Preach to them the blood of Christ: its atoning and cleansing power. Send over your missionary shepherds, to feed the flock of Christ among the Heathen, with the wholesome bread and the pure water of life. We must not trifle in this matter. It is the cause of God and truth. *Mingle therefore nothing with their food;* disguise it not with any self-accomodating explanations. It is not the equivocal language of a mere fashionable profession of the Gospel, that will convey the word and substance of salvation to the soul of either a nominal Christian, or a real Heathen.

"Let the hemisphere of light, which is to burst upon the dark mountains where now the heathen sheep are scattered, be unsullied and without a cloud. Be ye pastors according to God's heart, and feed them with knowledge and understanding, Christ living, Christ obeying, Christ dying, Christ risen, Christ ascended, and Christ interceding for sinners: this is the true bread of life. "Our commission to feed his sheep runs thus: 'Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'" Hence, the love of the Father, in giving sinners to Christ; the love of the Son, in dying for their redemption; and the love of the Spirit, in sanctifying and preparing them for glory, are the grand themes for Christian meditation. When these invaluable truths are enforced in a practical and experimental manner, the sheep of Christ are truly fed, according to their good Shepherd's design and commandment; and so shall they live and prosper.

In illustration of the foregoing remarks, he quotes the following testimony of Johannes, a converted Heathen, and who also became a blessed witness of the truth to his own nation. The circumstance is recorded in the history

of the missions of the United Brethren among the Indian nations of North America.

"Brethren, I have been a Heathen, and have grown old amongst them; therefore I know very well how it is with the Heathen, and how they think. A preacher once came to us, desiring to instruct us; and began by proving to us, that there was a God. On which we said to him: 'Well, and dost thou think we are ignorant of that? Now go back again to the place from whence thou camest.'

"Then again, another preacher came, and began to instruct us, saying, 'you must not steal, nor drink too much, nor lie, nor lead wicked lives.' We answered him: 'Fool that thou art, dost thou think that we do not know that? Go and learn it first thyself, and teach the people whom thou belongest to, not to do those things. For who are greater drunkards, or thieves, or liars, than thine own people?' Thus, we sent him away also.

"Sometime after this, Christian Henry, one of the Brethren, came to me into my hut, and sat down by me. The contents of his discourse to me were nearly these: 'I come to thee in the name of the Lord of heaven and earth. He sends me to acquaint thee, that he would gladly save thee, and make thee happy, and deliver thee from the miserable state in which thou liest at present. To this end he became a man, gave his life a ransom for man, and shed his blood for man. All that believe in the name of this Jesus, obtain the forgiveness of sin. To all them that receive him by faith, he giveth power to become the sons of God. The Holy Spirit dwelleth in their hearts, and they are made free, through the blood of Christ, from the slavery and dominion of sin. And though thou art the chief of sinners, yet if thou prayest to the Father in his name, and believest in him as a sacrifice for thy sins, thou shalt be heard and saved, and he will give thee a crown of life, and thou shalt live with him in heaven for ever.'

"When he had finished his discourse, he lay down upon a board in my hut, fatigued by his journey, and fell into a sound sleep. I thought within myself, 'What manner of

man is this?' There he lies, and sleeps so sweetly—I might kill him, and throw him into the forest, and who would regard it? But he is unconcerned—this cannot be a bad man; he fears no evil, not even from us, who are so savage; but sleeps comfortably, and places his life in our hands.

"However, I could not forget his words; they constantly recurred to my mind; even though I went to sleep, yet I dreamed of the blood which Christ had shed for us. I thought, 'this is very strange, and quite different from what I have ever heard.' So I went and interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians.

"Thus, through the grace of God, an awakening took place among us. 'I tell you, therefore, brethren,' said he, 'preach to the Heathen, Christ and his blood, his sufferings and his death, if you would have your words to gain entrance among them; if you wish to confer a blessing upon them.' "*

"Such was the exhortation of Johannes, the Indian, to the missionaries, founded upon the circumstances of his own conversion to God."

But the passage in Mr. Richmond's sermon, which produced the strongest impression upon his hearers, was the following:

"I stand before you this day, as an ambassador for Christ, in the cause of those who are ready to perish. In his and their name, I beseech you to hear me, while I propose a few considerations to your attention.

"Consider the state of the world, its empires, nations, kindred, and tribes. When a map of the world is presented to the eye, with what a variety of affections it is viewed, according to the character and pursuits of the inspector!

* See Crantz's History of the Greenland Mission, a most interesting publication, in which the *preaching of the Cross* led to a general awakening of the Greenlanders, after the preliminary truths of religion had been brought before them nearly eighteen years with little or no effect.

"The mere statesman, diligently examines the magnitude, position, and boundaries of other countries, with a sole reference to the political aggrandisement of his own. Wars, conquests, treaties, alliances, and a multitude of considerations connected with ambition, power, and national honour, dictate and accompany all his speculations on the map. And then he has done with it, and lays it down.

"The merchant takes up the map, and eagerly traverses the delineation of seas, continents, and islands, with anxious inquiry as to pecuniary profit and loss, trade and merchandise. His thoughts are absorbed in considering how much may be gained by his speculations to some distant island, or foreign shore. He meditates on the track of his vessel upon the ocean, marks its course upon the hazardous waves, and is full of agitation with respect to its fate. There is his golden treasure, and his heart is there also. As he views the map, he conjectures, hopes, fears; and, with much solicitude, contemplates his future gains, or dreads impending losses. The map is again laid down, and he has done with it.

"The curious traveller takes up the map of the world, and is occupied with the remembrance or anticipation of the various customs, manners, dresses, languages, buildings, and ceremonies; with a long list of wonders and amusements, that have engaged his attention. In such a way, his imagination travels over the whole globe; and then this man's contemplations on the map are likewise concluded.

"The natural philosopher investigates the various productions of this diversified globe with another object. Theories of the earth's formation; the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the origin of volcanoes, the cause of earthquakes, the variation of the magnetic needle—all afford him endless subjects of examination. Every continent, sea, climate and zone, which the map presents to his eye, furnishes him with matter for inquisitive speculation. And then, he has done with it also.

"But when the Christian beholds the world's map, he has a subject of investigation far beyond them all. What they have overlooked and disregarded, is every thing to him. His great inquiry is, 'Show me the visible kingdom of Christ: name the countries where Christ is known and worshipped. Oh! when shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ? When shall the Heathen fear the name of the Lord?'

"As his eye traverses the globe, he sighs over the awful contrast which its different portions exhibit. His own soul loves Jesus, the Saviour of men. But how small a part of those immense tracts of country which the map presents to his view, so much as know whether there be any Christ! What nations immersed in Heathenish idolatry! How many overrun with the tyrannical superstition of Mahomet! Yea, where even the name of Christ is professed, how many are sunk into the deep mire of Popish corruption or virtual infidelity! How small a portion seem, as yet, to belong to Christ!

"He mourns over the prospect, but does not lay down the map and think no more of it. Again and again he takes it up, prays for the sheep of Christ in distant lands, recommends their case to God, and meditates plans for their deliverance. He surveys the vast continents of Asia and Africa, and, for the most part, it seems to be darkness visible. Then he looks for his native island at home, endeared to him by a thousand considerations, but most endeared on account of the Gospel light with which she is blessed. And shall not the rays of that light soon be diffused, as from a centre, to all the surrounding world? Doth not a voice from above, in an especial manner, say unto Britons, 'Go ye into all the world.' Wherefore? Only for political aggrandisement—for merchandise—for travelling recreation—for collecting of philosophical rarities? Are these your only objects? No; saith the Word, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!'

"From such a meditation on the map, the Christian retires, not to slumber over the convictions of duty; not to say much and do nothing. He freights a vessel to carry the pearl of great price to those, who neither know of its existence nor its value. The missionary is on board the ship. The messenger of God is crossing the seas; not as formerly, to make the Ethiopians afraid, but to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the Heathen, to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind. Whilst the Christian, at home, who has been the instrument of sending him forth on this errand of love, anxiously waits to hear the happy news, that Dagon is fallen upon his face to the ground, before the ark of the Lord; that Bel boweth down, and Nebo stoopeth, while the great trumpet is blown; and that they which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, are now worshipping the Lord in his holy mount.

"O ye statesmen, merchants, travellers and philosophers, take up your maps once more.

"Again consider the state of the church; and if you love Christ, feed his sheep."

He then makes the following appeal to his hearers.

"Are you Christians? How came this? Did no man cross the seas to teach your forefathers wisdom? Did no missionary brave the perils of a journey among your Heathen ancestors, because he loved the sheep of Christ? Yea, brethren, through a blessing on missionary exertions, Christ visited Britain. He had a fold here, and he sent some faithful shepherd to gather the scattered sheep into it. Go, then, and feed the sheep of Christ, as yourselves have been fed.

"Are you Protestants? Then let the names of the first Reformers—of Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, Tindal, Cranmer, Latimer, and all the venerable host of faithful martyrs and confessors of their day, be loved and honoured by you.

They were missionaries at home to your Popish ancestors; and you were delivered from the mark of the beast on your forehead, by God's blessing on their firm and consistent declaration of scriptural truths. Those holy men came forth as witnesses for God to a sinful and superstitious generation They were as angels flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth. Show that you value the blessings which the first Protestants purchased for you with their very lives, by bountiful and efficacious exertion to convey the same truths to others. If the Son hath made you free, then ye are free indeed. Freely ye have received, freely give.

"Are you members of the Church of England? Be dutiful sons of an honourable and gracious mother. Assist her with your counsels, your experience, your various talents, your prayers, your time, and your money. Enable her to send forth messengers of love and peace to those who at present have no knowledge, no Gospel, no church, no Christ, no God in the world. Her doctrines are precious, for they are the doctrines of the Cross: send them abroad to those, who know none but the doctrines of devils.

"The Church of England was the glory of the Reformation. Let her be so still. Let her character be written, not in the empty boasts of nominal grandeur, but in the actual exhibition of the fruits of the Spirit. Let her be distinguished and approved 'by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.' Let her be among the foremost to send forth the preachers of the Gospel into foreign lands, and to employ her peculiar advantages in the service of Christ. If you love the communion of your church, and the privileges you enjoy in it, multiply your contributions this day in her behalf. She pleads in a noble cause; a cause that proves

her to be the spouse of Christ; for she longs and labours for the increase of his kingdom, and calls upon you to promote it: let her not call in vain."

The collection on this occasion amounted to 331*l.* 1*s.*; being the largest sum ever contributed at any of the anniversary sermons of this society.*

The sermon was published with the proceedings of the Church Missionary Society. Yet as many of the readers of this memoir may not possess that publication, we have been the more diffuse in our extracts.

Mr. Richmond's exertions in behalf of the religious societies, began from this period to form a very prominent feature in his life. His journals, which we mean to lay before the reader, will discover an extraordinary degree of zeal and labour, such as few men would attempt to equal, and fewer have ever exceeded. His correspondence at the same time will show, that so far from sacrificing parochial or family duties to his more public engagements, he was most strictly conscientious in the observance of them. It is admitted, that incessant occupation in the service of the public, may prove a serious interruption to the due discharge of private obligations, and that personal piety may be endangered by the excitement and distraction of public engagements.

Mr. Richmond formed an exception to the too common effect of popularity. So far from being injured by his exertions abroad, they seemed to invigorate and fit him for the better discharge of his duties at home; and his return from these missionary tours was ever accompanied with some signal revivals in his church and family.

In the year 1810, an Auxiliary Society was formed for the county of Bedford, to co-operate with the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. The Parent Institution was not then established on its present basis, as a Church Society, but comprehended Christians

* Equal to *one thousand four hundred sixty nine dollars and eighty six cents*. In the following pages the amounts collected will be put down in dollars and cents, and not in sterling currency. A. E.

of every denomination. Extempore addresses were at this time so unusual, that few persons were either willing or able to trust themselves beyond a very brief and limited expression of their sentiments; and the writer well remembers his own nervous agitation even when, having declined to take a more prominent part in the business of the day, the less difficult office of moving a vote of thanks to the chairman was assigned to him. The feelings of many others he believes were much of the same description. On Mr. Richmond, therefore, by unanimous consent, devolved the task of explaining the object of the meeting; in doing which he entered so fully, and with so much ability, into the past and present history of the Jews—the obligations of the Christian world to that remarkable people for the fidelity with which they had transmitted the sacred text—their claims on our gratitude and humanity—the manner in which those claims had been requited and the guilt of past neglect—the lost and degraded state of the Jews, contrasted with the splendour of their future hopes; that one would have supposed that he had been studying no other subject all his life: so ample was the knowledge he displayed and the fluency with which he communicated it.

A similar meeting was afterward held at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, which Mr. Richmond addressed with equal readiness, and with a happy variety in his ideas, and mode of expressing them. He preached also on the same subject, at All Saints' church, Northampton, to a very large congregation.

The circumstance that next claims our attention, is the formation of the Bedfordshire Bible Society, in the autumn of 1811. The recollections connected with this event will not easily be obliterated. The presence of Christians of all denominations, assembled, for the first time in that district within the memory of man, to promote, by their united energies, an object equally dear to all,—the dignity and cordiality with which his grace the Duke of Bedford, the president, declared his approbation of the catholic spirit and enlarged benevolence of the undertaking,—the animated

and powerful speech of the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq., —the Christian character of the respective addresses, and the spirit of harmony and peace which pervaded the meeting, awakened in every bosom the purest and most exalted emotions. It was like the meeting of Esau and Jacob; who, after years of mutual alienation and distrust, forgot all past animosities, and fell on each other's neck, with mutual tears and embraces.

The public meeting at Bedford was attended with two important results: the Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire Bible Societies owed their origin to the interest excited on that occasion. In the establishment of the above society, and in organizing county branches, at Luton, Leighton Dunstable, Woburn, Ampthill, Biggleswade, &c., Mr. Richmond took an active part; and was, subsequently, in the habit of attending their anniversaries, and not unfrequently those also that were held in the adjoining county of Northampton.

We now proceed to notice other labours of Mr. Richmond in the Jewish and missionary cause, in different parts of the kingdom: his own journal will best illustrate their beneficial effects. We begin with his first tour to the north of England, in the year 1812.

JOURNAL.

"*Manchester, Sunday morning, Oct.* 25, 1812. Arrived at St. Stephen's, Salford, to preach for the Sunday schools: upwards of 800 children, and 2000 people besides, notwithstanding a very rainy morning. The scene highly grand and animating; and the singing thrilled through every pious nerve and tender affection. Preached from *John* xxi. 15, 'Feed my lambs.' Collection—$359 02. Spoke with much freedom, and hope I felt the love of God and of poor children in my heart.

"Preached again at the same church, in the afternoon, from *Rev.* xi. 15. Church as full as in the morning. Before the doors were opened, observed more than a consolidated acre of umbrellas waiting for admittance: the churchyard was like a tabernacle of silk and cloth.

"Went, in the evening to St. James' church (the late Dr. Bailey's.) The congregation resembled a missionary meeting. With much difficulty I got to the pulpit—even the pulpit stairs were filled to the top. Preached for the Jews, from *Psalms* cxxii. 6 Collection—$238 11.

"*Wednesday, Oct.* 28. Beautiful morning, but cold. Set off at eleven, to preach for the Jews, at the lofty, romantically situated church of Mellor, in Derbyshire. Passed one grand aqueduct; was delighted with beautiful and sublime scenery. Church and parsonage on the top of a high precipitous Derbyshire mountain. Prospect, magnificent beyond description Was actually shown mountains in Carnarvonshire, 100 miles distant from the spot I stood on. Two mountains (Kinderscort and Rimmonton,) covered all over with snow, on our right, while all the trees in the valleys and plains are quite verdant;—a sight I never saw before.

"*Thursday morning.* Set off for Manchester, at half past seven in the morning. At seven, went to St. Clement's church. I think I never saw such a week-evening congregation,—the largest church in Manchester full to

the doors! I preached from *Luke* xix. 41. Never felt such liberty and power in the pulpit on this subject before. A grand chorus, exquisitely sung, from the 'Messiah' of Handel, burst forth when the sermon ended. It had an electrical effect: towards the conclusion, near 3000 voices were performing it—it was astonishing! Collection—$181 22.

"*Friday morning.* Went to breakfast with a gentleman, who invited me expressly to meet Joseph Lancaster. Passed two hours in the most entertaining manner, with that celebrated character.

"*Saturday.* Was occupied in meditation over three new sermons, on the old subject, for next day. Being followed about by very many of the same hearers, it is necessary that my discourses be as much as possible diversified.

"*Sunday, Nov.* 1. Set out to preach at the collegiate church of Manchester, to the warden, fellows, and congregation of that cathedral establishment. A magnificent and immense old church—congregation estimated at more than 5000, by the best judges. The interest and popularity which the cause and preaching excite, exceed all calculation. I never was concerned in any thing that approached it.

"Preached in the afternoon, at Cheetham chapel, near Manchester;—place full. Night, rained a deluge. Went at seven, to preach at Ardwick chapel. In spite of rain, the place would not hold the people. Collected about $450 in the day.

"After the sermon in the evening, a gentleman of rank begged to be introduced to me, saying, that several ladies and gentlemen in the congregation were so struck, affected, and convinced by what they had heard, of the duty and importance of the cause, that he was commissioned to convey their thanks, and to know in what way they might best co-operate in our plans, aid the funds, &c.

"*Monday,* 2. Went to breakfast with Mr. B., to meet some religious characters, who had expressed a desire to converse with me: one of them, a learned and pious Quaker.

After breakfast, a gentleman called on me, to say, that Mr. G., with whom I dined on Monday last, was so much interested with my detail of the distresses of the Jewish people, at his table, that he sent a donation of $44 40 for them. He added, that Mr. G. was little less interested with my conversational account of the fire at Serampore; and added $44 40 more, to repair that loss. Immediately after, two other gentlemen begged to see me; stating, that so very great and extraordinary was the impression made in the town by the five sermons I had preached, respecting the Jews, and so desirous were very many to pay a personal tribute of respect to me, that they proposed a public meeting and dinner to be called and announced, for the formation of an auxiliary society; and introducing me to the principal inhabitants, in my missionary capacity: adding—'Sir, delicacy forbids our stating all we hear in your behalf; yet, the best proof of the effect you have produced, will appear in the assembling and fruits of such a meeting.' It was accordingly agreed to; and will take place, I believe, on Wednesday the 11th.

"Went to meet a female party, who are all alive to form a ladies' society, under my direction, for the poor Jewesses. I am at a loss to say, whether the great cause of religion itself, or the Jewish question, seems to be most connected with this journey. May the Lord keep me humble and thankful. I am nothing—He is every thing! 'O! the depth,' &c.

"*Wednesday*, 4. Set off, with Mr. Maddock, for Manchester: found Mr. Collin. Went, at one o'clock, with him and two clergymen, to Oldham, eight miles off. Met some clergymen assembled to discuss the Jewish business. Had a pleasant, profitable meeting.

"At seven, we all went to church. A large congregation: half of them live 400 yards beneath, in the depth of the coal-pits—a sable, grisly crew. I preached from *Isa.* lxvi., last six words of the 13th verse. Collected $59 45, from the colliers. Returned home to Manchester, at

eleven. Discussed the proceedings for the public meeting next week.

"*Thursday*, 5. Passed the day at Manchester. Found a letter, from an anonymous writer, inclosing two pounds :—

'A debt of duty and gratitude to the poor Jews, and their affectionate missionary, who preached last night, at Oldham chapel.'

"*Sunday*, 8. Went, at eight o'clock, to visit and exhort the noble Sunday school, under Mr. Thistlewaite's management. There are 38 volunteer teachers, of all ranks. A most interesting sight. The children sent a petition, that I might address them ;—there were 1400.

"Morning service at half-past ten. I preached a sacramental sermon (*Luke* xxii. 19.) In the afternoon, at half-past two, a noble congregation assembled. Preached for the Jews, from *Rom.* x. 1. At half-past six, a still more numerous one appeared (about 3,500 ;) and near 500 turned back for want of room. All the dissenting meetings were shut. The scene and singing magnificent, almost beyond precedent. I preached from *Ps.* li. 18. Never enjoyed a better opportunity The service concluded with that glory of Handel, the musical art, and religion itself—the Hallelujah Chorus. The church resounded, as with the clear and harmonious strains of angels and archangels. I was electrified from head to foot, and could not refrain from weeping, though I concealed many tears of strong affection. Hallelujahs ran in reiterated peals, from every part of this immense congregation of united Christians—responsive to each other and to the subject, with such an effect as perfectly overwhelmed me. The organ was finely played ;—an excellent trumpet was in the band, and added much to the brilliancy of the effect. The collection was $361 70. Fifteen guineas were in copper : it took three hours to count it ; four men could with difficulty lift one basket into the chaise, to convey it from the church to the house of Mr. Thistlewaite ! !

"*Tuesday evening*, 10. Received a very agreeable visit from a Quaker, who conversed on the subject of the Bible

Society. Meditated on the best mode of preaching my first sermon to the Jews and Gentiles of Manchester, on Thursday night.

"*Wednesday morning*, 11. Went to Manchester, and proceeded to the great room, where the public meeting was held. Above 200 ladies, and 300 gentlemen: four Jews were present. Nothing could exceed the life and interest of the meeting. Grimshawe, Collin, Sir Thomas Horton, and Thistlewaite, all spoke exceedingly well. I spoke twice;—when the vote of thanks was made to me, gentlemen and ladies all rose up, and every hand was uplifted in so affecting and affectionate a manner, that all my thoughts melted into a sense of unworthiness and affection.

"At the close of the meeting, a newspaper, containing some erroneous and invidious queries respecting our plan, was handed over to me; and gave me a sudden and unexpected opportunity of an extempore refutation, much to the satisfaction and amusement of the company. All went off well. The society was formed with great prospect of prosperity.

"The committee dined together. After dinner, ——— took an opportunity to tell me that he had been a gay young man; and that he was, for the first time in his life, so deeply impressed, that he trusted it never would be effaced. He was humbled in the dust; and only desired to repent, and seek mercy through the merits of a long-slighted Redeemer. He is the son of one of the first families in this neighbourhood. He told me he came to the church door at the request of his sisters, to escort them to the evening sermon; but while he was lingering, Providence had brought him in to hear me, and his heart was affected in the manner he had described. 'O, the depths,' &c.

"*Thursday*, 12. Shut myself up for two hours, to prepare for my sermon at night. The congregation not less numerous. Many Jews present: ten were planted directly before me. I preached from *Rom.* i. 16, 17. Entered into a full investigation, whether the Messiah is come or not: I made it also a vehicle of practical address to Chris-

tians. The service concluded with the grand hymn, 'Crown him Lord of all.' The Jews never took their eyes off me,—rooted, fixed attention, from first to last. My address to them was heard with a solemnity and anxiety of countenance by all present, such as I never witnessed. A Jew spoke to me as I went out, saying, 'Sir, we thank you for your kind spirit towards us, but you Christians do not understand the law and the prophets —Good night, Sir.'"*

Extracts from a Journal of a Tour in 1814.

"*August* 8. Left Turvey at five in the morning. Dined at C——n, with dear J——s. The savoury sweetness and friendly cordiality of his conversation was, as it ever must be, delightful and edifying. Arrived at Leicester, at eight in the evening, and slept at my friend M—l's. There I used to converse with dear father Robinson. How solemn and interesting does death render past recollections! Leicester cannot but mourn the loss of such a man. He was a father, friend, pastor, counsellor and preacher, in an eminent degree. Peace and veneration be to his memory!

"*Aug.* 9. Met Mrs. B., who informed me of the most distressing death of Mr J., of London. I felt deeply affected. Lord, what is man! who can tell to what depths even God's children may be brought? I was glad to learn, that he was granted time and space for repentance, and recovery of mind. Lord, grant his soul may be right with God! May we all hear and fear. The Lord be merciful to his interesting family. In the evening, I preached for the Jews, at St. Mary's church. A noble congregation. My text was *Matt.* x. 8. I found much

* The editor, who was present at this sermon, well remembers the immense congregation, and intense interest excited on this occasion. At that part of the sermon where he addressed the Jews, who were very distinguishable by their expression of countenance, there was the most profound silence, and marks of the most fixed and earnest attention prevailed that he ever saw in so large a mass of people.

freedom in speaking, and thought God seemed to be in the midst of us. Very many clergymen and dissenting ministers were present. The collection was $184 92. The Lord keep me humble, simple-minded, and single-eyed.

"*Aug.* 10. Proceeded to Derby and Matlock:—delighted with the High Tor; resolved on its being my text, in illustration of *Deut.* xxxii. 4. Congregation, and evening, quiet, calm, and interesting. The beauty of this place increases, to my apprehension, every time I revisit it. Blessed be the *Rock* of salvation! I returned to M. B. by late twilight. The scene exquisitely fine God made all these beauties! May I see *Him* in *them!*

"*Aug.* 11 Went to Bonsal. It is one of the most interesting, romantic spots I ever saw—it far exceeds description The church and church-yard are remarkably interesting. In the evening, preached for the Jews, from *Prov.* iii. 27. Collection, $69 26. I had not so much freedom as sometimes, but felt calm and hopeful. The character of this picturesque, sequestered village, on the opposite side of Masson (Hill) from Matlock, is beautiful, wild, rich, and engaging in the extreme.

"*Aug.* 12. Early in the morning, I went into the beautiful and romantically-situated church-yard, and meditated near an hour. Here is a remarkably fine yew tree. In the evening, I received an invitation to preach for the Jews on Sunday morning, at Alfreton. I returned to Bonsal, and, at my friend Maddock's desire, addressed a large number of young people in the church, who are under instruction for an approaching confirmation by the bishop. It was a pleasing sight, and, I hope, a profitable time. How gracious is God to body, soul, and spirit!

"*Aug.* 14. (*Sunday.*) We set off for Alfreton. I preached for the Jews, from *John* iv. 22. Collection, $69 48. Returned to Bonsal; preached from *Psalms* viii. 2. A church completely filled; many visitors from Matlock. It was a delightful opportunity; the Lord

seemed to be present, amidst a worshipping and listening people. Such a congregation in so romantic and beautiful a situation, is a rare and interesting sight. Returned to the hotel to supper; had some very profitable conversation with Mrs. B., who has been an authoress. How desirable to endeavour to introduce something for God at these public places.

"*August* 21. (*Sunday.*) Preached for the Jews at the parish church of Halifax. It is a remarkably fine old building The day extremely wet. In the afternoon I preached at Trinity church, in the same town; a very large congregation. I deeply felt my subject. Immediately after the second sermon. Mr. C. and I set off for Huddersfield. The congregation at the church was immense. The Methodist chapel was shut up. The sight of such an assembly filled me with desire and affection. I preached from *Rom.* xi. 15, with great comfort. The occasion was in every way interesting. Collection, $305 24. One person had put into the plate two guineas, wrapped in a ten pound note! ($53 72.) As soon as the service was over, the organ and choir suddenly began the grand Hallelujah Chorus, and executed it well. The effect was sublime, and affected me much.

August 23. Preached the promised lecture at Huddersfield church, from *Eph.* iii. 17—19: a very fine congregation, although an exceedingly wet night. I was very earnest in my subject, and went through it with much solemn feeling. The character of this whole family, where I now am, is highly interesting. Such new friendships are, indeed, among the mercies of God to travelling pilgrims.

"*August* 27. Set off for Bradford. Attended the public meeting: a very large assembly. Mr. S. made an excellent and argumentative speech. The venerable vicar was present. All went off well. We dined with Mr. F.; the party numerous, spiritual, and edifying. The conver-

sation very interesting. Returned to Leeds, and, by the way, examined the fine ruin of Kirkstall Abbey. It is highly grand and beautiful.

"*August* 28. (*Sunday.*) Awoke with anxiety respecting the sermons of the day, having three to preach at different churches, in the same town, (Leeds.) Went in the morning to St. Paul's, the church of the late Rev. Miles Atkinson I preached for the Jews, from *Rom.* xi. 30, 31. Found myself strengthened. In the afternoon preached at St. John's, for the Jews, from *Ps.* cii. 12, 13. Preached with more satisfaction than in the morning, and felt much for the souls of those present. In the evening, preached at St. John's, from *Matt.* x. 8: a very fine congregation indeed. I preached with great freedom to my own feelings, both as to argument and appeal. My heart was much engaged in considering the great work of the ministerial calling. Singing, very grand and impressive. Collection, during the day, $450. I have reason to be very thankful to God, for the help and strength with which I was enabled to pursue my course this day.

"*August* 29. Went to the public meeting at the Music-hall, for forming a Ladies' Society. Many excellent speeches were made, which rendered the meeting peculiarly interesting. After dinner, went to Birstall, and preached for the Jews, from *Rom.* x. 1. The church is singularly venerable in architecture, and picturesque in character. It was full in the extreme.

"*Aug.* 30. Arrived at Manchester just in time to preach at St. Clement's Church, from *Gen.* xvii. 5., on the united influence of Jewish and Heathen Missions on each other. Afterwards, prepared papers for a meeting next morning. I felt my mind affected while enlarging on the above view of the question.

"*Aug.* 31. Held the anniversary meeting of the Auxiliary Society. Numerous attendance. Preached in the evening at Stanley-bridge chapel, from *John* iv. 22. Was struck with seeing a monument to the Rev. John Ken-

worthy, aged thirty-four. He was a college friend, and I did not know what was become of him. In the midst of life we are in death!

"*Sept.* 1. Found many letters; one from my dear wife, which I answered. Children all well at home. O, how merciful is God! I have laboured much this last fortnight, but am in no respect the worse, and in many the better for it. And so may he ever give his beloved rest; not *from*, but *in* labour. The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few. The importance of such a work as I am engaged in, appears daily more and more in its effects on individuals, places, and districts. May the Master whom I serve, give me strength according to my day, and use me for his own glory, and the good of the church of Christ, *where*, *when* and *how* he pleaseth!

Sat up, before I went to bed, and meditated on the blessings which God had mercifully bestowed on me, in giving me so valuable a wife, and so many dear children. I then prayed for them, and retired to rest.

"*Sept.* 3. Made two skeletons for Church Missionary sermons, to be preached at Buxton to-morrow. Proceeded thither. Scenery lovely. Buxton completely full. My sermon here is an arduous task. God give me strength to go through it to his glory; fearless of men, and anxious for their spiritual welfare. I find that ladies are to collect at the church to-morrow.

"*Sept.* 4. (*Sunday.*) Rose early, to prepare for my day's work. Went to the new and beautiful chapel. A large congregation of genteel people. I preached from *Luke* xix. 42, for the Jews. I enjoyed sufficient freedom from fear, so as to be rendered comfortable. Ladies collected from pew to pew, supported by gentlemen. Went immediately afterwards to Bakewell, where I preached for the Church Missionary Society, from *Rom.* iii. 29. From thence I went to Yeolgrave, where I preached for the same cause, from *Matt.* ix. 37, 38.

"*Sept.* 5. Rose early, and was struck with the singularly beautiful effect of the morning fog or dew, rolling, or

rather reposing in flakes and masses on the valley seen from my window The hills around me were clear, the sun shining, the objects in some part of the valley beginning to appear. At length all became clear and uninterrupted. The whole was highly interesting. Went through the beautiful valley. Saw a comment on my text last night; *a large tract of harvest land, and one solitary person reaping it!* Noticed a sublime and interesting mass of rocks; their shape, form, and character, worthy of the minutest attention. Wild, unfrequented, and romantic, in the highest degree. Within them is a hermit's cave, on the wall of which some pious artist has sculptured a crucifix. Meditation has here scope for boundless action—scenic, spiritual, sublime, and beautiful.

"*Sept.* 6. Received a letter from my dear wife. All well, God be praised. Mercies still follow me. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name!

"*Sept* 9. Attended a meeting of ladies and gentlemen, for the Church Missionary Society. Messrs. Kemp, Saunders, Gell, Maddock, and myself, spoke. The collection, including two donations of ten guineas each, from Lady E. Percival, and the Hon. Mrs Childers, after my sermon last night, amounted to $179 69. This first incursion into the very heart of a watering-place is an excellent beginning, and promises well. We met at the dining-room, just underneath the romantic rocks: shrubs, trees, river, &c., opposite. I was reminded of Salvator Rosa's picture of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness.

"The Lord of grace and glory help me in my work, and bless it to *me, a poor sinner, while I preach for, and to, other poor sinners!*

"*Sept* 11. (*Sunday.*) Preached in the fine old church (with its most singular and crooked spire,) for the Church Missionary Society, from *Mark* xvi. 15. Set off for Sheffield. Proceeded to the parish church: congregation computed at 3500. Many hundreds unable to get in. I

preached jointly (by express desire) for the Jews and the Heathen, from *Rom.* iii. 29. Collection—$308 12. The Hallelujah Chorus was grand and affecting in the highest degree. Much to be thankful for in each of the three sermons this day. The collection was said to be the largest ever made in this church, on any occasion. It is not easy to describe or conceive the effect of such a congregation as this at Sheffield.

"*Sept.* 12. Most hospitably received at Mrs. Walker's. Went to see Mr. Walker's great iron-works, near Rotherham. Saw a cannon cast, and went through the whole manufactory. It is most ingenious and interesting Saw the rolling-mill. and manufacture of tin plates. Observed on our return in the evening, the effects of the many surrounding blazing furnaces. The effect in so fine a night is grand and beautiful: some of the fires on the tops of high hills, some on the sides, others in the valleys—some near, others distant.

"*Sept.* 14 Preached at Rotherham church, for the Church Missionary Society. Text—*Matt* xxviii. 19, 20. A fine congregation. Dear Maddock read prayers. Numerous proofs hourly occur of the usefulness of my missionary labours, wherever we travel. Surely, goodness and mercy follow us! Glory be to God!

"*Sept.* 16. Went to Selby. Preached for the Church Missionary Society. The congregation good and attentive. My excellent friend Maddock accompanied me. Before I retired to rest, felt peculiarly earnest in prayer for my beloved wife and children. O! for the Lord to crown them with his mercies, temporal, spiritual, and eternal!

"*Sept.* 19. Received a singularly interesting letter from the Russian princess, Sophia Metschertski, at St. Petersburgh. Explored the romantic and beautiful scenery around Knaresborough. Went on to Studley Park. Saw the ruins of Fountains' Abbey;—it far exceeds every thing I have seen or shall see—imagination itself is filled, and more than filled. I went through the long walk with that vigour, which I only find myself able to exert when I travel

and have my mind strongly bent on interesting and rational enjoyment.

"*Sept.* 25, (*Sunday.*) Preached in the morning at St. Paul's, Leeds, from *Gen.* xxii. 18. Dined with Mr. H.; then preached at St. John's, from *Eph.* ii. 12, 13. Preached in the evening, at St. James's, from *Isa.* ix. 7. In the morning, felt calm and comfortable. In the evening found most enjoyment in my work. The congregation overflowing—the singing universal—the effect delightful. Missionaries were present. How mercifully the Lord carries me through!—What shall I render unto Him for all his benefits.

"*Sept.* 26. Attended the public anniversary meeting. Thirteen clergymen spoke. The whole went off excellently. Drank tea with a large religious party at Mr. D.'s. All profitable and affectionate. The Princess Sophia's letter delights every one that hears it.

"*Sept.* 27. Preached at Huddersfield, from *Ps.* xcvi. 10. Church crowded in the extreme. I was able to speak with great readiness. Collection $355 20.

"*Sept* 28. Held the anniversary meeting of the Huddersfield Association. Preached in the evening at Almondbury, from *Matt* ix. 37, 38. A noble congregation. What strong testimonials do I daily receive, of the extensive usefulness of my journey! Surely God is good indeed, in thus comforting my spirits, amidst many thoughts of anxiety!

"*Oct.* 1.—Prepared to leave Woodhouse,—a roof under which I have met with so much to improve and delight, that I know not how to express my gratitude to God and its owners as I ought. The five daughters gave me $22 20, as an annual subscription for a negro rescued child, to be called after Maddock and myself. We were requested to plant two trees, as memorials of our visit and friendship. M. planted an oak, and I a Portugal laurel. The whole interesting family heaped every mark of regard and respect upon us. I desire to enter my record of thankfulness and affectionate pleasure, which this visit and intercourse have

excited in my heart: in such things, the Lord is good indeed. Proceeded to Bradford. Heard fresh testimonies there, to the great use of religious tours.

"*Oct* 2, (*Sunday.*) Preached in the morning at Bradford church, from *Rom.* x. 15, 14. A fine congregation. Preached in the afternoon at the same church, from *Matt.* ix. 36. A still larger congregation. Preached in the evening from *Rev.* xi. 15. Overflowing congregation: I never saw any thing like it—not less than 4000, certainly. Three collections—$510 60. Such a day—such a church—such a vicar—such life—such attention—such liberality, and such general success, are rarely seen. I desire to praise God from my heart, for the interesting, animating, encouraging scene, it altogether presented. I received the sacrament from the hands of the venerable, apostolical, blind vicar.

"*Oct.* 5. Met my mother at Chesterfield. We travelled together to Mansfield. Proceeded to the church. A very fine congregation. I preached from *Rom.* x. 15. Collection—$222. I have had great heaviness of spirit since Monday night, but I think the Lord has blessed me in it. He is good and merciful!

"*Oct.* 6. Travelled to Bonsal, where Maddock found his wife and children well. O! may God grant that I do the same! He has been with me as a Protector all the way, and I will trust him still! May every tear be wiped from my loved Mary's eyes, and may we again meet, with Christian and connubial affection. Amen.

"*Oct.* 8. I parted with my friend Maddock, at six o'clock. God be with him. He has been an amiable, cheerful, and most interesting companion and coadjutor; I love and esteem him from my heart.* Rejoiced greatly in the hope of meeting my dear wife at Creaton. I can truly say that that place where she is, is a dear home to my heart; and home itself ceases to be home, if she is not

* This excellent man is since departed to a better world, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

there. Lord, I bless thee, for having preserved me safe through a journey which already exceeds 1160 miles; and may it be crowned by meeting her at last, in love and union of soul!—Arrived safe at Creaton, and found my dear wife and daughter well. This is a crowning mercy, and shall be accounted as such.

"*Oct.* 11. We left Mr. Jones'. Dined at Northampton, and arrived safe at Turvey, at half-past seven o'clock—finding the dear children well. What shall I render to the Lord, for all his benefits unto me?

"Thus ends a journey marked by manifold mercies, pleasures, useful labours, and gratifying events. Many valuable friendships formed;—religious and personal influence extended;—the cause both of Jews and Heathen furthered;—knowledge gained, love increased, and Christian esteem established and cemented.—*Gloria Deo in excelsis!*"

CHAPTER IX.

Extracts from Journal,—Success of these tours,—Effect on the interests of religion,—His own improvement,—that of his parish and family.

"*August*, 1815. Commenced a journey for the Jews' and Church Missionary Societies.

"*Aug.* 27. Preached at Bolton, to between three and four thousand people, for the sunday schools. Collection —$753 11. A magnificent appearance. The singing was grand and impressive in the highest degree. Anthems, Handel's Chorusses, &c. were sung, and accompanied by trumpets, horns, &c. in a very fine style indeed. My mind was much affected, and I found considerable enlargement, though not without much inward temptation and struggle to the contrary.

"*Aug* 30. Went to see Lancaster church and castle. The latter is grand in a very high degree. The modern Gothic court-houses exceed any thing I have ever seen. The view from thence superb: sea, estuaries, castles, mountains, &c., form a beautiful display of scenery. Examined the interior of the castle, visited the criminals, &c. Had much affecting information from Mr. H. relative to some criminals, executed at various periods. What a picture of man does a gaol afford!—how it reminds me of the saying of John Bradford, the reformer, on seeing a criminal taken to the place of execution—'But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford.'

"*Sept.* 6. Saw Winandermere Lake with astonishment and delight. Proceeded to Ambleside, where I had a very pleasing conversation with the Bishop of Llandaff. Proceeded, through the enchanting road by Rydal Water,

Grassmere, Leathes Water, Helvellyn, &c., to Keswick, whose beauties baffle all description. Our conversation was Christian and edifying—all having the greatest enjoyment in the scenery and its accompaniments.

"*Sept.* 7. Rose early, and walked to examine the beautiful mountain of Skiddaw. After breakfast, went round Keswick Lake. Saw the Barrow Cascades, Lowdore Water-fall, Borrowdale Falls, Bowder Stone, &c. All beyond my description, or previous conception. After dinner, sailed on the Lake, with some other friends. All was serene —lovely—delightful! The Lowdore cannon was fired: the echo of the many mountains produced a peal of perfect thunder. We sung hymns on the lake by sunset and moonlight: the effect may be better conceived than written.

"*Sept.* 8. Set off at six, for Ulleswater: beauty and wonder in profusion. Saw the great mountain of Saddleback, and a druidical circle of stones. Crossed the Lake of Winandermere, by the west. Exquisite moonlight! Arrived at Kendal at night. Of these three days—my companions—my enjoyments, I would write, but I cannot;—they have left an indelible trace; and I bless God for the mercy.

"*Sept.* 10, (*Sunday.*) Went to Tunstal, and preached for the Jews. Proceeded to Lancaster, and preached again for the Jews. A fine congregation. Much help from above throughout the day.

"*Sept.* 11. Dined with dear Mrs. P., at S. Lodge. A most profitable and spiritual party. It was suddenly proposed after dinner, that I should preach a lecture that night at Lancaster. At two hours' notice, about 1000 people were collected. I preached from *Heb.* xiii. 8.

"*Sept.* 12. Passed an affectionate day with my mother and sister. My mother, near eighty, walked a mile and a half—God preserve her! Had much religious conversation.

"*Sept.* 13. Went to C. Hall, the seat of the excellent C. W., Esq. Viewed the exquisitely romantic beauties of Kirby-Lonsdale church, church-yard, and bridge. In the

evening, expounded the 23d Psalm to a large company of friends and neighbours.

"*Sept.* 14. Left this interesting and most edifying family. Proceeded to Knaresborough. Arrived at the friendly house of Mr. C.; and preached, the following day, for the Jews, from *Luke* xxiv. 47.

"*Leeds, Sept.* 18 A delightful anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Corrie, from India, gave most interesting details respecting that country and Abdool Messee, &c. Many excellent speeches: great savour and spirituality throughout the whole.

"*Sept.* 24, (*Sunday.*) Preached at St. Stephen's, Salford, for the Sunday schools, from *John* iii. 14, 15. Very good congregation. In the afternoon, preached again for the schools, from *Ps.* lxxii. 4. Preached in the evening, at St. Clement's, from *Gen.* xii. 1, 2, 3. Congregation overflowing. I find by a letter, that Mr. C., of Bradford, has through me, anonymously, given $380 28, to the church mission.

"*Sept.* 29. Attended the Jewish anniversary. It was rendered most interesting by the particulars communicated about a converted Jew, Emanuel Lemon, who died at Manchester. I went afterward to the house where he died, and spent two hours in deep affection, listening to the simple narratives of facts, from various persons, concerning this singular convert. Brought away some memorials of him. A very good day indeed.

Huddersfield, Oct. 1. Preached for the Church Missionary Society, from *Acts* xxvii. 23. Church much crowded. Preached in the afternoon, at Slaithwaite chapel, from *Mark* xvi. 15. Above two thousand persons present. In the evening, preached at Longwood chapel, from *Ps.* lxxxix. 15, 16. An immense multitude. Upwards of $350 collected at these three services. Had a day of great labour and apparent usefulness. Was carried through, very mercifully, in all the three sermons. I hear of good *effects* from my sermons of last year in this vicinity, particularly that at Huddersfield, from *Eph.* iii. on the love of Christ."

As the remaining parts of this tour refer to places already mentioned in the preceding accounts, we forbear to insert them; though they afford ample testimony to the usefulness of his labours.

There may be a disposition in the minds of some who have read these journals, to censure, rather than to approve. The slender hold which the Gospel has on their hearts and affections, utterly disqualifies them for estimating the spirit and aim of a man who, to use the words of the venerable Leighton, counted the whole world, "*in comparison of the cross of Christ, one grand impertinence.*" To such minds, the royal prophet would seem "vile," when in the holy exultation of his spirit, he danced before the ark of God;—the great apostle would seem to rave, in the record of his sufferings and labours; and even the Saviour of the world to be "beside himself," while he found it his meat and his drink to do the will of God. Such men cannot accommodate to the standard of their own selfish and earthly apprehensions, the zeal and piety of one, who, "intent upon the attainment of heaven (for himself or others) rejects with indignation every attempt to degrade or deride subjects he never recollects but with seriousness and anxiety." Let it be remembered, however, that "nothing but stupidity, or the most frivolous dissipation of thought, can make even the inconsiderate forget the supreme importance of every thing which relates to a future existence. The most preposterous device by which the weakest devotee ever believed he was securing the happiness of a future life, is more rational than unconcern about it. Upon this subject, nothing is so absurd as indifference—no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity."* Men may selfishly indulge themselves, and pursue their own immediate gratifications; and seeing nothing valuable in religion beyond the form, decry every attempt to realise or exhibit its power. They may affect to hide or explain away the direful consequences of idolatry, to the human race; and under

* Paley's Moral Phil.

cover of a false-named charity, which is, in reality, no other than an indifference, arising out of ignorance and unbelief, exclaim, "What have we to do with other men's religions?" But he who faithfully lays before his thoughts the awful delusions and abominable crimes of millions of his fellow-creatures, and connects these evils with the solemn and affecting declaration of the Bible, "the wages of sin is death,"—even "the bitter pains of eternal death,"—will, in his own deliverance from them, "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord;" and will burn with a zeal even to his consuming, till "all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

These fragments were evidently not intended for the public eye.* They are the simple details of daily occurrences; designed, perhaps, to interest his family, and keep alive in his own remembrance, a sense of the divine goodness. Yet, on this account, they may be regarded as the more faithful witnesses of the scenes through which he passed, and of his views respecting them. It is impossible to read the facts recorded, without prejudice, and not discern in them the man of God;—his time spent in laborious and incessant occupation;—a piety fervent, but rational; with less admixture of human infirmity, than may be found in the diaries of many other good men;—a holy elevation of spirit in the pursuit and possession of his object, combined with deep humility;—a habit of devotion, and increasing personal piety, in the midst of almost universal respect and popularity;—a sense of danger, and constant prayer to be preserved from it;—and what perhaps is more than all, in the midst of labours unceasing, various, and exciting, *abroad*,—a constant eye to the claims *at home*.

The editor has no inclination to amplify the preceding remarks on the missionary tours of his friend, except from

* In the above opinion, we most fully concur. There are many things so entirely of a private nature, that we have thought it proper to omit them altogether, and to retain only such parts of the Journals, as were more particularly connected with Mr. Richmond's public agency. AM. ED.

a desire of rendering them useful to those excellent men who are following the course in which he took the lead. Mr. Richmond needed more repose than he allowed himself, and probably shortened his valuable life by over-exertion. There is a good deal of error in the trite maxim often quoted, "it is better to wear out than to rust out:" surely, it is a point of practical wisdom, to preserve a medium between indolence and over-effort; and the editor cannot but consider, that exertion beyond the limits assigned to human power is little better than a moral suicide. If good men were to satisfy themselves of the sinfulness of over-strained activity, they would submit to the rein for conscience' sake. It appears, that besides the fatigue of hastening from one place to another to fulfil his engagements, Mr. Richmond generally preached three sermons on the sabbath, and often five or six more in the course of the week. His fatigue was also increased by the crowded congregations who assembled to hear him. The hours which should have been given to repose, were unceasingly occupied in conducting family worship, and conversing at every meal with persons who were invited to meet him, even to the last hour of the day. On these occasions he took, as was expected, a prominent part in the conversation; which however useful to others, must have insensibly exhausted his strength. The writer, who accompanied him in many of these tours, often expressed a fear that he would soon become a wreck in mind and body, as the inevitable result of such continued exertions His reply was generally the same, "I am not fatigued: I do not feel it;" but the writer felt assured that imbecility or a premature old age, must soon succeed these unceasing efforts. The political and religious world have had some beacons held out to them, from which they might gather an instructive warning, and learn to acknowledge the wisdom of a remark made by an estimable character, "I labour less, that I may labour the longer;" he might have added, "with greater benefit to the church of God, in the season of matured experience and ripened judgment." In the midst of

these multiplied engagements, the writer could not refrain from asking his friend, "whence do you obtain supplies for these extraordinary demands?" Hours of retirement and meditation are necessary to every Christian; still more necessary to the minister of religion, and most of all to those who are exposed to the temptations and distractions of public life. The largest reservoir will fail, unless it receives continual supplies. Mr. Richmond, in these circumstances, felt his need of redoubled watchfulness and prayer: he not only rose early in the morning to seek communion with the Father of spirits, and retired early at night from the converse of man, that he might renew his strength in waiting upon God; but it was the constant habit of his mind throughout the day, by secret ejaculations, to draw down help from above.

Besides this, he had by previous research collected his materials, and by close study had so mastered his subject, that he required less time for preparation than most men. He would often arrange his ideas for a sermon, as he was travelling to the place where it was to be delivered; and the abundance of his resources, together with a remarkable facility of utterance, contributed to lessen his labour. That which most surprised me, was the diversified manner in which he treated the same subject. An esteemed friend of the writer's once assured him, that he went to hear Mr. Richmond preach three sermons on one Sunday. He said, he expected there would be, of course, a similarity in the discourses; and yet they proved to be as varied as if they had been delivered by three different preachers.

The effects of these exertions in promoting the interests of the missions, as well as those of personal religion, were most obvious.

He has been known to have collected in these excursions from $3,550, to $4,440; and he once told the writer, that the fruits of one of these journeys were not less $5,228. But though money forms the sinews of charity no less than of war, and is indispensable to the operations of every society; it was the establishment of missionary views and

principles, the correction of errors, and the removal of prejudices, and the enforcement of the claims of Jews and Gentiles on the prayers and benevolence of the Christian public, which formed one of the most prominent features of usefulness in these tours: we may add another, of which he never lost sight, in preaching either for Jews or Gentiles, viz.: *the interests of personal religion, and the close connexion of missionary objects with the advancement of personal piety.* While he spoke of the souls of the Heathen or Jew, he faithfully reminded his hearers of their own; admonished them of their obligation to improve their Christian privileges; and of the possibility of many, at the last day, being admitted "from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south," while the children of the kingdom might be cast out:—that nominal Christianity was, after all, little better than Heathen ignorance; while it involved greater guilt, and a more tremendous responsibility;—that personal religion was one of the best securities for missionary zeal and exertion; and that no one was ever likely to be successfully engaged in communicating the Gospel to others, till he had first felt its power and experienced its peace in his own heart.

The writer of this Memoir can state, from his own personal observation, that the improved tone of moral feeling, and of attachment to the distinguishing truths of the Gospel, which is now so perceptible throughout the kingdom, may, to a considerable extent, be traced to the influence of these, and similar missionary excursions. He has often heard his lamented friend observe, in the earlier days of these institutions,—"the public mind is gradually undergoing a great moral revolution. Ten or twelve leading men are doing all the work, and bearing the burden and heat of the day. It will be comparatively easy for those who come after us; but the prejudice, the opposition, and the conflict of opinion, it is ours to encounter: and these difficulties are good for us; for they convince us of our own weakness, and show the excellency of the cause, and the power and strength of God in its success and progress."

We copy an extract from a letter to his aunt, in which the same sentiments are expressed. "Incalculable is the national good which is daily springing up from such exertions. It now appears capable of demonstration, that the moral wilderness will eventually blossom as the rose, through the blessing of God on Bible and Missionary institutions. The opposition of error and prejudice languish and decay; while the triumphant career of sacred benevolence conveys life, light, peace, and love; and bears unequivocal evidence to the universe, that 'God is with us of a truth.'"

We have already stated, that Mr. Richmond's popularity had no injurious effect on his mind. It must be acknowledged, that ministers of great popular talents are exposed to danger, and particularly from the indiscreet admiration of some of their followers, who forget that ministers, like other men, share in the common corruptions of fallen nature. But it may be observed, that the uncommon simplicity and unfeigned humility of Mr. Richmond, was a great preservative from the ensnaring tendency of human applause. The writer can declare, from long observation of his friend, that no man more uniformly abstained from the language of praise towards others, or discouraged it more unreservedly towards himself.

Those too, who suppose that engagements of a public nature are an unbroken career of success and popularity, are much mistaken. The advocates of a public cause have much to try their faith and patience There are fightings without and fears within; subjects of deep humiliation in their own experience; and a necessity for much meekness, to bear with the unreasonable opposition of enemies, and the prejudices and mistakes of friends. Their divine Master leaves them not without a holy discipline, to keep them low at his feet, and lowly in their own eyes.

Mr. Richmond had the habit of connecting every thing with God. Every event, pleasurable or painful; every object in nature, or work of human ingenuity, suggested a subject for devout contemplation, and filled his soul with holy affections. He seemed to possess, in religion, the

secret once attributed to recondite philosophy, and all he touched became gold, which he converted to his own use, and to the benefit of others. This holy transmutation made every place a Bethel, and every object a cause of some pious emotion; and thus circumstances ensnaring in their natural tendency, were made to him the medium of nearer access to God.

We shall close these remarks with an extract from his journal, entitled, "Reflections suggested during a Tour in Westmoreland and Lancashire, with two valued friends;" and a Poetical effusion, written after visiting the grave of Hervey, in Northamptonshire.

"There is a peculiar sweetness in the recollection of those hours which we have spent with friends of a kindred spirit, amidst the beauties of created nature. The Christian can alone find that congeniality in associates, who not only possess a lively and cultivated sense of the high beauty which landscape scenery presents to the eye; but who can also see creation's God in every feature of the prospect. The painter can imitate, the poet describe, and the tourist talk with ecstasy of the sublime and beautiful objects which constitute the scene before him. But he only can be said to enjoy them aright, whose talents, taste, and affections, are consecrated to the glory of Him by whom 'all things were made, and without whom was not any thing made that was made.' When the pencil that traces the rich and animated landscape of mountains, lakes, and trees, is guided by a grateful heart as well as by a skilful hand; then the picture becomes no less an acceptable offering to God, than it is a source of well-directed pleasure to the mind of man. And when the poet, in harmonious numbers, makes hill and dale responsive to his song, happy is it if his soul be in unison with the harp of David, and if he can call on all created nature, to join in one universal chorus of gratitude and praise. The Christian traveller best enjoys scenes like these. In every wonder, he sees the hand that made it—in every landscape, the bounty that adorns it—in rivers, fields, and forests, the Providence that

ministers to the wants of man—in every surrounding object, he sees an emblem of his own spiritual condition—himself a stranger and a pilgrim, journeying on through a country of wonders and beauties; alternately investigating, admiring, and praising the works of his Maker, and anticipating a holy and happy eternity to be spent in the Paradise of God, where the prospects are ever new, and the landscapes never fade from the sight!"

"O! for the expanded mind that soars on high,
Ranging afar with Meditation's eye!
That climbs the heights of yonder starry road,
Rising through nature, up to nature's God!

"O! for a heart that seeks the sacred gloom
Which hovers round the precincts of the tomb!
While fancy, musing there, sees visions bright,
In death discovering life—in darkness light!

"O! for a soul to trace a Saviour's power,
In each sweet form that decks the blooming flower!
And, as I wander such fair scenes among,
I'll make the Rose of Sharon all my song.

"What though the chilling blasts of winter's day
Forbid the garden longer to be gay?
Of winter yet I'll not refuse to sing,
Thus to be followed by eternal spring!

"Hervey! be thou my guide to point the road
That leads far hence, to yonder blest abode!
Grant me his faith, thou good, thou great Most High!
Let me like Hervey live—like Hervey die!"

We next insert an extract from a letter addressed to his aunt, in the year 1817, in refutation of a report that his public services were recompensed by a salary.

"This subject reminds me of an observation which you made when I lately saw you, and to which I for a moment beg to draw your attention. You said that some person had told either you or Mrs. M., that I received some pecuniary compensation for my services in behalf of the reli-

gious institutions for which I am in the habit of pleading. I must request that justice may be done to me, and to the cause which I espouse. The report is false, in every possible point of view. I never did, nor ever would accept of a single farthing, from a single individual. The whole has ever been completely gratuitous, and disinterested. Many valuable clergymen are pursuing the same path of usefulness in their occasional excursions from home: but they act as volunteers, and not as hirelings; we seek no reward in this world, but that of seeing good done, and mankind benefited. Let this injurious report be repelled; let not prejudice and mistake operate to the disadvantage of truth and charity. I can say, for one, that if ever the least departure were to take place from the disinterested plan of serving the societies gratuitously, I would instantly abandon the ranks of their public defenders and advocates. My services arise from conscientious principle, and are neither directly nor obliquely connected with pecuniary advantage; but quite the reverse, if all were known. Some people seem to doubt the possibility of disinterested activity. Alas! they know not the motives which Christianity inspires. Christ said for himself, and all true Christians, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' May we all fully know what that important text means."

But the question which will no doubt principally suggest itself to the reader, is the following:—

How was his place supplied in his parish during these excursions?

It was his fixed determination never to enter upon any public engagement, till a provision had been made for the services of his parish; and he seldom left home without procuring a resident minister. Subsequently, when the claims of the different public societies, and the calls of his distant friends, required him to give up a certain portion of his time, he appointed a regular curate, who united with that office the care and tuition of his children;—that neither his family, or his people, might suffer any diminution of their accustomed privileges by his absence. The fol-

lowing letter, addressed to a clergyman who was his temporary representative during one of these journeys, will prove that he was not satisfied with merely procuring a substitute, but that it was his earnest wish to secure the conscientious and efficient performance of the duty.

" My dear Sir,

" I hope this will meet you in good health. In committing my flock to your care for a season, I earnestly pray God that you and they may prosper, and profit together. I will add a few words, explanatory of my usual proceedings. I have, on Sunday morning and afternoon, full services. My evening service is for the Sunday school, and I always address them in the most free and simple manner. If ever you speak without full notes, this would be your occasion ; if not, let the children be the especial object of your evening ministry, in that way wherein God shall direct your heart and lips.

" You will naturally wish to know my usual matter and manner of preaching. *In matter*, I keep the Lord Jesus Christ *continually present*, and experimentally applied to the consciences, affections, and understandings of the hearers : my people are constantly used to the exhibition of the saving offices of Christ, as prophet, priest and king,—all and in all :—strengthening, comforting, guiding, and making the believing sinner meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. I preach the duties of Christians, not as detached and separable appendages to doctrines, but as intimately connected and infallibly mixed with them, and flowing from them : still keeping the work of the Holy Spirit in view, as convincing, directing, and revealing Jesus as the principal of both justification by faith alone, and sanctification through the Holy Spirit himself. These rich, never-failing, fruitful, and consolatory truths, I feel to be the great subject and object of the Christian ministry ; and, as such, I have ever preached them fully, freely, and experimentally. Give them, my dear sir, these plain scriptural truths, in godly simplicity, and they will love and bless

you. In point of length, I would recommend from thirty-five to forty-five minutes, as the extreme limits.

"As to *manner;* my first object is, to exhibit affection, earnestness, and real desire, that *every sentiment, and every sentence may profit the hearts of my hearers.*

"I rely on your brotherly and friendly feelings, to allow for the frankness of these accounts of my unworthy self, as I am sure you would wish me to explain the objects so near my heart.

"On Friday evening, I have a lecture, to a small but listening people. In hay and harvest time, it is much reduced. My valued friend, Mr. Barker, will afford you any and every information concerning parochial matters. He will introduce you to some of the sick, and other poor people; and you will find religious conversational intercourse in visiting the poor, a sure road to their hearts; and, during my absence, no small satisfaction to mine.

"Mr. Barker will tell you all about my new school plans, in which he is very useful to me. In all these things, my dear sir, you will now, for a season, be my substitute. Pray to God for direction; and, after, pray for your absent friend. Do the work of an evangelist—resting on the special promises made to ministers and flocks. Be sincere, humble, affectionate, and earnest;—keep close to the gospel of our blessed Master, in private and in public; and may He comfort and strengthen you in all things.

"Be so kind to be *exact* in the times of commencing the different services. Sunday morning, at ten; afternoon, at half-past two; evening, at six; Friday evening, at a quarter before seven. Mr. Barker reads the lessons for me; and will, if you do not object, do the same for you.

"In the same spirit in which I have written to you on my feelings and wishes as a minister, I now, also, wish you to receive these expressions as a friend and a brother; and to be assured, that I am,

"Very affectionately, and faithfully, yours,

"LEIGH RICHMOND."

Rev. Mr. R. S. Turvey.

He was also in the habit, on these occasions, of writing pastoral letters to his people, to convince them that, though absent for a season, he was still not unmindful of their spiritual welfare. These epistles are written with much plainness of style, united with useful admonitions, and suitable references to the circumstances of the parish. The Rev. Mr. Ward, the excellent minister of Iver, has long adopted this practice on a more extended scale, by addressing a yearly epistle to his parishioners, containing the substance of his pastoral thoughts and reflections: and we think this example worthy of being recommended to general imitation; as they are pleasing memorials of pastoral affection and zeal, and seem calculated to strengthen the bond of union which ought ever to subsist between a minister and his people. We shall not now insert those of Mr. Richmond, because they contain allusions to events which we have not yet had the opportunity of relating, being desirous of presenting the reader with the various details of his public engagements without the interruption of other matters.

Perhaps some may be disposed to think that the excitement and popularity of Mr. Richmond's public life, might disqualify him for the more homely and retired duties of a country parish priest.

That he returned with his mind deeply impressed with the importance of the cause that he had been pleading, is most true; and he endeavoured to enkindle in the breasts of others, the flame which warmed and animated his own. He therefore drew attention to these subjects—introduced them into his sermons: described the state of the Heathen world—their idolatries—their atrocious rites;—the burning of women on the funeral pile—their awful ignorance—their perishing state; and the bounden duty of Christians to send them that Gospel, which the mercy of God had put into their own hands. These communications were then novel, and excited considerable interest.

It has been said, that such objects are too remote to engage the attention of the poor; and that their poverty disables them from contributing any thing to their support. But the principal qualification for appreciating missions, is

a sense of the worth of an immortal soul: and he who knows the value of his own soul, be he poor or rich, needs no other argument to inspire a desire to save the souls of others: and it must be mentioned to the honour of the lower classes, that they have been found to be the most valuable and efficient friends of missionary exertions; not only by the fervour of their prayers, but also by the amount of their pecuniary contributions. To many of them may be applied the touching commendation of the apostle, when speaking of the poor disciples of Corinth—"In a great trial of affliction, the abundance of their joy, and their deep poverty, abounded unto the riches of their liberality: for to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves; praying us, with much intreaty, that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints: and this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own-selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God."—2 *Cor.* viii. 2—5.

The people of Turvey soon expressed a desire to contribute their aid; and a Bible and Missionary society were accordingly established. Mr. Richmond found the introduction of these subjects to be attended with the happiest effects. His people acquired more enlarged views; they read their Bibles with increasing interest; comprehended better the scope of prophecy, and the future spread of the everlasting Gospel among all the nations of the world; they prayed for its accomplishment, and the cause of missions became dear to their hearts. There was also a re-action upon themselves,—they were led to a more earnest examination of their own state before God. In reading the simple narratives of poor negroes mourning for their sins, or rejoicing in the peace and consolations of the Gospel, they caught the happy contagion; they wondered to see emotions described so like their own; discovered that the human heart is every where the same; and that the grace of God, confined to no clime or colour, can impart its saving influences to men of every nation, tongue, and kindred. In thinking of the souls of others, they became increasingly interested for their own; and learned to implore that grace

with renewed earnestness for themselves, the transforming power and efficacy of which they saw, in the instance of a once-benighted Heathen.

Another question may occur.

Did his family sustain no injury by his frequent absence from them?

They were left in the hands of an excellent mother; to whose assiduous and affectionate care, none bore a more willing or frequent testimony than Mr. Richmond. But his own ceaseless solicitude for the welfare of his children will be best shown by the following letters; together with some valuable admonitions addressed to his daughters, and containing rules for their general conduct and deportment.

"*October*, 1815.

"My dear child,

"This may probably reach you on your birth-day. It is a day which should remind you of the importance of time, and the swift approach of eternity. It bids you remember your Creator in the days of your youth. But, have you ever done so aright? Have you seen yourself a sinner, and gone to the blood of Christ for pardon? Forms and notions never yet saved a soul; and have you, indeed, ever gone farther than forms and notions? My child, be in earnest; it is no trifle whether you have real grace or not: it is every thing to ascertain this point, and to act upon it. Do you feel a burden of sin for daily offences?—do you repent?—do you pray from the heart? Suppose God were to see good to bring you to a bed of death, where are your evidences that you are *really* his child? Think in how many ways you have offended him in thought, word and deed! What but a Saviour's blood can wipe it away?

"It is full time, my dear F——, that you show a decision of character, in that humble yet determined separation of life, which distinguishes a common (alas! too common,) *nominally* Christian child, from a child that believes in Christ, loves God, and is taught by the Holy Spirit.

"Secret, free prayer, is a great testimony that a work of grace is begun. But do you thus pray? Have you found out the sins into which you are the most liable to fall, and most easily tempted to commit. These are your bosom foes, and must be resisted in a different strength from any which you naturally possess That strength is only to be obtained in Christ, and by *believing* in *him* and *him* alone. Grace, free grace, reigns in every step of the Christian progress. Do you ever feel these things as a matter of uneasiness, or desire, or hope, or fear? It will not satisfy me, and I hope it will not satisfy you, that you have had so many advantages of a Christian education, unless you prove to yourself and me, that there is a work of the Spirit in your heart. What a delightful display the Lord gave us of his goodness and power, when that dear and beloved woman, *your* mother and *my* wife (it is my highest *earthly* privilege to call her so,) lay, as we thought, on the bed of death! You cannot have forgotten it—no one that saw it ever could. But that day was a warning and a consolation for *us*;—oh! may we use it as both. But do not deceive yourself—mere natural feelings and meltings of heart are not enough. Sin, sin is the great cause of sorrow; and *therefore* must you weep. Carry sin to Jesus, he will hide it forever from his Father's sight. Angels rejoice when children weep for sin.

"Read 'Little Jane:' two Sunday scholars at Manchester have been converted to God this summer, by reading it—and must my *own dear* child heed it not? I trust not. Pray, dear F——, for faith and love to Jesus. Happy shall I be to hear from yourself (when it does *indeed* come from your heart,) either by letter or word of mouth, that you feel a true concern for your never dying soul. And so may God give you many happy years, if it so please him. If not, may he take your pardoned soul to himself, in his own time.—Love to my dear H.,

"From her and your truly affectionate father.

"Tell H. that I write every word of this for her, as well as for you."

"*Keswick, Oct.* 16, 1815.

"My dear Daughter.

"The exquisite beauty and sublimity of this country almost make a pen move of itself. Never did I pass so beautiful a day as this at the lakes. I shall sing the praises of October, as the loveliest of months. This morning, at six o'clock, I was walking on the banks of Winandermere, to catch a sun-rise. I had every thing I could wish, and observed the progress of day with delight. The mysterious rolling of clouds across the hills announced the first influence of the sun. Tints the most beauteous skirted the eastern clouds; those on the west, caught them as by sympathy. Various patches of mountains soon gleamed with the reflection of the yet unseen luminary: and such innumerable vicissitudes of light and shade, and *claro obscuro* filled the scene, as no tongue can utter. The Lake, in all its length of thirteen miles, lay beneath me, with its thirty islands. I heard the early lowing of the cows, the bleating of the sheep, the neighing of the horses, the twittering of the birds, the rustling of the breeze, the rippling of the water, the dashing of the oar, in a gentle kind of harmony. The sun advanced, and threw a blaze of magnificent lustre over this Paradisaical landscape. I soon crossed over the Lake, and passed through rich scenes of wonder and loveliness. I saw Coniston and Grassmere lakes, under circumstances of peculiar advantage. Clusters of mountains and lesser hills, clothed with craggs, brown fern, red lichens, green grass, purple heath, bushes, barren gulleys, cascades, wild streaks, rolling mists, bright sunshine, &c. &c., presented incessant variety. Hill towered above hill, Alpine peaks reared their heads,—groves filled the valleys, and cottages were sprinkled in wild profusion.

"I dined at a little romantic hill, at the foot of the mountain Helvellyn. The Lake of Leatheswater extended its four miles' length close by. My parlour window faced the great hill—a mountain stream fell from a great height, tumbling with a murmuring sound down into the vale.

Something dimmed the pane of glass through which I viewed it. On inspection, I found the following lines, written with a diamond :—

'Flow, mountain streamlet, swiftly flow,
And fertilize the vale below—
Sweet emblem of that gracious love
Which pours down blessings from above
The stream of mercy, Lord! is thine,—
The lowly heart that feels it, mine.'

"On another pane was written—

'Forget not, mortal traveller, thou must die;
Before thy journey's end, ask,—'Where am I?'

"And once more—

'These lovely scenes before thine eyes
Form a terrestrial Paradise.
But *this* shall quickly pass away:
Then seek one in eternal day.'

"Thence I advanced to Keswick. Before me stood the giants of the scenery—Skiddaw and Saddleback—in sublime beauty, not to be expressed. Their length, their breadth, their height, their wildness, their roughness, their smoothness, their surface, their profile, their *tout ensemble*, most grand, most interesting. At length the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaites burst upon the eye with all the charms that painters and poets love, and which Christians know how to love far better than either. The scene from a hill, a mile on the road from Keswick, so much exceeds the powers of my pen to describe, that I can only say—'How amiable are thy tabernacles,' O Lord, the Creator!

"I watched the moon decline on the lake, and then studied the whole scene by the finest star-light I ever beheld.

Mars is now in the east, like Jupiter; yea, bright as a moon. The Great Bear hangs pendant exactly over Skiddaw, and Mars rises triumphantly over the summit of Saddleback; the Galaxy sweeps over the hemisphere, white as milk, and clear as moonlight All is solemn, silent, peaceful. I write you this faint breathing of expression. Could you copy these scenes, I should be proud of your company here: I trust some day you will.

"This morning, as I stood on an eminence, looking down on the exquisitely lovely lake of Grassmere, environed by its amphitheatre of mountains, a momentary shower produced a rainbow;—it extended from hill to hill, over the valley, and seemed like a bridge for angels to *pass* over from one district of Paradise to another:

> "And as they *pass*, let angels sing
> The wonders of creation's King;
> And while they tune their harps to praise,
> I'd gladly catch their solemn lays;
> Unite with theirs my feeble tongue,
> And give to gratitude my song."

"My dear ———,

"I leave you, in much love, a few fatherly hints.

1. Be constant in private prayer.

2. Be wise in the choice of books; shun *every thing* of the romance and novel kind; and even in poetry, keep to what is useful and instructive, as well as pleasant.

3. In company, show that the principles of your father's house and ministry are your rule of conduct, and your real delight. Be consistent—cheerful, but not light; conversible, but not trifling.

4. Keep ever in view, that you are supporting my character and credit, as well as your own.

5. Show a marked preference to such conversation, remarks, persons, discussions, and occupations as may tend to essential good.

6. Always think before you speak; say and do neither hastily nor unadvisedly.

7. If any proposal is ever made to you, in which you hesitate how to act, first say to yourself—how would God have me to act? Secondly—what would my parents have me to do, if they were here to advise me?

8. Never lose sight of this: that the more public my name, character, and ministry is become, the more eyes and ears are turned to my children's conduct; they are expected, in knowledge and circumspection, in religion and morals, in opinions and habits, to show where they have been educated; and to adorn, not only their Christian profession, but their parents' principles.

9. In music, prefer serious to light compositions: and in vocal, keep close to sacred words.

10. Pray much for

"Your affectionate father,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

"P. S. I send you the following application of a sermon, from *Eph.* v. 15, 16:—

On circumspection of walk; redemption of time; and general transparency of character.

1. Adhere most scrupulously to truth; and labour to preserve the strictest integrity, simplicity and sincerity.

2. Engage in no pursuit in which you cannot look up unto God, and say, "Bless me in this, O my Father!"

3. Strive to be as kind, forbearing and forgiving as you can, both to friends and foes.

4. Never speak evil of any one, on any pretence whatever.

5. Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

6. Watch against irritation, positiveness, unkind speaking, and anger: study and promote love.

7. Mortify lusts, sensuality, and sloth.

8. Never allow others to speak well of you; nor especially yourself, to say or think any thing of yourself, but as poorly done. Keep down *pride;* let it not be indulged for a moment, and watch against it.

9. Shut out evil imaginations, and angry thoughts.

10. Let it be your *sole* business here to prepare for eternity. Consider every moment of time in that view.

11. Remember that you have to contend with a legion of devils—a heart full of deceit and iniquity, and a world at enmity with God.

12 Pray you may ever rejoice in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the salvation of sinners: and labour in every way to promote these objects.

"Prayer is the only weapon which can slay your lusts, and keep your evidences bright. Cultivate prayer."

"To my Daughters:*

"With a heart full of affection, I sit down to express a few sentiments and intimations of my wishes, as connected with your conduct, in the course of any journey, or absence from home. I wish each of you to preserve a copy of it, my dear children, and often look at it; take it with you when from home, and keep it safe when at home.

"Independently of my anxious wishes for your secret, spiritual welfare, I have much to feel on my own account, in point of credit and character, as connected with your deportment, in every house and company into which I may introduce you. I have not a doubt of your general affectionate wish to speak and act right; but, inexperience, youth, thoughtlessness, and want of more acquaintance with the world carnal, and the world religious, may easily occasion inconsistencies and errors which might be injurious to your own, as well as to my comfort and credit.

*With great pleasure, we call the *special* attention of both parents and children, to the judicious, valuable, and Christian advice, contained in this letter to his daughters.—A. E.

Accept, therefore, a father's blessings and prayers, with a father's chapter of admonitions and explanations.

"You are not unaware, that my name and character have acquired much publicity,—that I avowedly belong to a class of Christian ministers, who profess, for Christ's and their souls' sakes, to be separate from the world—to maintain purer and more distinct views of the Scripture doctrine—and to be willing to spend and be spent in behalf of the truth, as it is in Jesus. I am, therefore, supposed not only to maintain a consistent separation from the follies and vices of the world, its pomps and vanities, but to aim at so ruling and guiding my household, that my principles may shine forth in their conduct. Any want of correctness, consistency, faithfulness, and propriety in them, will always attach a mixture of censure, surprise, and concern, as it regards me. The friends of religion will grieve, and those who are otherwise will rejoice, if you could be drawn into compliances, and expressions of sentiment, at variance with your father's; always, therefore, keep in remembrance, whether you are in company with decidedly religious and consistent Christians, or with those who are only partially so, or with those who are not so, (unhappily) at all,—that you have not only your own peace of conscience to maintain, but the estimation and honour of your parent also.*

"Many temptations will occur, to induce you to yield and conform to habits and principles, the very reverse of those which you hear me supporting, both in the pulpit and the parlour. Be not ashamed of firmly, though modestly, in such cases, resisting them. State what mine and your principles are, and heed not the momentary un-

* Should any one think, there is too prominent a regard expressed for his own reputation, in the advice and admonition he gives his children, let such an objector compare Mr. Richmond's feelings with those of the apostle, in adverting to the conduct of his spiritual children:—"Lest, when I come again, my God, will *humble* me amongst you, and that I should bewail many who have sinned already," &c. 2 *Cor.* xii. 21.

pleasantness of appearing singular, when conscience and duty require it. You may easily say, 'My father does not approve of such and such things, neither can I.' No person, whose estimation is worth having, will think the worse of you, for such instances of mild, but decisive firmness; and, without it, I should be disgraced.

"All descriptions of public amusements, novels, popular amorous poems, plays, songs, vanities, and finery, and all the sad tribe of poisonous and dangerous pursuits, should be regulated by this principle; and O, that your own simplicity and love to Christ, may never give way to one sad influence of false sentiment, even amongst those whom, on other accounts, we may esteem and regard. The half-religious are often more dangerous than those who are less so; because, we are more on our guard in the latter case than the former. The great number of instances in which I have seen the young people of religious families deeply injured in their spirits and habits, by much visiting with persons of different views and customs from those of their own household, has made me, I confess, from pure motives of conscience and prudence, very averse to much of that sort of visiting in my own children's case, which I know to have been productive of bad consequences in others. And the difficulty of drawing the line has always appeared very great with my numerous friends and acquaintance. Still, I wish to make you happy in every reasonable way; and I am glad when I can give you the advantage of new scenes and company, when it is of the right sort. But, as in my journeys, extensive intercourse takes place, a great variety of characters will fall in your way; and I wish, for all your sakes, that you may be provided with sober, discreet, and religious cautions, that the natural ardour of youth may not lead you into unbecoming or sinful compliances. I know many families, and you know a few, where, perhaps, the parents are religious, but their young people are very imperfectly, if at all so; in such cases, you may, from equality of age, be thrown much more into the light, frivolous and objectionable con-

versation of the younger, instead of the more useful communications of the elders of the family. Here, often, there is danger; ever prefer and choose those, of whatever age, in whom you think you discover a holy, serious, benevolent, consistent way of acting and speaking.

"A young professor of religion has not, in most instances, so difficult a task to sustain, when in conversation with those of a decidedly religious deportment, as with worldly persons, and those who can scarcely be ranked as consistently serious, although often to be met with in religious parties. If, however, your conscience be correct, you will see more and more the duty of acting and speaking aright, and you must ever pray for grace to direct and govern you. Difficulties and dangers of this kind, greatly multiply when those who, from relationship and family regard, stand very near to natural love and affection, are, nevertheless, in great measure, strangers to the power of true religion, and, therefore, mingle with the world wholly, pursue its pleasures, and support its customs. I intreat you to be much on your guard in all such cases. Decays in religious feeling and conduct, continually arise from this source, and endanger the temporal, spiritual, and eternal welfare of many a hopeful family.

"I am frequently placed in situations myself, where I find it very difficult to satisfy my conscience that I am doing right, among people and families where real religion has little or no part in their ways and conversation. In trying to be kind, attentive, and too compliant, perhaps, to *their* habits, I feel that I am in great danger of strengthening them in evil, and always of injuring my own consistency as a Christian.

"I will now add some remarks, placed under select heads, which may make them more conspicuous, and better remembered: and may God render them useful to you! Keep them constantly with you, and let them be always read over, at least, once a week.

AMUSEMENTS.

Plays, balls, public concerts, cards, private dances, &c. &c.

Serious, consistent Christians must be against these things, because the dangerous spirit of the world and the flesh is in them all: they are the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," so solemnly renounced at baptism. To be conformed to these seductive and more than frivolous scenes, is to be conformed to this world, or to be opposed to the character and precepts of Christ. They that see no harm in these things are spiritually blind; and they who will not hear admonition against them are spiritually deaf. Shun, my girls, the pleasures of sin, and seek those which are at God's right hand for evermore. You *cannot* love *both*.

Blessed be God, you have been kept far from those, who make such recreations their idols to wean their hearts from God Never in any conversation, speak lightly or triflingly of these subjects, as if you had not imbibed proper sentiments concerning them. Ever preserve the consistency of your parental house and principles.

BOOKS.

Characters are speedily discerned by their choice of books.—Novels in prose, I need not now forbid; ignorant as you are of their bad tendency by experience, you, I am persuaded, trust me on that head, and will never sacrifice time, affection, or attention to them. But beware of novels in *verse*. Poets are more dangerous than prose writers, when their principles are bad. Were Lord B—— no better poet than he is a man, he might have done little harm; but when a bad man is a good poet, and makes his good poetry the vehicle of his bad sentiments, he does mischief by wholesale. Do not be ashamed of having never read the fashionable poem of the day. A Christian has no time, and should have no inclination for any reading that has no real tendency to improve the heart. The finest rule I ever met with in regard to the choice of books, is

this:—"Books are good or bad in their effects, as they make us relish the word of God, the *more* or the *less*, after we have read them." There are too many valuable books on a variety of subjects, which ought to be read, to allow of time to be dedicated to unworthy and useless ones.

MUSIC.

Shun all the wretched folly and corruption of light, silly, and amorous songs, on the same principle that you would shun books of the same nature. Sacred music is the true refuge of the Christian musician. I wish your ears, your hearts, and your tongues were oftener tuned to such melodies. The playhouse, the opera, and the concert-room have deluged the world with the abuses of the heavenly art of music. Music was designed to lead the soul to heaven, but the corruption of man has greatly perverted the merciful intention. Do not you belong to such perverters, nor seem to take pleasure in those who do.

DRESS.

Aim at great neatness and simplicity. Shun finery and show.

Be not in haste to follow new fashions.

Remember, that with regard to dress, Christians ought to be decidedly plainer, and less showy than the people of the world. I wish it to be said of the females of my house, "with what evident and becoming simplicity are the daughters of Simplex* attired."

BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

Be cheerful, but not gigglers.

Be serious, but not dull.

Be communicative, but not forward.

Be kind, but not servile.

In every company, support your own and your father's principles by cautious consistency.

* Mr. Richmond's signature in the 'Christian Guardian.'

Beware of silly thoughtless speeches: although you may forget them, others will not.

Remember God's eye is in every place, and his ear in every company.

Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path—grace is needful here; ask for it; you know where.

JOURNEYINGS.

Cultivate knowledge as you travel:—

History, antiquities,—in cities, towns, churches, castles, ruins, &c.

Natural history,—in plants, earths, stones, minerals, animals, &c.

Picturesque taste,—in landscape scenery and all its boundless combinations.

Cultivate good-humoured contentment, in all the little inconveniences incident to inns, roads, weather, &c.

Cultivate a deep and grateful sense of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, in creation and providence, as successively presented to your notice from place to place.

Keep diaries and memoranda of daily events, places, persons, objects, conversations, sermons, public meetings, beauties, wonders, and mercies, as you travel. Be minute and faithful.

Ask many questions of such as can afford useful information as to what you see.

Write your diary daily;—delays are very prejudicial. You owe a diary to yourself, to your friends left at home, and to your father, who gives you the pleasure and profit of the journey.

PRAYER.

Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated periods, but every where, and at all times, and in all companies. This is your best preservative against error, weakness, and sin.

Always think yourselves in the midst of temptations; and never more so, than when most pleased with outward objects and intercourse.

Pray and watch; for if the spirit be willing, yet the flesh is deplorably weak.

RELIGION.

Keep ever in mind, that, for your own sake and for my sake, you have a religious profession to sustain; and this both in serious and worldly company. Be firm and consistent in them both. Many eyes and ears are open, to observe what my children say and do, and will be, wherever we go. Pray to be preserved from errors, follies, and offences, which bring an evil name upon the ways of God. You may sometimes hear ridicule, prejudice, and censure assail the friends of true religion—it ever was, and will be so: "but blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Be not ashamed of Christ here, and he will not be ashamed of you hereafter.

Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversible; and do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

Ever show the interest which you take in the subjects of schools for the poor, the distribution of tracts, the Bible and Missionary Societies, and all those important topics which so deeply occupy the people of God: and when you can find a congenial friend, talk of heaven and eternity, and your soul and your Saviour. This will be as a shield to your head and your heart.

ESTIMATE OF CHARACTERS.

Look first for grace. Do not disesteem good people on account of their foibles, or deficiencies in matters of little importance. Gold unpolished, is far more valuable than the brightest brass. Never form unfavourable opinions of religious people hastily,—"Charity hopeth all things." Prize those families where you find constant family prayer; and suspect evil and danger, where it is avowedly unknown and unpractised. Always remember the astonishing difference between the true followers of Jesus, and the yet unconverted world, and prize them accordingly, whatever be their rank in society.

Gentility and piety form a happy union; but poverty and piety are quite as acceptable in the eyes of God,—and so they ought to be in ours. Not only are the poor far more in actual number than the rich, but experience proves that the proportionate number of the truly serious among the poor is much greater than the corresponding proportion of numbers among the rich. Take 1000 poor and 100 rich; you will probably find ten of the latter serious: but 200 of the former shall be so at the same time.

Beware of critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself. Consider every opportunity of hearing as a message sent you from heaven. For all the sermons you have heard, you will have to render an account at the last day.

PARENTS.

Seek to make them happy in *you*.

If you perceive that any thing in your ways makes them otherwise, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it: and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you *love* them, keep their commandments; otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little: trust them therefore, when they

differ from you and refuse compliance with your desires,—they watch over you for God, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents by misconduct, bad tempers, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.

"I shall add no more at present, than that I am

"Your affectionate father,

L. RICHMOND."

CHAPTER X.

Publication of his Tracts,—Review of them,—Their great popularity and extensive circulation, &c.—American editions,—Remarks on the subject,—Mr. Richmond's connexion with the Tract Society.

DURING Mr. Richmond's residence in the Isle of Wight, some interesting events occurred, connected with his ministry, which he first made known to the public through the medium of the 'Christian Guardian.' These communications having excited much attention, he was afterward induced to publish them in the form of tracts, of which the first that made its appearance was "the Dairyman's Daughter." "The Negro Servant," and "the Young Cottager, or Little Jane," successively followed: and finally, in the year 1814, they were united into one volume, under the title of "Annals of the Poor" with the following appropriate motto, from Gray:—

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

His "Dairyman's Daughter" rapidly acquired an unexampled celebrity. It was read with an avidity that required

successive editions to satisfy the demands of the public, and soon became the most popular tract of the day. The author, from the generous motive of ensuring to it a more extended usefulness, was induced to present it to the Religious Tract Society, by whom it was immediately translated into the French and Italian languages. The writer of this Memoir well remembers a circumstance connected with this celebrated tract, which he will here mention. He was taken by Mr. Richmond, in the year 1811, to attend a committee meeting of the Tract Society, when one of the members rose up, and observed that as he came with the full intention of submitting to them the motion in his hand, he hoped he should not violate the delicacy of its author, by proposing, that the tract of "the Dairyman's Daughter," the merit of which had been so generally recognised, should be translated into the German, Swedish and Danish languages. Another member then rose and said, that he trusted he should be excused for adding an amendment to the motion, by recommending that the above tract be translated *into all the European languages, as far as means and opportunities might occur for that purpose.* The resolution was unanimously carried in this amended form. The tract has since been translated into most of the Continental languages. It has also obtained a wide circulation in America: the Old and the New World have alike stamped it with the seal of popular approbation. At home, several editions of 20,000 copies each were printed within a very short period, and the copies which have been circulated in the English language alone, to the present time, are supposed to have been between one and two millions.* It has found its way to the palaces of kings,†

* Of this tract the American Society have within three years published *sixty thousand* copies, and it is estimated that not less than *one hundred and forty thousand copies* of this tract have been printed in the United States. A. E.

† A copy was presented by the Rev. Mr. Paterson to the late Emperor of Russia, the circumstances of which we shall soon mention.

and been seen in the hut of the Indian.* Its author was informed of thirty instances in which it was acknowledged to have been instrumental to the conversion of its readers, of whom one was a female convict at Botany Bay. The last instance of its usefulness was communicated to him only within twenty-four hours of his decease; and from its peculiarity deserves to be mentioned.

A clergyman, who had conceived a violent antipathy against the Religious Tract Society and all its publications, was induced to select 'the Dairyman's Daughter,' for the purpose of criticising and exposing its defects. In the perusal of it he was, however, so arrested by the interest of the story, and so penetrated by the power of the religious truths it contained, that the pen of criticism dropped from his hand, prejudice was charmed into admiration, and he was added, as another trophy of that grace which had shone so brightly in the life and death of the Dairyman's Daughter.

After what we have stated, we may justly inquire, to what are we to attribute the great popularity of this tract?

No doubt, the happy union of interest and simplicity in the story, the graces of its style, and the beautiful imagery of its descriptions, have rendered it attractive to every reader; but the stamp of truth and reality which marks its details, and the expression of feelings which find a response in every awakened mind, constitute its principal charm. It is needless, however, to prove the excellence of a tract, of which four millions of copies have been circulated in the nineteen languages into which it has been translated; or to adduce testimonies to their usefulness, which have been already printed in almost every report of the Tract Society, in addition to numerous instances privately received by Mr.

* A copy was seen by a traveller in the hut of a North American Indian.

Richmond, and which are frequently alluded to in his letters.*

A suspicion has been expressed by some, as to the entire genuineness of the tract of the Dairyman's Daughter, arising from an idea that the language and sentiments of her letters were far beyond the capacity of persons in that situation of life. The writer of this Memoir once entertained the same doubt; and as it tended greatly to diminish the interest and profit which he would otherwise have found in the perusal of the tract, he some years ago ventured to express his feelings to Mr. Richmond, who, in consequence, produced some of her letters, which were carefully examined; and the result was, that no alteration was found to have been made, except the correction of the spelling, and the occasional change of a single word, for one which better expressed her meaning.

In further confirmation of the genuine character of these interesting narratives, we lay before the reader a letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Fry, by a highly respectable gentleman, who was connected for many years with Mr. Richmond as a friend and parishioner.

"*Turvey Abbey, Feb.* 21, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"The conversation we had together the other day, respecting the interesting tract called 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' induced me to request a sight of the original letters.

"I own that I could not dismiss from my mind, when I formerly read the tract, that our friend had improved the young woman's letters according to his own amiable and pious feelings, and it was not without pleasure and surprise I found, on the perusal of the originals, that they were in every respect as he had given them: with the exception of

* Copious extracts from his tracts were here inserted, but are now omitted, because of their very general circulation in this country. A. E.

the bad spelling, and the unnecessary use of capital letters, which he had corrected, and a word which was here and there added or omitted, to make the young woman's meaning more plain and intelligible. This latter alteration, however, of rare occurrence, and such as was not only allowable, but necessary.

"I think it would be advisable to advert to this circumstance in Mr. Richmond's Memoir, as it is possible that others may labour under the same mistake with myself.

"I trust the mention of the defect of her letters will not weaken the effect of the young woman's sincere piety, as she herself frequently lamented her want of ability to write and spell correctly.

"I am, my dear Sir,
"Yours very sincerely,
"JOHN HIGGINS."

As to the *facts* of the story, the writer is able to offer a very satisfactory proof of their correctness. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, one of the estimable secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, visited the spot, in company with another friend, where this interesting young woman formerly resided, and interrogated the brother (who had read the tract,) whether the circumstances of the story were precisely the same as they are there related? To this he replied, there was only one fact that was misrepresented. Being asked, with some degree of anxiety, what that fact was, he observed, that Mr. Richmond had described a *vine trained near the side of the window, whereas, it was not a vine, but an apple-tree.* If historic truth had never been more seriously violated than in this instance, the credibility of facts would seldom have been impeached. Seven cities would not have contended for the honour of Homer's birth. The Trojan war would not have been the subject of a grave literary discussion; nor would the supposed antiquity of the Chinese empire have furnished the infidel wits of France with an occasion to question the authority of the Mosaic statement.

We have thought it important to adduce these testimonies to the character of Mr. Richmond's tracts, being aware of a disposition in the minds of some to identify them with a class of publications which profess to convey religious truth under the garb of fiction. We do not mean to discuss the propriety of such a vehicle of instruction; but we wish to distinguish these publications from the writings of our friend, who sought his materials, not in the regions of fancy, but in the less questionable sources of fact and reality. We consider Mr. Richmond to have been excelled by no writer in this species of composition. To a style simple, elegant, and full of pathos, he united a spirit of Christian love, which transfused its sweetness into every thought and expression; and his imagination, rich and powerful, being purified by "a live coal from the altar," was consecrated in all its varied exercises, to the glory of God and the true interests of man. While, if his fancy sparkled with the beautiful tints of the rainbow, it was only to fix the gaze of the admirer on the heavenly world.

We cannot conclude these remarks without adverting to two editions of the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' published in America; the one by the Philadelphia Sunday and Adult School Union, and the other by the New England Tract Society, at Boston.

On comparing these editions with the English copies of the same work, we were surprised to find numerous instances of omission or alteration. The American editions differ from each other, as well as from the English tract. Surely an author and the public have a right to expect from an editor a faithful adherence to the original; or, at least, that he should apprise the reader of alterations, and assign a reason for making them. But, in the instance before us, the foreign tracts, though they bear the name of Mr. Richmond, are far from being his own work. The first letter of the Dairyman's daughter, which contains her religious principles, is wholly omitted; the interesting fact relating to the burial service, is suppressed; no less than nineteen pages of the narrative are removed; and, in

short, there are so many omissions, transpositions, and alterations, that the reader would, with difficulty, recognise the real features of the character of the pious daughter of the Dairyman. We cannot but complain of this gross mutilation of our friend's interesting memoir, as an imposition on the reader, and an injustice to the author's reputation.

Without intending to impugn the integrity of our American brethren, or to assign motives for their conduct, we must express our regret; considering, as we do, such interpolations and false presentments, to be both injurious to the memory of an author, a misrepresentation of his principles, and an interference with his design, by no means consistent with fair and honourable feeling; and we cannot but hope, that the evil complained of, will be corrected in subsequent editions. The justness of these remarks must plead our excuse, (if any be needful,) for their introduction in this place.*

*Concerning the two editions of which the biographer complains, we know nothing. We have, however, been led carefully to compare the Dairyman's Daughter, as published by the American Tract Society, with two editions published by the London Religious Tract Society, of which Mr. Richmond was a Secretary;—and we are happy in being able to assure the public, that there is no cause of complaint against that edition. It is, indeed, an abridgment; but so careful have the committee been, that in no instance is there an alteration in the language, which at all affects either the style or sentiments of the author. The alterations are such as were unavoidable in connecting paragraphs and preserving the unity of the narrative. The omissions are principally descriptions of natural scenery, and the reflections of Mr. R. The narrative is entirely preserved. The fact relative to the burial service, is inserted in page 7. The letter, containing the religious principles of the Dairyman's Daughter, is omitted, as the same sentiments are fully set forth in the conversations recorded in the narrative. To have published the whole, would have made a tract of 50 or 60 pages—would have greatly increased the expense, and, consequently, greatly limited its circulation. Before the publication of the tract in its present form, it was approved by a committee of five clergymen, of different denominations. Of this committee, the Rev. Dr. Milnor represents the Episcopalian in erest.

"A very useful method," says Archbishop Secker, "of spreading the knowledge of religion, is by distributing, or procuring to be distributed, such pious books, especially to the poorer sort, as are best suited to their capacities and circumstances. Much good may be done in this way, to considerable numbers at once, in a more acceptable manner, for a trifling expense."

With similar views and sentiments to those expressed by the venerable Archbishop, a number of pious persons, more than twenty years ago, formed an association, which they called "The Religious Tract Society" Publications like those of Mr. Richmond, could not fail to attract the notice of such an institution: and his well-known liberality, together with the high estimation in which his character was held, induced the committee of that society to make proposals to him, of becoming one of their secretaries. At that time, the institution had no church-representative, though the committee was composed of persons of all denominations. The secretaries were, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, and the Rev. Dr. Steinkopf, well known from their connexion with the British and Foreign Bible Society. By the accession of Mr. Richmond, it was justly expected that the society would derive increased wisdom in its councils, and vigour and unity in its operations. The editor well remembers the circumstances of this application, and the reasons which induced Mr. Richmond to ac-

We have, also, compared it with the edition of the Dairyman's Daughter, published by the Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, of New-York; and, we find this latter tract still more abridged and altered, than is the edition of the American Tract Society.

It is proper to add, that the two editions of the London Society differ very much from each other, both as to language and matter. If Mr. Grinshawe compared the American editions with the edition published by the London Society, he would see cause of complaint. But if, on the other hand, he should compare them with the London edition, of 1812, from which they were republished, he would rather admire the candour with which they were abridged, and the very strict regard which was paid to the language of the author.—Am. Ed.

cept the secretaryship. It was an offer which required serious deliberation. On the one hand, Mr. Richmond considered that a strong prejudice was known to exist against the society, not only among the enemies of true piety, but also among some of its friends. It was supposed to consist almost exclusively of Dissenters, and its tracts were regarded with jealousy and suspicion. To accept this offer, he feared, might identify him with dissent (though he was ever warmly attached to the doctrines and discipline of his own church,) and might endanger his usefulness in the legitimate field of his labours. On the other hand, he recognised in the institution many claims to his regard. Its object was the same which lay near to his own heart,—the circulation of tracts, and the revival of the doctrines of the Reformation He saw in the connexion, an opportunity of extending his usefulness; and certain pledges and securities seemed all that was wanting, to allow of the co-operation of a conscientious churchman. He thought, that under the sanction of a sufficient guarantee against the introduction of peculiarities, there was no just reason for his refusal of the office proposed to him; and that by his acceptance of the secretaryship, he might even promote the interests of his own church by preventing the circulation of tracts hostile to her opinions; as well as advance the common cause of true religion. The required guarantee was given: Mr. Richmond accepted the proposal of the Tract Society; and, from that period to the day of his death, he had no reason to complain that the engagement was violated in a single instance.

Mr. Richmond's decision may give occasion to a difference of opinion. By some he may be censured,—by most persons his conduct will be approved and admired. Those who consider a union with Dissenters, under any circumstances, as a virtual surrender of principle, and a violation of ecclesiastical discipline, will condemn his connexion with the Tract Society; but we have never been convinced that a union on common ground with any part of the family of Christ, is an act of treason against our own church. The

union requires not a surrender of *principle*, but of *prejudice*: it requires no compromise of forms,—but it does require a just estimation of the essential truths of salvation. We confess it has ever appeared to us a strange inconsistency, that the most violent opponents to the union of true Christians, upon common principles, should themselves have united with Lutherans, and employed them as their agents to plant churches, and disseminate religious knowledge, and that for a long period of time, though, in discipline wholly, and partly in doctrine, those agents differ from their own establishment.

From this vindication of our friend, we turn to the important results of the Tract Society. Every part of the globe has been the scene of its operations; and from every part of the globe the most pleasing testimonies of approbation and usefulness have been received. Bishops and archbishops, emperors and kings, ministers of the Reformed, and even of the Roman Catholic church, have been loud in its praises. We regret that the limits of this Memoir will not allow us to insert numerous interesting proofs of the Divine favour, attendant on the publications of the Society. We must refer the reader to the summary of proceedings for the last twenty years, published in one volume, by the Tract Society, and which contains a most satisfactory vindication of the character of the tracts, and the design of the institution.

We have purposely omitted numerous testimonies to the usefulness of Mr. Richmond's tracts, received from almost every part of Great Britain, as well as from many foreign countries (so numerous indeed that they would fill several chapters,) lest we should seem to depart from that Christian modesty so conspicuous in the character of their author. We hope the candid reader will pardon what the warmth of our affection has dictated; and the more readily, when he remembers that all that we have said of the man, magnifies the grace of God which was in him, and wrought effectually by him.

CHAPTER XI.

Made chaplain to the Duke of Kent,—Mrs. Richmond's illness,—New school-room,—Report of his son's death,—Embarrassment on account of "the Fathers of the English Church,"—Interview with the Emperor of Russia,—Letters to and from his Imperial Majesty,—Princess Metstchersky,—Letters to Mrs. Livius,—Verses written on the marriage of a friend's daughter.

Among the distinguished characters who gave the sanction of their rank and influence to the public institutions of our country, his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent is pre-eminently entitled to our grateful remembrance. Every religious and benevolent undertaking found in him a powerful friend and patron. He was the avowed advocate of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He was the patron also of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. He usually attended, and took the chair, at the anniversaries of the numerous public charities in the city of London; on which occasions Mr. Richmond often met his Royal Highness, and by the intervention of a common friend, became one of his chaplains.

In the discharge of his functions, Mr. Richmond was frequently required to officiate at the palace. On one of these occasions, the Duke and Duchess and their retinue were all present. His Royal Highness heard Mr. Richmond's sermon with profound attention; and when the service was concluded, he was pleased to express his approbation of the impressive, scriptural, and faithful truths he had heard; adding, that he fully concurred in their importance, and wished to feel their influence. At the same time he inquired how he had attained so remarkable a fluency in the expression of his ideas; and asked whether his discourse

had been committed to memory. Mr. Richmond replied in the negative ; and said that he usually committed to paper a few leading heads of his subject, but he modestly ascribed his ready utterance to the effect of habit. His Royal Highness expressed a hope that he would preach at the palace whenever he came to town ; and added, "you must converse, Sir. with the Duchess on these subjects, for she understands them far better than I do."

On the evening of that day, Mr. Richmond received a polite request from the Duke of Kent, that he would send him the notes from which he had preached in the morning. A discussion had taken place at the palace, on the subject of Mr. Richmond's extempore preaching ; and it had been said, that no man could preach so accurately, as well as fluently, without large and copious notes.

The notes, on inspection, were found to occupy a very small space ; and we mention this little anecdote as another proof of that talent in extempore preaching for which he was remarkable.

Mr. Richmond continued to be honoured with the uniform marks of his Royal Highness's esteem and regard. And when that solemn event occurred, which was mourned by the nation at large, and by the friends of religion and humanity in particular, Mr. Richmond was one of those who followed his royal patron to the grave. There, as well as in various parts of the kingdom, where his public exertions called him, he heard many a testimony to the virtues, the zeal and benevolence of this beloved and venerated prince. Testimonies like these are instructive to the living, while they are honourable to the dead. They prove that, in this country, whenever exalted rank is adorned with corresponding virtues, and consecrated to high and noble ends, it never fails to obtain the best of all kinds of homage—the homage of the heart.

About this time, Mr. Richmond was visited with a domestic event which threatened the most distressing consequences. Mrs. Richmond, after having given birth to

another child, and being apparently recovered from the effects of her confinement, was attacked by a dangerous illness, occasioned, as was supposed, by a severe cold. The symptoms became very alarming, a high fever followed, and after the utmost exertion of medical skill, and the most unremitting attention, her recovery was declared to be hopeless.

The suddenness of this shock to the feelings of Mr. Richmond, who had long known her value, both as a wife and a mother, and the tender age of most of his children, gave to this dispensation the poignancy of the severest trial. Never can the writer forget the impressions made on his own mind at that period. In the expectation of her immediate dissolution, she had taken leave of all the members of her family. A very few of their more intimate friends were permitted to see her on this occasion, and he was included in the number. On entering the room with another endeared friend, to pay this mournful visit, he was surprised to see an expression of joyful feeling on the countenance of the wife, and a calm and delightful serenity depicted on that of the husband. He could not help exclaiming,—Is this the chamber of death? Death was so stripped of its terrors, and religion so surrounded with all its consolations, that the place looked more like the portals of heaven, than the gloomy vestibule of the tomb. The triumph of faith in the dying wife seemed to support the otherwise afflicted husband; and to impart to him a corresponding elevation of feeling. He forgot for the moment his own sorrows in her joys; his own loss in her gain; and did not wish to arrest her expected flight to the world of happy spirits, or indulge his grief, while she was rejoicing in the mercies of redeeming love.

If this conduct of Mr Richmond should excite surprise in any of our readers, let it be remembered that he was in the habit of estimating every thing by its reference to eternity; and that tenderly as he was attached to his wife, and sensible of the importance of her life to himself and to his

children, still the consciousness of her assured happiness was evidently the absorbing feeling of his mind at that time. God also gives extraordinary support under extraordinary trials. "A martyr's grace in a martyr's sufferings."

"There is a time for all things" Nature and grace have their feelings, and there is a season for the lawful expression of both. The removal of the wife would doubtless have filled with the greatest sorrow that heart which now exulted in her triumphant prospects. The husband would weep, while the Christian rejoiced "with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

It will be well while we contemplate the triumph of faith and hope in others, that we should inquire what would be our feelings in the hour of death, and under the pressure of affliction. Reader! does death present the appalling image of a dread eternity to your mind, or does faith open to your view the prospect of a glorious immortality? Time hurries on its rapid course. Sorrow, or joy, the cry of terror, or the song of victory, must sooner or later be the portion of every child of Adam. Be yours the triumphant song—"thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The affectionate sympathy of Mr. Richmond's parishioners at this trying season, deserves to be mentioned. The most fervent prayers had been offered up daily for the recovery of Mrs. Richmond; those prayers were heard. Contrary to all human expectation, the symptoms of the disorder abated, and her life was spared. It seemed as if she had entered into the valley of the shadow of death—explored all its secret recesses—penetrated to its utmost confines, and seen the light which could alone dispel all its darkness; and then, led by the hand of Him who says, "I kill, and I make alive: I wound, and I heal;" she once more returned to the days of her pilgrimage, and survived to follow to the grave the husband who, thirteen years before, had resigned her to the mercy of his God.

The following letter alludes to the circumstances above described.

"My dearest Friend,

"A hasty line must tell you that my dear wife has been dangerously ill. On Saturday, her end appeared at hand, but she has since revived, and we entertain hope.

"I never witnessed such a triumph of grace; it has shone more bright than tenderest hope could have expected. Jesus bore her through the most painful and affecting scene more than triumphantly. Among other (as it then appeared, dying) requests, she desired that one of the little boy's names (the child whose birth has occasioned so much danger) should be a memorial of that disinterested, affectionate, and highly valued kindness which a *friend indeed* once showed her and hers in a time of need: that name will be *Pellatt*. She breathed a most grateful message to you at the same time. Her manner of taking leave of me and our eight children around her bed, was more striking than you can conceive, or I can describe.

"Pray for us, and give a line to

"Your grateful friend,

"Legh Richmond."

Mr. Richmond ever considered the education of the young as forming one very important part of his ministerial duties. His heart was much in this work, and he was singularly blessed in it. He diligently fed the lambs of his flock; and the first-fruits of his ministry at the Isle of Wight and at Turvey, were found among them.

At Turvey he had been accustomed to assemble the children of the parish in a room taken out of a barn adjoining the rectory, but which was too small to accommodate the numbers that attended. Hitherto the instruction had been confined to the Sunday. Mr. Richmond felt anxious to afford the children the additional advantage of week-day lessons in reading, writing and arithmetic, on the national plan. With this view he determined to erect a school-

house ; a piece of ground in the centre of the village was given for the purpose, by John Higgins, Esq., and the object was ultimately accomplished, by the contributions of numerous friends.

We here insert a letter on this subject, written by Mr. Richmond to Thomas Pellatt, Esq.

" My dear Friend,

" It is common in this vicinity, when any person is subject to epileptic fits, that they go about from house to house, begging for a piece of silver money at each. When they have obtained as many sixpences and shillings (the more they apprehend, the better,) they get them all melted down into one amalgamated thumb-ring : this charm they wear, and they fancy it cures their fits. This may or may not be wise ; but I have also my sort of fit, and that is, the building and carrying on a pastoral school, under my own care and labour for *all* the poor children of my parish, without exception ; and local resources being inadequate, I beg about for precious metal, to be amalgamated into a ring of personal friendship and general benevolence, for the support of my school : not that I expect to be cured myself of my fit of anxiety for the poor's sake, but that I do hope for the cure of much sin and ignorance in their hearts, lives, and houses, through God's blessing on this union of charitable aid.

" Having said thus much, do you feel it right to give my poor children either a donation, or annual subscription, or both, or neither ? Your name is already incorporated, not only with my heart, but with my child. It would gratify me to record it in my parochial book also. But be assured, that if you refuse me (and pray do so without reserve, if you see good reason for it,) I shall ascribe your non-compliance solely to the purest motives. My school, both in its erection and continuance is, and will be, a monument of personal esteem to me, and of charity to my poor children.

" Your faithful friend,

" LEGH RICHMOND."

The fidelity of detail which we have prescribed to ourselves in the execution of the present Memoir, compels us to advert to a subject of peculiar delicacy. Though it was the object of Mr. Richmond to train up his family, from their earliest youth, in those principles which he himself professed and adorned; circumstances of a painful nature occurred in the conduct of his eldest son. It cannot fail to afflict the mind of a pious parent, when he perceives no fruits from the seeds of piety, which he has been anxious to implant in the hearts of his children. Yet this is far from being an uncommon case; children do not always adopt the views, or walk in the steps of those who have gone before them; unhappily, examples are not wanting in pious families, of greater evils in the conduct of their children, than are generally found even among the worldly and the unbelieving. Such grievous disappointments may, perhaps, be traced in many instances to the neglect, the weakness, or the inconsistency of the parents, who are rebuked and chastised by the Almighty, in the iniquity of their offspring; yet in other cases, trials may be permitted, to exercise faith, deepen repentance, quicken diligence, and excite to more frequent and fervent supplications at a throne of grace. But whatever be the cause of these mournful dispensations, they certainly confirm the views and declarations of Scripture, respecting the awful condition of our fallen nature. They show that where the heart is not renewed by divine grace, the best instructions and the brightest examples are without effect.

Mr. Richmond used every means in the power of a Christian parent, to instruct his children, and to restrain their evil propensities. Neither solemn expostulations, nor tender entreaties, nor fervent prayers were wanting; but they were in this case apparently without effect. At length, discovering that his son, now sixteen years of age, evinced a decided predilection for a sea-faring life; (one of the last occupations in which he wished to see him engaged;) he conferred with a valued friend in the Transport Office, by

whose advice it was ultimately arranged that Nugent should embark in a merchant's vessel destined to Ceylon.

These circumstances deeply wounded Mr. Richmond's paternal feelings, and required the utmost exercise of his principles to support him under them. It was a disappointment of the keenest kind. This was his first-born son, and in the days of tender infancy he had fondly devoted him to be a minister of the sanctuary. But the plant was blighted in the bud. Yet he submitted with a confiding, though mournful spirit, to the will of God: he met his son at Deptford; urged whatever affection and duty could suggest; prayed *with* his child, and *for* his child; visited him again for the last time at Portsmouth, where the vessel had arrived; and having presented him with a Bible, which he conjured him carefully to peruse, he committed him to that God who had promised, "I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." (*Isa.* xliv. 3.) He saw the vessel proceed on her voyage with emotions better conceived than described, and lingered on the shore till its white sails were discernible no longer.

The name of the ship was the Arniston. The expected time of absence was two years. Mr. Richmond received letters from his son, during the voyage, as he arrived at Madeira, and afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope, in the month of September; and finally from Ceylon, dated at Columbo, which place he reached in January, 1815.

These letters expressed regret for his past conduct, and a hope that he might one day prove a consolation to his parents: other letters which he subsequently wrote were to the same effect.

About sixteen months afterward, Mr. Richmond read the afflicting account in the public prints that the Arniston, on its return from Ceylon to Europe had been lost in a dreadful gale of wind, near the Cape of Good Hope; and that it was feared every person on board had perished. Who can describe the feelings which, at that moment, rent the hearts of the unhappy parents? The intelligence was brought by a vessel from the Cape, which had heard the

report on its voyage homewards. Still, no official intelligence had reached this country. Mr. Richmond waited the result with the most painful anxiety. Information was at length received, that the vessel was wrecked near Cape Lagullas, and that every passenger on board had perished, with the exception of six persons, whose names were specified; in which number Mr. Richmond's son was not mentioned.

The whole family went into mourning; and the father sorrowed for his lost child with a sorrow unmitigated by the communication of any cheering circumstance as to the state of his mind, and his fitness for so sudden a change.

Three months afterward, a letter was delivered to Mr. Richmond in the hand-writing of the very son whom he mourned as dead, announcing that he was alive—that circumstances had prevented his setting sail in the Arniston, of whose fate he seemed to be unconscious; and communicating details of his present engagements and future prospects! The transition of feeling to which the receipt of this letter gave rise, produced an effect almost as overwhelming as that which the report of his death had occasioned. The family mourning was laid aside, and Mr. Richmond trusted he might recognize, in this signal interposition of Divine Providence, a ground for hope that his child's present deliverance was a pledge of that spiritual recovery, which was now alone wanting to fill up the measure of his gratitude and praise.

The following letters, written during the period of painful suspense, equally discover the heart of the parent, and the piety of the Christian.

"My dear Mary,

"On my return last night from the scenery of that perfect paradise, the district of the Lakes, I found your triple letter. With a heart responsive to your own, and whose happiness depends on yours I throw myself along with you at the footstool of grace and mercy, and say, Not my will,

but thine be done, O Lord! Be calm, be very calm, my love, and wait the Lord's will. It appears, doubtless, more probable that the commissioners of the Transport Office, and the ship owners, should know the fact, than others.

Mr. H. argues on that ground; and it is our wisdom to follow him, and pause. Perhaps the report is designed of God, to do us good: nay, can I doubt it? If it should prove true, the temporary check given to it has a lenient and merciful tendency, to prepare our minds for events; if false, it must call forth our gratitude, when it shall be proved so. It can be no subject of wonder to either you or me, that accidents may happen amidst the perils of the seas. I have ever felt it a duty to my own feelings, to look upon such as at all times probable; and so, I am persuaded, have you. After all that we have gone through on that trying subject, I hope we are prepared to view all its contingencies, as those who have experienced too much mercy from our God and Saviour, not to trust him in the darker and more mysterious providences with which he may see good to try us. I perfectly accord with you, in the most willing surrender of his life, if his soul be but safe: and if it has pleased God to remove him in this way, why should we wholly despair of answers to prayer? I have faith in that very prayer you offered up in May last for him, and in many others which you have sent forth to heaven in his behalf. Knowing nothing but what your letter affords me, I shall wait, and cast my burden on the Lord. Do you the same; and then we shall sweetly meet at the throne of Grace, in daily unity and blessed accord. I could never for an instant doubt that God had some designs of wisdom and love in the trials of last May; and I hope amongst them is a more calm, resigned, hopeful, and solid state of mind, as it concerns our son. I will, therefore, for the present, close the subject, with an earnest prayer, that you and I may mutually cast our care on Him who careth for us, who preserveth us daily, and crowneth our unworthiness with his mercies. He has a right to it, and we will

not rob him of the honour of keeping us as the apple of his eye. So he giveth his beloved rest. Amen.

"I will just observe, that, after much rainy weather, the Lord permitted me, and two highly valuable friends, Mr. R., and young Mr. W., of C.— Hall, to have three of the finest days that ever were seen, for our tour to the Lakes. I am lost in wonder and delight at the indescribable beauties of the scenery; no language can convey it,—I wept with emotion. My two religious friends enjoyed it with holy delight, and it has been a sweet season of grace to us all. Never can I depict the beauties and marvels of what I have seen. Never did I see the union of the God of creation and grace in such a point of view before. The expectations of thirty-six years are far more than realised, and I thank God they were sanctified. The Lord be praised for his kindness, and give us gratitude for all his mercies.

"To-morrow I preach at Lancaster; and leave on Wednesday, in my way to Mr. C., at Knaresborough; and so on to Leeds, by Saturday, 16th. As I go on in my pilgrimage, you shall hear from step to step. Remember the promise, 'Fear not, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' Love to the dear children, from

"Your affectionate

LEGH RICHMOND."

"My dear Mother,

"We thank you from our hearts, for all your kindness. We feel a calm resignation to the will of God in this new trial, and recognise evidences of his covenant love in the consolations which he vouchsafes us. Nature and memory will now and then be very busy, and we feel greatly. Then we think of the efficacy of prayer in connexion with promise, and Jesus reigns supreme. I doubt not that a veil is permitted to be thrown over the last nine months of poor dear Nugent's life, in order that faith and hope may have a ground for exercise. I am willing to believe, that, in addition to all others, the prayers of his apparently dying mother, a *fortnight* before the shipwreck, were too fervent

and spiritually effectual, not to avail much for her son. 'The promise is to you and your children, and to them that are afar off.'

"The people here once more assemble in crowds at prayer-meetings, for us: above 250 gathered together last night. Much sympathy prevails; and I trust God is making 'all things work together for the good of them that love him, and are called according to his purpose.' My dear wife exhibits all the grace and Christianity of last May, on the present occasion. She is incessantly occupied. She devotes four entire hours to the boys alone, independently of the three hours which they pass with Mr. Garrard. The remainder is appropriated to the other children and the household. She has high ideas of the duties both of a wife and mother, and seems to lay herself out for both, with a mixture of good sense and piety which I have never seen exceeded, seldom equalled. God gives her great strength of mind at present, although she often testifies debility of body and spirits. You may write to her without fear. I was prepared, by contradictory reports, for some weeks past, to meet the confirmation of this sad catastrophe, and so was my dear wife in a measure: but last Saturday morning, as we, and the three elder girls, were breakfasting at Mrs. Livius's at Bedford, the newspaper, containing the whole melancholy narrative, was taken up by my wife, and she instantly and suddenly saw the account. It was a trying hour, and we all melted. Friends in need are friends indeed, and among our greatest earthly mercies. Nobody but ourselves can rightly estimate this trial, because none else can know what we went through on that poor boy's account. Thank God, we cannot reproach ourselves —we did the best we could, from his birth. The Lord saw fit to try us, but it was all in wisdom and love. We dreaded his return to England, unless he was greatly changed: but who shall say that the great change was not wrought, through his own trials and sufferings, sanctified of God to his soul? Poor boy! when his watery grave appeared to be his immediate and only refuge, he must have thought of his poor pa-

rents, and needed a friend and counsellor. But I hope God was *better* to him than any earthly friend—and then, all is well, for him and us too. A thousand thoughts sometimes crowd into our minds, and make us weep. Then comes the kind Redeemer, and wipes away the tears from our eyes. 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

"Your affectionate son,
L. RICHMOND."

"My dear Friends,

"I expected to have the satisfaction of speaking to you this day from the pulpit, after a journey, during which I have seen much of the blessing of God, both in my public labours and my private intercourse;—but we know not what a day may bring forth! It has pleased him with whom are the issues of life and death, to bring me acquainted with the event of the death of my first-born child by shipwreck on the shores of Africa, on the 30th of May last. I know that I have many dear friends among you, who will feel for me under this trial, and make allowance for my state of mind, as not permitting me to come out this day. Nevertheless, I wish you to hear something of my thoughts, and to know how a covenant God and Saviour supports me under this bereavement. I have therefore, desired that you would gather together as many friends and neighbours as you can, for prayer. We feel most thankful to God, and to you, for your prayers, when my dear partner seemed to be dying; and believe that the Lord heard you. We think that he will hear you again, when you ask that *this* trial may be sanctified to us, and overruled to God's glory and the final comfort of many a soul.

"You are none of you ignorant that it pleased God to permit grievous exercises of mind to befall his parents, through some circumstances connected with the conduct of this now departed youth; and I believe that very many of you have felt much for us, before now, on this account. Yet we feel it to be a great mercy, that, making all neces-

sary allowances for human defects and failings, we cannot reproach ourselves with misconduct towards him. We did what we believed to be right and best for him, from his infancy: the precepts, the principles, the instructions, and the examples which we endeavoured to set before him, were, to the utmost of our power, according to the word of God, to the time of his leaving us. And then we were perfectly satisfied that God, in his providence, had opened the *best* and *only* possible way of avoiding greater evils, when he showed us and our child, that it was right and necessary he should choose a sea-life, as his appointed path. However contrary to our former wishes, we submitted to the will of God; and he very cheerfully set out on his voyage. The God who saw good that this should be his lot and portion, has forbidden his return home again; and our boy is gone the way of all flesh. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!' But here is our hope and consolation. Nearly eighteen years' prayers have been unceasingly offered up for the welfare of his soul, and I believe that none of those prayers were unavailing. Only a fortnight before the time at which he died, his mother was wrestling in earnest and believing prayer, for *his* soul to be reconciled to God. The Lord heard her for herself; and may we not hope that he who says, 'the promise is to you and to your children,' would hear her for *him* likewise? Moreover, *you* prayed earnestly for her and for him too; and the Lord heard you for her—why not for him likewise? All these things appear to the eye of my faith, as links in the chain of grace: and I do therefore hope, that, amidst the trials and wonders of the deep, faith and repentance might be granted to our poor boy, before he departed hence, and was no more seen. O parents! learn to pray for yourselves, and then you shall be heard for your children. We are most thankful to God. for enabling us to take this view of his covenant love, and to build hope on this Rock of ages.

"There are *some* persons, perhaps, in this town, who, if their consciences are not seared as with a red-hot iron, will,

when they hear of this youth's death, feel some conviction and sorrow; because they helped to lead and strengthen him in the ways of evil, and thereby to bring on the train of events which hurried him to his early grave. May God forgive *them*, as I do, and may they repent of their wickedness before it be too late. I commit his case, and their case, to Jesus Christ, satisfied that 'he doth all things well.'

"Some of you will remember him with affection, although you used to mourn over his errors. I sincerely hope you will yet meet him in a better world—where shall be neither sin nor sorrow, and where no acts of real kindness to your fellow-creatures will be forgotten.

"I have often called on you as missionary friends; and I hope I shall prevail on still more of you to help the cause of poor injured Africa.

"We seem to have now another strong feeling towards the shores of Africa. Poor Nugent lies buried there! and our missionary pennies and pounds are going to a country, which his father loves for the negro's and the Hottentot's sake, as well as because his son has there found a grave. May the living and the dead in Africa experience the blessing of the Lord!

"Grace, peace, and mercy be upon you all! I hope His presence will be with you, when you meet for prayer; and if (as may be probably the case,) some may not be with you the first time you hear this, call another meeting, and read this letter again; so that all may hear it who wish to do so. And believe me, with much Christian love, to be

"Your affectionate friend and minister,
LEGH RICHMOND."

We have already alluded to 'the Fathers of the English Church,' and to a respectable body of the clergy, at whose earnest entreaty, and on whose promise of support, Mr. Richmond undertook that important publication. At the same time, they submitted to his consideration, the propriety

of confining his selections from the writings of the Reformers, to four octavo volumes.

When our friend yielded to the wishes of his clerical brethren, among whom was the late Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, and Dr. Gilbee, the rector of Barby, in Northamptonshire, he considered the whole body of his advisers as responsible for the expenses, and pledged to carry him through the hazard of the undertaking: and with this idea, he announced the proposed work, under the sanction of a joint editorship. The selection was, however, left to his own discretion; and trusting too implicitly to the reputation and merits of the Reformers, and judging of the public mind by his own estimation of their writings, he extended the work to eight volumes. Admitting the value of his materials, we still question the propriety of increasing the size of the publication; not only because the risk was doubled, but also, because the purchase was rendered too expensive for the generality of theological readers. It was hardly to be expected that when even some works of taste had failed to excite much general interest, authors such as Cranmer, Ridley, Jewel, and other writers of polemical divinity, should easily overcome the indifference and prejudice of the age, so as to obtain a rapid and extended sale, when brought forth in eight large volumes. Besides which, the subjects of the second volume were displeasing to some good men, and hindered the sale, on account of their containing a higher standard of doctrine than was approved by many readers of the old divines: though it was allowed by all, that the editor had performed his office of selection with great fidelity; including the sentiments of all, and excluding none; mingling with them no comments of his own, but leaving the reader to the free and unfettered exercise of his judgment.

Worldly policy, however, was not one of the qualifications of the subject of this memoir: he was by no means fitted for transactions of a secular nature. None possessed more of the harmlessness of the dove—few had less of the cautious prudence of the serpent.

The sale of 'the Fathers' was insufficient to defray the expenses of publication; and in the summer of 1814, on a balance of accounts, it appeared that Mr. Richmond was indebted to his publisher in the sum of £2,000; and that he had no means of defraying this large amount, but by the stock in hand.

These pecuniary embarrassments lay heavy on the mind of Mr. Richmond, and deeply affected his spirits. His depression was observed by his friends; but it was not without difficulty he was prevailed on to disclose the cause. He was a man of most delicate feeling, and shrunk from the idea of calling on others for relief.

The knowledge of these facts, induced many of his friends to exert themselves in the sale of 'the Fathers;' and, by their exertions, in a few months the whole debt was discharged.

It is not intended, by the above remarks, to reflect on the parties with whom the work originated, or on the persons employed in its publication: yet it is but common justice to our much-esteemed friend, to explain to the world a transaction to which no small blame has been attached, yet in which nothing is to be regretted but the increased size of the work, and his want of knowledge in the business-part of its publication In the pecuniary transactions of life, Mr. Richmond preserved an undeviating rectitude. With an income never exceeding £400 or £500, till within a few years of his decease; and with a family of twelve children, to be maintained and educated, (with the exception of two who died in infancy,) it is much to his credit that he provided things honest in the sight of all men, 'owing no man any thing,' and depending only on his own resources. With respect to the difficulties arising from the publication of 'the Fathers,' he ever considered himself entitled to public sympathy and relief, having undertaken the work, not, indeed, with the security of legal instruments, yet with the implied engagement of an adequate support. Whether he was right in this supposition, we are not prepared to decide; however,

the purchaser of 'the Fathers' had his full equivalent, and no just blame can attach to the memory of our friend, for availing himself of the voluntary interference of the church of God in his behalf.

The following letter shows the strength of his faith, and his implicit reliance on the promises of God, amidst his difficulties.

"With the most affectionate love, regard, and estimation, my dearest Mary, I must expostulate with you, on this mistrustful and despondent view which you seem too willing to indulge. I may say, what has God done in his whole course of providential mercies for eighteen years, that we should not, to the fullest extent, trust Him with ourselves, our fortunes, and our children, for the time to come? Will mistrust of our only Provider and Protector, render us less likely to meet with trials? I am too deeply sensible, and grateful, also, for your conduct and feeling on the general subject of domestic matters, not to enter most heartily into them. But, as you have asked my advice on your state of mind, I do most earnestly conjure you to consider the genuine meaning of those texts—'Take no thought for the morrow;' and 'Be careful for nothing, but in *every thing* by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God,' &c. (*Phil.* iv. 6, 7.) See, also, 1 *Peter* v. 7; *Psa.* lv. 22; and many more. I am persuaded, that mistrust of God's providential care is a besetting sin of many of God's children, and hinders much of their peace, comfort, and usefulness. You are not justified, my dear Mary, in foreboding evil to yourself and your children. How many clergymen, with large families, have much fewer comforts, and worse prospects. God has blessed us too much in many points of view, to warrant such sad conclusions and gloomy doubts. Pray lay these things more unconditionally on the Lord, and He will infallibly prepare, strengthen, and support you, in every thing. What has He not done

to prove this? It is the joy of my heart to hope and think that your merciful restoration to me and mine, is to exemplify a lasting confidence in the wisdom, love, and power of that God, who so delightfully brought you through the greatest of all trials, in the valley of death, leaning on his rod and his staff. May God enable you to keep up my spirits as well as your own, by the belief that He who hath done, will also do all things well. It is my perfect persuasion, that by faith we are saved, in body as well as in soul. Therefore, with the minutest attention to every prudent and active means, yet, 'Only believe!' is the Christian's motto."

During the Emperor Alexander's visit to this country, Mr. Richmond had the gratification of meeting him at Portsmouth. Mr. Richmond had ascended a lofty tower, in the dock-yard, and from its summit was viewing, through a telescope, the surrounding objects, when his Imperial Majesty and *suite* unexpectedly came to the spot. Mr. Richmond offered to withdraw; but the Emperor would not consent, saying—"Perhaps, sir, you are acquainted with the points of view before us?" Mr. Richmond assured him, he well knew every spot in the neighbourhood; and, drawing out his telescope, directed the eye of the Emperor to the different objects worthy of notice. After a long and interesting conversation with his Majesty, before they separated, Mr. Richmond said—"I avail myself of this opportunity to thank your Imperial Majesty, in my own name, and in that of all the friends of the Bible Society in England, for the distinguished patronage and support that your Majesty has shown to the same cause in Russia." The Emperor obligingly replied—"Sir, my thanks are rather due to your country, and to the friends of the cause: for, had it not been for your example, we should have had no Bible Society in Russia."

Some months after this singular interview, Mr. Richmond inclosed a copy of his Tracts, with the following letter to his Imperial Majesty.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty,

"An offer has been made to me, by the Rev. Mr. Paterson, of conveying a copy of the book which accompanies this letter to your Imperial Majesty, through the kindness and condescension of His Excellency the Prince Galitzin.

"In presuming to take this liberty, I am influenced, not by the opinion which I myself entertain as to the value of the contents of the volumes, but by the firm persuasion which I hold, that the Christian sentiments which form the foundation of those simple narratives, are dear to your Majesty's heart.

"Your Majesty's public conduct and avowed principles, have tended to convince me, that neither the splendour of imperial dignity, nor the glory of military conquests, are, in your Majesty's estimation, comparable to the privileges and blessings which Christianity alone can confer on those who live under the influence of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"In the belief and hope that it is your Majesty's desire to promote the temporal and eternal interests of the people of Russia, by any instrument, however apparently small and unworthy, which God may see good to bless, I submit this little volume to your Majesty's candid acceptance.

"These short 'Annals of the Poor' have been made very useful, through the mercy and power of God, to many in this country. England is now attached to Russia, not only by past political and friendly relations, but much more than ever, by your Majesty's dignified and condescending deportment, during your recent visit to this kingdom. May the King of kings, who is alike the Lord of Russia and of Britain, make use of even so feeble an instrument as this little volume, to convey some of the spiritual blessings which have attended its publication in Britain, to the utmost extent of your Majesty's dominions.

"When your Majesty shall be pleased to receive this book, may the author of it be permitted to remind your Majesty, that he is the same individual whom your Ma-

jesty saw at the summit of the lofty tower, in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, on Friday, June 24th last; and who then had the unexpected honour of lending your Majesty the telescope with which your Majesty surveyed the surrounding prospect. The kind and condescending manner in which your Majesty was pleased to notice an English stranger on that occasion, is recollected with the sincerest satisfaction and gratitude, whilst I now present this volume to your Majesty's notice.

"Your Majesty will be pleased to allow me, as a minister of the Gospel, to conclude by praying Almighty God, that His grace, peace, and mercy, may be abundantly poured down upon your Majesty, and upon the people of your extensive dominions, over whom He has given you the earthly sovereignty!

"May the Gospel of the blessed Jesus prosper among the subjects of all the Russias; and that it may be your Majesty's chief crown of rejoicing, in the great day of his appearance, is the supplication of

"Your Imperial Majesty's
Most obedient and unworthy servant,
"L. R."

The following reply was received by Mr. Richmond, from his Imperial Majesty, accompanied with a ring of considerable value.—

"Reverend Sir,

"The copy of your book, entitled 'Annals of the Poor' was, according to your desire, presented to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander, by me, together with your letter; and accepted by his Majesty, with the greatest satisfaction. The object of this volume, the promotion of Christian charity and truly religious sentiments, renders it most interesting and valuable in the eyes of the Emperor, who desires nothing so much as to see the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Saviour, more and more universal in his dominions, and in the whole world.

"On this occasion, his Imperial Majesty recollected also having made your acquaintance in Portsmouth, under the circumstances you describe in your letter.

"In consequence of all this, his Majesty ordered me to deposit your book in the library of the Imperial Humane Society, and to send the ring which accompanies this letter, as a mark of his true esteem for you, and high approbation of your work.

"It is very agreeable to me, in thus fulfilling the order of my sovereign, to assure you of the sincere esteem with which I have the honour to be

"Your most obedient servant,

PRINCE ALEXANDER GALITZIN.

"*St. Petersburg*, 14*th January*, 1817."

Mr. Richmond also presented a copy of his 'Young Cottager' to Princess Sophia Metstchersky, who first translated the tract of the Dairyman's Daughter into the Russian language, and he received from her Highness the following answer. This noble lady's time and influence are consecrated to the cause of religion, and many instances are recorded of her usefulness. May her distinguished example inspire a like zeal in others of the same rank; and may the time soon arrive, when the crown and the coronet shall universally be laid at the foot of the cross of the Redeemer!

"Reverend Sir,

"I have been hesitating for some days if I should stop to answer you till Mr. Pinkerton would be here, in hope that he would help me to express my gratitude for your kind letter and valuable present, in proper time; but I am afraid it will be too long, and you will perhaps suppose me indifferent and ungrateful, so I venture to send you my bad English without correction.

"Remember, dear sir, that I am but a scholar; a very new one, and quite unfit to correspond with such a man as you; though my soul is capable of loving you as a brother

and friend in Christ Jesus, and of admiring you as a chosen servant of his, a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and for the edification and comfort of his children. Yes, sir, I hope I am united to you in one body and soul, which is Christ Jesus the Saviour; and I say, with 'Little Jane,' that I am happy to be even the smallest and lowest of all his members. How much I delighted in reading this narrative; how wonderful the grace of our Lord! how happy the country where children are brought up in the fear of God, and taught so young to love and serve the Saviour! what an eminent Christian—so young a child! But this is neither to be taught nor learnt. He alone can give it, who is love itself, and who purchased us to himself by shedding his precious blood for us. Oh, sir! you do not know, perhaps, to what an unworthy being you wrote. I have passed all my life in the ignorance of Him who died for me, without love to Him who loved me first, and sought me out, when I hastened to my ruin in a life of enmity to my God. He sought me out, and mercifully sent His servant Pinkerton to open my eyes and my ears by the power of his word, so that I plainly see now what a sinful, wicked creature I am: what a gracious merciful God to offend! and how kind, and always ready and willing to receive us, our Saviour Jesus Christ is, and always will be! How good He was to me, sending such a meek, patient loving soul, as the worthy Mr. Pinkerton proved to be during his living in my family. What a life of disgust it must have been to a man of his distinguished merit, to bear with the caprices and wickedness of a spoiled, ignorant, and proud woman:—but charity seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things; charity never faileth: I have had an evident proof of it in my dear friend and instructor. But I must stop, and ask to be forgiven for having written so much; my heart opens at the voice of a friend, and then I speak out of the fulness of it. Excuse me, then, sir, for intruding so much upon your time. Pray for me, that I may come in faith and grace to the happy

day, in which I shall be enabled to join with you in joyful hallelujahs and eternal praises of our heavenly Father and divine Saviour. Oh, may his peace always be with you! Receive with indulgence, dear sir, my hearty thanks, and in the assurance of the sincere esteem and high regard with which I am

"Your much obliged and obedient,

P. SOPHIA METSTCHERSKY."

The two letters to Mrs. Livius, which are next inserted, were written about this period, and the editor cannot recur to them without feelings of the liveliest emotion. The first alludes to the death of one who ended a life of uniform pain and sickness, by a death cheered with the hope of a joyful immortality. The person adverted to in the second letter, the late G. Livius, Esq., is endeared by recollections which time cannot impair—which live not only in the memory, but in the heart. He once knew the world, but had long left it in pursuit of a better portion. He was the well-known Gaius of the county where he lived—the lover of good men, of whatever name or title: he was purified in the furnace of affliction; but his trials are now terminated, and his sun shines bright and unclouded through an endless eternity.

"My dear Madam,

"Allow me once more to express the friendly solicitude which I feel for you and my honoured friend Mr. Livius, under your recent and present trial. His strength and spirits would not admit of my saying all which my heart dictated, when I saw him yesterday. I wish him to know how much I have valued his friendship, and how grateful I feel for a series of hospitality and kindness of no ordinary character, for a period of now near eleven years. I wish him to know that I have ever been a sympathising observer of his bodily and mental anxieties, and have entertained a cordial esteem and regard for his many amiable and excellent qualities of head and heart.

"The confidential intercourse with which at various periods he has been pleased to favour me, cannot be obliterated from my recollection nor effaced from my affections. It is my heart's prayer that his consolations may be 'neither few nor small;' that the peace of God may be his resting-pillow, and that God will 'make his bed in all his sickness.' Not one affliction has ever befallen him beyond what his heavenly Father designed for his present and eternal good. Wisdom, mercy, power and faithfulness, have guided all. May each of his children be blessed with a heart taught by the same spirit who hath taught him and you to look to the Strong-One for help; and may they be effectually preserved from the snares and delusions of this present evil world.

"May you, my dear friend, be upheld by a Saviour's power and love, to fulfil every arduous task which his wisdom assigns you. Forgive this intrusion, solely prompted by grateful friendship. Accept our united assurances of love for you and yours,

"And believe me most sincerely yours,

In the bonds of strong regard,

LEGH RICHMOND."

"My very dear Friend,

"It is fit that the same moment which brings me the long-expected, yet afflicting tidings of my much-loved friend's departure from this vale of tears, should dictate a few sympathetic lines to his dear relict. Your mind has long waited this event with Christian resignation. May the Spirit of power and peace bless his own preparation, now that the hour of trial has arrived! You have the prayers of many friends to mingle with your own. These, in God's sight, are riches. May you enjoy them spiritually and eternally! 'Tribulation worketh patience; patience, experience; experience, hope;' hope thou therefore in God. Time is swiftly passing away, and its stream is gradually absorbed in eternity Our years roll on, and we shall soon be there; and there we shall meet those who have loved Christ, and loved us. There, dear madam, in

the bosom of your Saviour and God, you shall meet your dear husband. Till then, may faith, hope, peace, tranquillity and love, gild your horizon, like resplendent clouds round the setting sun, prophetic of a bright approaching morning. Christ has bequeathed his peace to you ; take it as his legacy, and use it to his glory. Mrs. Richmond unites in affectionate regards to you and all yours, under this present trial, with

"Your affectionate friend,
LEGH RICHMOND."

We close the chapter with a pleasing little poem, written about this time.

A WIDOWED MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DAUGHTER, ON THE DAY OF HER MARRIAGE.

Say, why should my bosom thus heave with a sigh,
And the tear of affection now start from my eye?
Forgive me, my child, whom my soul holds so dear—
You've a smile from my heart, though my eye drops a tear!

This sigh is the tribute of tenderest love,
And I trust shall be heard in the mansions above;
For it breathes a warm prayer to the Bridegroom of heaven,
That to thee, now a bride, his best blessing be given.

May He weave thee a garland on this nuptial morn,
With the roses of Sharon thy brows to adorn;
With the ring of his love, may he claim thee for his,
And pronounce thee "joint heir" of his heavenly bliss.

May his true wedding-robe, which he purchased with blood,
Be thy portion, my daughter, by Jesus bestowed;
By his grace freely pardoned, and cleansed from all sin,
Be thou spotless without, and all glorious within.

May my child and her partner, in holy connexion,
Be united, through grace, by true Christian affection;
May the wife prove a sister, the husband a brother,
And each find a help in the faith of the other.

Thus thy marriage on earth a sweet emblem shall be,
Of a far brighter union provided for thee;
And then, the few days of thy pilgrimage past,
Thy Saviour will own thee his spouse at the last.

Peace be with you, my children! I speak without guile;
I began with a tear, but I end with a smile;
'Tis my hope that your happiness nothing shall cloy,
And the heart of the widow shall sing with new joy!

CHAPTER XII.

Letters,—Poetry,—Description of Lake scenery,—Brief account of his first tour to Scotland,—His sentiments on Oratorios.

It was usual with Mr. Richmond to mark with peculiar solemnity the birth-days of himself and all his family. These he kept as a kind of religious festival—writing letters to the different members of his family, and preaching to his parishioners on an appropriate subject. The following letter he wrote to his mother, on one of these occasions:—

"My dearest Mother,

"The return of this day demands a return of affectionate regards to God, the author of my being, and to you, the instrument employed by him to convey life and existence to my unworthy self. Often do I reflect with love and gratitude on your kindness and watchful care over me, from infancy to the present moment. Your qualities of heart and head cannot be forgotten, any more than the name of parent—a title consecrated by every principle, divine and human. This being my birth-day, I propose to preach on *Psalm* cxxxix. verses 14 to 18. How suitable for such a meditation! What a miracle is the life of man,

viewed naturally, spiritually, and eternally! How incomprehensible, from first to last! from conception to the cradle—from the cradle to the grave—from the grave to the resurrection—from the resurrection through eternity! Then to consider the endless variety of frames, providences events, souls, bodies, and spirits! Sometimes when I meditate on futurity, I am lost in inexplicable thought: I then see the importance of the mind's retiring into the consolations of the past and the present, as they arise from the revealed plan of salvation; and through that medium, even eternity assumes a solid and hopeful aspect.

"If ever I felt it more than ordinarily due to a valued parent to express my gratitude, it is at a time when she has so kindly and so considerately met the peculiar circumstances of difficulty, in which a variety of events have conspired to place me. Between my last and present birthday, many sorrows, many shocks to feeling, many heavy expenses have occurred; my heart has been tried to the utmost: but your affectionate, unupbraiding, and liberal conduct, has proved a great cordial to me and my dear wife, in all our trials."

The following letter will introduce to the reader a son of Mr. Richmond's, of whom we shall have occasion to speak towards the close of this Memoir. The name, as has been before observed, was given to commemorate that remarkable event in his own life, arising from the perusal of Mr. Wilberforce's work on Practical Christianity. This boy was now in his twelfth year; and we principally insert this letter to show the manner in which Mr. Richmond addressed his children at an early age.

"My dear Wilberforce,

"Shall I have no cause for heart-ache at my return when I inquire how my child has behaved? how he has attended to his learning? how he has adhered to truth in his words? Shall I be comforted with the glad tidings that your heart, and your conscience, and your ways, all seem to partake of a happy influence? That you show

your love to mamma by keeping her commandments? That you pray to God to forgive you your sins, and hourly offences? Do the four walls of your little chamber bear witness to your prayers and supplications for yourself and me? Do the sun's rays, as they early penetrate your window in the morning, find you early and active to rise, to read, to labour, and to grow in grace?

"I saw Litchfield cathedral, and attended divine service there. It is a much smaller one than York, but has great beauty; the organ notes rolled sublimely through the vaults, arches, pillars, and roof; and the exquisitely painted windows assimilated with such sounds, and rendered the effect very fine. It has three beautiful spires.

"One evening I travelled with a friend for three hours, amidst the most beautiful and never-ceasing distant lightning; the whole western hemisphere was in a constant blaze; the flashes alternated from one point of the horizon to another, distant about forty-five degrees from it; sometimes the flashes were silvery, sometimes yellow, sometimes orange; sometimes forked, sometimes sheet-like; sometimes so vivid, you seemed to have a peep into more distant regions of space; sometimes more faint; now and then you heard slight rumblings, then all was silent. At one point the flashes gleamed upon a distant view of a castle, which seemed all on fire, and was only rendered visible by the effect of the lightning A dark forest lay behind, and formed a fine contrast. Sometimes the forked flashes hurried one another in a kind of playful progress; at others they dashed together as if in terrible combat; all this passed between seven and ten o'clock, on the evening of June 28th. But what are these lightnings, compared with those which made Moses quake and tremble at Mount Sinai? or what were even the latter, when contrasted with those of God's wrath against sinners? Thunder and lightning is a fine emblem of Divine justice and threatenings. You have need to 'flee from the wrath to come.' 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' 'The wicked, and all the people that forget God, shall be turned

into hell.' Do you forget him ? if so, what shall be your portion ? If you say you do not forget Him, how do you prove it ?—

> '——— I see and approve the better,
> But follow the worse,'

is the character of too many nominal Christians; I would not have it to be yours. An enlightened, but unconverted mind, has eyes and tongue to approve what is right; but the feet follow the paths of evil. A converted heart alone walks in the steps of Him who is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' Say—

> "To me, O Lord, be thou 'the way,'
> To me, be thou 'the truth;'
> To me, my Saviour, be 'the life,'
> Thou Guardian of my youth!
>
> "So shall that 'way' be my delight,
> That 'truth' shall make me free;
> That 'life' shall raise me from the dead,
> And then I'll live to Thee."

I sincerely hope you are beginning to be truly sensible of the danger of sin, and the necessity of seeking the Lord very early. Your life is an uncertainty, at best; occasional indispositions should remind you that you may never arrive at man's estate. If you are to die a boy, we must look for a boy's religion, a boy's knowledge, a boy's faith, a boy's Saviour—a boy's salvation! Or else, a boy's ignorance—a boy's obstinacy—a boy's unbelief—a boy's idolatry—a boy's destruction! Remember all this, and beware of sin; dread the sinfulness of an unchanged heart —pray for a new one; pray for grace and pardon, and a soul conformed to the image of Christ Jesus;—pray for wisdom, for the destruction of pride, vain conceit, and self-sufficiency. 'Be not slothful in business; but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

"Friends here inquire after you; but it is in the full hope that you go on well, creditably, obediently, industriously, humbly, and Christianly. Love to all, from

"Your affectionate Father,

L. R."

We here introduce a birthday hymn, composed for his son Wilberforce.

"My years roll on in silent course,
Impelled by a resistless force:
Awake, my soul! awake and sing,
How good thy God, how great thy King!

"My years roll on: then let me know
The great design for which they flow;—
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
Thy vessel, Lord! in mercy save.

"My years roll on: the tide of time
Bears me through many a changing clime;
I've summers, winters—heat and cold,—
Winds, calms, and tempests, ten times told.

"My years roll on: but here's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop:
Though seasons change, and I change too,
My God's the same—for ever true!

"My years roll on: and as they roll,
Oh! may they waft my ransomed soul
Safe through life's ocean, to yon shore,
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more!

"My years roll on; and with them flows
That mercy which no limit knows:
'Tis Mercy's current makes me glide,
In hope of safety, down the tide.

"My years roll on: my soul be still,—
Guided by love, thy course fulfil:
And, my life's anxious voyage past,
My refuge be with Christ at last!"

"L. R."

The birth of another child induced Mr. Richmond to request a very endeared friend, Mrs. R., formerly of Kendal, to stand as sponsor. The request was made in the following letter.

"*Turvey, Jan.* 23, 1818.

"Will my dear friend Mrs. R. allow me to enrol her name among the sponsors of my sweet little gift, at her baptism? It is my wife's desire, as well as my own: do not refuse us. Dear Mrs. F. of S——— Castle, is the other godmother. Join her in this act of charity and friendship, and thus put a seal to valuable recollections of Kendal, Keswick, &c. &c. The hymn of our last morning, after breakfast, still echoes a sweet farewell in my ear and my heart.

"My babe is to be called Charlotte Elizabeth. Charlotte, as a memorial of the lamented princess; and Elizabeth, as a memorial of 'the Dairyman's Daughter.' A palace and a cottage here unite in my child's cradle: may she rock in peace, and ever be found in the arms of her Saviour."

The following verses, composed by Mr. Richmond, were sung at the baptismal font, immediately after the service was concluded.

"Welcome, dear babe, to Jesu's breast,
For ever there securely rest;
Welcome to these his courts below—
Here may our God his grace bestow.

"Lord sanctify this solemn hour,
Thy spirit on our offspring pour!
Fulfil thy promise to our child—
May she in Christ be reconciled!

"These holy waters now proclaim
Redemption free in Jesu's name;
Each sprinkled drop becomes a seal
Of that salvation which we feel.

"Behold th' affrighted infant weep!
Fear has disturbed her gentle sleep.
Weep not, dear babe, all others smile,
And love and bless thee all the while.

"Grant, Lord! if spared, the time may come,
When, summoned to her heavenly home,
Though all around her weep and sigh,
In smiles triumphant she may die!

"Receive the helpless child, we pray,
And seal her to Redemption's day!
Mansions of bliss may she inherit—
The gift of Father, Son, and Spirit!"

With the lady who stood sponsor to his child, during one of his tours in the North, Mr. Richmond visited the lakes of Westmoreland. Among his papers, is a very pleasing description of the scenery of that rich and romantic country. We extract the following passage, on account of its beauty.

"There are numberless changes of effect produced in mountain scenery by the variation of sun, shade, mist, cloud, the state of vegetation, character of the atmosphere, and other causes, well known to every one familiar with such scenes; and they constitute no inconsiderable source of that high gratification which the traveller experiences in the study of natural beauties. The same combination of objects, viewed under a change of external circumstances, forms completely a new scene, and possesses an appropriate charm; inasmuch as it is the same, and yet different. This consideration unfolds an almost endless diversity of effect, to be observed and enjoyed by the mind which loves to investigate the varieties of which such prospects are susceptible. This double source of variety, sometimes occasioned by actual change of the principal objects in the landscape, and sometimes only by a change of attendant circumstances, affords strong evidence that the Creator, in all his works, appears to delight in a *profusion* of that display of contrivance, skill, and diversity, which teaches the

creature to adore his attribute of Omnipotence. But it does more: it leads to the contemplation of that which declares, that 'God is here!' The delight with which a *Christian* traces the finger of God, in the midst of a fine prospect, does not merely arise from the admiration of divine power and contrivance; nor from his own quick sense of beautiful and sublime imagery; nor from his deduction of cause and effect, which natural philosophy traces in the history of earth, air, fire, and water. He sees all this, it is true, and honours God in it. But he also sees, that in the whole of this complexity of wonders, this harmony of created existence, there is a purpose of benevolence. The diversified joys of the landscape all concentrate in the joy of devotion. It is the love of God to man, which fills the scenery with beauty and delight; it is the love of God, which adapts the mind of man to this peculiar capacity of intellectual enjoyment. Whether the Christian's survey of nature partakes of the skill of the artist, the energy of the poet, the science of the philosopher—let his enjoyment arise from any or from all of these sources,—this is the crowning consideration, *that these delights are given him of God, and are an evidence of God's love to him* This leads him to reflect on his own character as a fallen sinner, yet still the object of such incomprehensible mercy.

"Under the impression of all these powerful emotions, he bursts forth into the pious reflection—'What is man, O Lord, that thou art thus mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou so regardest him!' Nor can he refrain from exclaiming—'O Lord, our God, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!'"

We subjoin another reflection, as he surveyed the beautiful lake of Windermere, above the town of Bowness, where it first breaks upon the sight.

"Was Paradise more enchanting than this? Did the Lord put our first parents into a garden more exquisitely beautiful than that before me? Could the river, which watered the plains and valleys of Eden—could the ground, out of which grew every tree that is pleasant to the sight

and good for food, present a more lovely sight than this? That Paradise is vanished from mortal sight and possession; but through the Redeemer, a brighter and immortal Paradise is regained; and the believer may see it emblematically and substantially represented to him, in his spiritual enjoyment of such an earthly Paradise as the vale and mountains of Windermere"

As he passes through the church-yard of Bowness, towards the Lake, he remarks:—

"A country church-yard is ever an interesting object; but in such a situation as this, many new ideas are excited, which add greatly to contemplative affections. On entering it, I was immediately struck by seeing a newly-erected tomb-stone, at the east end of the church yard, on which is inscribed the name of Richard Watson, late Bishop of Llandaff, who passed a large portion of the latter part of his life at a beautiful mansion on the banks of Windermere: he died aged 81. It was nearly this very day twelvemonths, on which I was favoured by a conversation with him, as he sat in his carriage, at Ambleside."

Mr. Richmond, having received frequent invitations to visit Scotland, and being no less desirous himself of cultivating a personal intercourse with many valuable characters in that country, was induced, in the year 1818, to fulfil his long meditated project. The introduction of the Jewish subject afforded a favourable opportunity; though it was to be expected that the sphere of exertion would be somewhat contracted to an Episcopalian pleader of that cause. We are in possession of very few notices of this first journey, beyond the accompanying letters; but we are furnished with more ample materials respecting a visit paid in 1820, to which we shall, in due time, direct the attention of the reader.

"My dear Mary,

"The respect, regard, friendship, and affection, with which both myself and my cause are received, in every

place, by the religious people in Scotland, constitute a feature in my life never to be forgotten. My whole mind is deeply busied in meditations upon the goodness and love of God. I can hardly expect to interest your mind in all the *minutiæ* of my hourly intercourse; but I believe your eyes would be often filled with tears of gratitude, if you saw and heard all which I see and hear.

"Delicate and difficult as the task is which I have to perform as an Episcopal missionary in this Presbyterian land, I seem to have succeeded beyond hope; and I am laying the first foundation of a building, in which, if Providence permit and spare me, I shall hereafter feel much interested, and the cause of God, I trust, be effectually promoted. But think not, my loved Mary, that amidst the bustle of missionary arrangements, conversations, speeches and sermons; nor amidst the wonders and beauties of mountains, lakes, cascades, rocks, glens, plains, rivers, trosacks, and woods, I forget my dear, dear domestic circle at home. You are all unceasingly before my eyes; and the family group mingles with every scene I behold, and every undertaking wherein I am concerned; and often I see my dear wife anxiously and diligently pursuing the duties of her station,—smiling on the babe, or listening to the juvenile tales which a Catharine or a Legh may be able to read or to spell; or, taking your walk, during this beautiful weather, in the fields. Or, I see you on your knees, praying for grace to enable you to act with judgment in all things; and supplicating mercies on your husband, as he journeys by land or by water. Our prayers meet. What a favour, to enjoy health, safety, and comfort, in all my wanderings; to be permitted to see the cause of God flourishing in a foreign land, or rather, in so distant a part of our own!"

"My dear Boy,

"Were I to attempt to describe the beauties of the Highlands of Scotland to you, I should be much at a loss. Whether my subject were the grand mountains, with snow still on their tops; or the magnificent water-falls, amidst

rocks, and glens, and woods; or the noble rivers and romantic brooks, winding through fruitful plains or hills; or the fine lakes, expanding their bosoms to the clouds, which they reflect from their surfaces; whether I were to write from the splendid mansion and grounds of a Highland chief; or the lowly, smoke-dried cottage of a Highland peasant; whether the ruined castle or abbey, or the neat modern parish church, were the subject of my description, I could say much, yet not enough. Here I am, amidst the unexampled and wild beauties of the Trosacks, on the banks of Loch Katrine! *There* is the glen, down which Fitz-James hurried from the mountains, when he lost his way: *there* is the island of the Lady of the Lake, from whence she put forth her little skiff, at the sound of the echoing horn. *There* is the great mountain of Benvenu, springing up from the lake to the clouds: *there* is his brother Benan, with Benean, and Benhaum, and Benledi, and Benvoirlich, and Beneen, and many more lofty beins (mountains,) surrounding this most lovely lake. Here is the Goblin's Hole; and *there* the spot where the last of the couriers of Roderic Dhu was slain. In it all, sublimity reigns; and, above all, God reigns in it also."

"My dear F———,

"I was unspeakably gratified at Newcastle, in seeing two little girls, one of ten, the other of twelve, the spiritual fruits of my 'Young Cottager;' the latter of the two I had not seen before. I never before, except in the case of 'little Jane,' herself, saw so clear and so early an instance of decided grace, and of a truly enlightened mind: you would have thought her conversation equal to eighteen, at least. I apprehend, that I have become acquainted with above thirty cases of decided usefulness in youth, from that tract, since I came into the North. Oh! what a mercy! In this, 'goodness indeed follows me.' My mother is very comfortable,—looks more aged, but not ill.

"My visit to Scotland has been marked by more affection and usefulness than any one I ever made: numerous

public and private occurrences overwhelm me with gratitude. The Scottish scenery is of the very first class. Whatever is beautiful, whatever is grand, whatever is wild and romantic—all are to be found in almost unlimited variety of display. Noble rivers, lakes, and water-falls, picturesque hills and mountains, lovely land and sea views, fine towns and buildings—all speaking the goodness, power, and wisdom of God! The marks of affection, regard, and esteem, with which I was received, far exceed what I have ever witnessed; and, I have reason to believe, much actual good has been done to many individuals, while I was there."

The following letters express his sentiments on the subject of Oratorios, on which he seems to have held a most decided opinion. No man was ever more truly fond of music than himself, and especially in its application to devotional purposes. Such is the professed object of Oratorios; and the sublime compositions of those great masters in this science, Handel and Haydn, certainly carry its powers to almost the highest degree of perfection. The principle then, itself, in its pure and legitimate application, must ever be considered as subservient to the interests of piety. It is, therefore, the abuse of this principle, and the mode in which Oratorios are generally conducted, that excited the apprehensions of Mr. Richmond, as to their possible influence on his own children. The worldly associations connected with what is otherwise a source of high gratification to a scientific and devotional mind, constituted, in his estimation, an insuperable objection to these festivals. As a difference of opinion is known to exist in the religious world on this subject, we feel happy in exhibiting Mr. Richmond's sentiments, in the following letter to his wife.

"My very dear Mary,

"The approaching grand musical festival, to be held at Edinburgh, about the same week with that at Northampton, occasions almost daily discussion in every party

where we are visiting; and there is but one feeling among all our Christian friends—that no serious and consistent Christian will go. Mary, of course, hears nothing from either her father's lips, or from those of all his estimable friends on this side of the Tweed, but determined objections to the whole plan, its accompaniments, its gayety, its dissipation, its ensnaring character, and its inconsistency with every principle of nonconformity to the world. Neither she nor I could appear again in Scotland, in a religious, and much less a missionary character, if we were to be present at these amusements. How, then, can I do otherwise, which from my heart I sincerely, seriously, and deliberately must, than condemn the same thing, as it concerns dear F——.

"I have never had but one opinion on the subject of these prostitutions of religion and music, at these theatrical, and, as I think, unwarrantable medleys. I wish you had the good sentiments of dear John Newton, on the public Oratorio of the 'Messiah,' at hand. I deeply lament that any who, in other respects, so justly deserve the name of consistent Christians, should so little fathom the corruptions of their own hearts, and be so insensible to the dangerous tendency of public amusements which unite all the levity of the world with the professed sanctity of religious performances. Think not that I blame any one but myself, for not long since making my sentiments on this ensnaring subject better known to those so near and dear to me. It is somewhat singular, that I should, with many Christian friends of all ranks in Edinburgh and Scotland, be making a firm stand against the principle and the practice of a musical festival held here, at the very time that I must also make as firm a stand against the same thing in the South It is contrary to every feeling I can entertain on the subject. *We* have forsworn all these things on principle; and what is religious character and credit worth, if consistency is to be sacrificed? Numerous as my faults and errors may be, I hope to be preserved from ever deliberately consenting that my children, of whatever age, should enter into socie

ties, intimacies, or what I deem forbidden amusements, so as to wound my conscience.

"I write with the most affectionate feelings of a husband, a father, and a Christian; and at this distance, we must not encounter the chance of reciprocal uneasiness, from any dubious discussion. I will only add, that I have not the least objection to dear Mrs. M. knowing my whole mind on the subject, which is, and has been for many years, perfectly decided. God will ever bless those who sacrifice worldly interest to pure conscientious motives: I have no fears on *that* head.

"Our journey is very active, and full of mercies. I conclude that Mary tells you of the beauties and kindness of Scotia. She is here forming truly Christian acquaintances and friendships. I pray for, and think of you much. God bless you! Take this as the hearty prayer and desire of

"Your affectionate

L. RICHMOND."

The same subject is again thus resumed, in a letter addressed to an active friend of the Tract Society:—

"I can truly, deliberately, and conscientiously add to the testimony of my friend Pellatt, the writer of this tract, that I do consider the ordinary musical festivals, conducted as they are, amid a strange medley of wanton confusion and most impure mixtures, as highly delusive, fascinating, and dangerous to youth. I consider the Oratorio performances in churches, as a solemn mockery of God, and forbidden by the clear principles of the Gospel. The making the most sacred and solemn subjects which heaven ever revealed to man, even to the Passion of Christ himself on the cross, a matter for the gay, critical, undevout recreation of individuals, who avowedly assemble for any purpose but that of worship; and who, if they did could hardly pretend that it were very practicable in such company, and on such an occasion, I do from my heart believe to be highly offensive to God. Playhouse actors and singers (frequently persons of exceptionable character,) are hired, supported, applaud-

ed, and almost idolized, in these exhibitions, and encouraged to persevere in their immoral and dangerous profession. Vice rides very triumphantly in such proceedings. I am happy to say, that in the case of the festival at Edinburgh, none of the serious people either ministers or laymen, have countenanced it with their presence ; excepting two clergymen, one of whom left the Oratorio in the midst of the performance, shocked and confounded at the abuse of holy things, and ashamed of being found there ; the other is deemed by all his brethren to have acted very wrongly, and to have countenanced much evil. The spirit of the world, the pride of life, the lust of the eye, all enter into these public gayeties ; and their false pretensions to partial sacredness, only render them more objectionable. If young people do not learn this lesson early, they will greatly suffer in all hope of their spirituality. The less they may now, in the infancy of their Christian state, see and feel this, the more dangerous it is to yield to their ignorance and inexperience. What is morally and religiously wrong, can never become right through the error of youth. And it would be a strange departure from every moral and religious principle, to say—'I know an act to be wrong in itself, but my child has not grace enough to see it as I do ; therefore, I may lawfully permit him to do what I know to be wrong.' Would not this open a door to every species of sin and error ?

"As to examples of good people :—Sin does not cease to be sin, because some good people unhappily fall into the snares which the great enemy of souls spreads for their delusion. It is, and it shall be for a lamentation, that good men err so deplorably, and thereby countenance what, eventually, their principles condemn, and what they may some day have deep cause to regret.

"No man in England loves music—sacred music—better than I do ; therefore my sacrifice to principle and conscience is far greater than that of many others. I ought to have the greater credit for my self-denial ; but I dare not countenance sin and danger, because it is clothed in

the bewitching garb of good music and pretended sanctity. 'Let not my soul come into their assembly!' Tender and affectionate husband and father, as I hope I am, however I sometimes may be misapprehended, and consequently sorry to interfere with the comfort of those most near and dear to me; yet I rejoice from my heart, in having prevented the sanctioning any part of so promiscuous and unjustifiable a medley, by the attendance of the members of my dear family; and they will one day thank me. When the object is avowedly an act of worship, all is right, let who will sing and play: but when it is avowedly an act of amusement, religion, rightly felt and understood, forbids the profane performance of singing-men and singing women, trifling with the things that belong to our everlasting peace, and turning them into mockery."

We now return to the course of our narrative.

Allusions have already been made, in a preceding part of this Memoir, to Mr. Richmond's mother Her maternal care in the days of his childhood, her early endeavours to instil into his mind the principles of religion, and the interest she manifested in some of the subsequent events of his history, have been incidentally mentioned. She died in the beginning of the year 1819. But before we enter upon the account of her decease, we shall introduce a brief memoir, from the pen of Mr. Richmond, in which the history of his family is so interwoven with his own earlier years, as to form a kind of episode, which we have no doubt will interest the reader by the simple and affecting character of its details. It is addressed to his children, as a memorial of the virtues of his mother: while his execution of it is no less the memorial of his own.

This little piece will appropriately form, by itself, our next chapter. It is entitled by the writer,—

"A Tribute of affectionate veneration for the memory of a deceased Mother;—in a series of Letters to his Children. By the Rev. Legh Richmond."

CHAPTER XIII.

"*Tribute to the memory of his Mother.*"

LETTER I.

"My beloved children,

"The affecting summons which I so lately and unexpectedly received, to pay the last act of duty and love to the remains of my invaluable and revered parent, has impressed my mind with a strong desire to leave some memorial of her character, for your sakes, and for your instruction.

"I am just returned from the grave of one whom a thousand tender recollections endeared to every faculty of my soul; and I wish to preserve something of that solemnity of feeling and gratitude of heart, which such a scene was calculated to inspire. How can I better do this, than by endeavouring to convey those emotions to *your* bosoms, through the medium of an epistolary communication, devoted to an affectionate retrospect of the character and disposition of the deceased? I feel myself, as it were, a debtor to two generations, between whom I now stand, as the willing, though feeble and unworthy agent by whom benefits and consolations derived from the one, may be transferred for the lasting advantage of the other. The solid character of her religious principles, the superiority of her mental attainments, and the singularly amiable deportment by which she was distinguished, constitute powerful claims to *your* regard. If any additional plea were needed, I would derive it from the deep and affectionate interest which she took in whatever concerned *your* welfare.

both spiritual and temporal; from the prayers which she daily offered up to the throne of mercy, for *your* happiness; and from the unceasing watchfulness and anxiety which she manifested, for *your* progress in every good word and work.

"Although she was far separated from you, by the distance of her residence from our own, and the opportunities of personal intercourse were thereby greatly restricted; yet her most tender and sacred affections were ever near to me and mine. We occupied her daily thoughts, and her nightly meditations; and now that she is gone to rest, and her heart can no longer beat with mortal anxieties, it is highly becoming that we, who loved her, and whom she so ardently loved, should give a consistency to our affection for such a parent, by a grateful inquiry into those qualities of head and heart with which God so eminently blessed her.

"There is a solitary tree, underneath which, by her own desire, she lies buried, in Lancaster church-yard. I feel a wish, if I may be allowed for a moment to employ the imagery, to pluck a branch from this tree that waves over her tomb, to transplant it into my own domestic garden, and there behold it flourish, and bring forth 'fruit unto holiness.' I would gladly encourage a hope, that this wish may be realized in you, my children; and that such intercourse with the dead, may indeed prove a blessing to the living.

"But this only can be expected in dependence on the free and undeserved mercy of that God and Saviour, in whom your venerable grandmother trusted, and 'whom to know is life eternal.' Whatever, therefore, of domestic narrative; whatever of earnest exhortation to yourselves; or whatever of remark upon the interesting qualities of the subject of this memoir, may intermingle with my present address,—keep invariably in mind, that my great object, as it concerns her, and you, and myself, is to give glory to God alone; and in the deepest humiliation of heart, to look up to Him as the sole fountain of excellence.

"In addressing you on such a subject, my children, it is natural that I should reflect on the varieties of age, and circumstance in which you are placed. Even in point of your *number*, I can hardly pronounce it without some degree of fear and trembling *Ten* immortal souls!—souls allied to my own, by ties inexpressibly tender, and inviolably dear,—souls committed to my charge, not only as a minister, but a parent 'Who is sufficient for these things?' has been the secret cry of many a minister and many a parent. In each of these relations, I wish to apply that divine promise to my heart, our 'sufficiency is of God.' I have long cherished a hope, founded on another gracious intimation of His will to those who love and fear him—'The promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.' Supported by these consolations, it has been my aim to bring you up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to train up my children in the right way; trusting, that if they live to be old, they will not depart from it. Yet sometimes the anxious fear, connected with a survey of the world in which you are placed—its vanities and its vices—its delusions and its dangers, will force itself on my thoughts. I have lived to see, in other families, some of their buds of promise blighted, through the baneful and infectious influence of corrupt associations. I have seen what havoc the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, the sinful lusts of the flesh, and the wiles of the devil, have made in many a household. I have witnessed the sorrows, and mingled mine with the tears of my friends, when they have spoken of the wanderings and misconduct of some of their children: and then, I have occasionally trembled for my own little flock. But I feel it, at the same time, to be both my privilege and my duty, to use this very solicitude for a higher and nobler purpose than despondency and unbelief would suggest. These anxious affections are planted in the parental heart, and manifestly ordained of God, as incentives to caution, and stimulants to prayer. As such, I would employ them for your sakes;

I would hereby the more assiduously teach you to 'abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good:' and, above all, I would, with the more earnestness and dependence on the covenant grace of God, present your mortal and immortal interests in supplication, to Him who hath said, 'the promise is unto you and your children, and to all that are afar off, as many as the Lord shall call.'

"And surely, I may be allowed to urge an excuse for dwelling upon this text, even in a way of literal application. For you, my first-born child, are indeed 'afar off;' and these pages may much more easily reach you, among your uncertain journeyings on the shores or the waves of India, than they can ever convey an adequate idea of the exercises of varied affection, which your eventful history has occasioned us.

"Next to your immediate parents, no one felt so deeply on your account as my deceased mother. Her prayers and good wishes were mingled with our own, when we first committed you to the vicissitudes of the ocean, and the mariner's lot;—and the above-named promise was her support, as well as ours.

"As I stood on the shores of the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1814, and watched the departure of the ship which contained my child, with a father's eye and a father's heart, I mused over the past, the present, and the future, until the shadows of the night interrupted my view. One moment suggested, 'my poor child will soon be *afar off*;' the next, as it were, replied, but 'the promise is unto you and to your children, and to as many as are afar off.' The thought consoled me as I returned homeward, and I prayed for my little ones, that God would speak 'peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh.'

"And then, again, my son when during the following year we received the dismal tidings of the wreck of your ship, and the destruction of nearly all her crew, on the coast of Africa, as she returned on her voyage from Ceylon, when among the six persons whom alone, out of 360, Providence saved from death, we found not your name, we

seemed, in this valley of the shadow of death, more than ever to need the rod and the staff of the great Shepherd to comfort us. At that trying period the same promise came to our aid, and we felt its consoling influence, while, like Aaron, when his sons were dead, we held our peace. And when afterward it pleased God, in the mystery of his mercies, to discover to us our mistake, and to prove to us that you had no part in the horrors of this watery grave, it did indeed seem once more fulfilled—'this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'

"During these transitions of feeling, I cannot express how much the truly scriptural communications of sentiments and counsel, which we received from my now deceased parent, contributed to the encouragement of faith, and patience, and gratitude. From that period till her death, the welfare of my child 'afar off' continued to lay very near to her heart: 'what news from India?' was her frequent inquiry, and always accompanied by an interesting tear of maternal solicitude. To you, therefore, as the eldest of my dear filial flock, I may, with due earnestness, first commend this 'tribute of affectionate veneration for the memory of my deceased mother.'

"She was a faithful mother to us all; and I wish her memory to be enshrined in the grateful recollection of your heart. If these lines are ever permitted to meet your perusal, my son, cherish them for her sake and mine.

"From India, I turn to my nine children at home; and greet you with a father's blessing, as I present you with these domestic meditations, which I write for the sake of those of you who have enjoyed the opportunity of occasional intercourse with the subject of the memoir, as well as of those whom circumstances never permitted to know her. I anticipate the time when even my last born, the babe that cannot yet lisp the honoured name of 'grandmother,' shall not be ignorant of her worth, but shall love to listen to the record of those gracious affections with which God was pleased to adorn her; and, perhaps, on some future day, when visiting the grave where she is laid, may say,

'here lies one, whom from my cradle I was taught to love and honour.'

"But, whilst I am enumerating 'the olive branches which surround my table,' and 'the children whom God hath given me,' I suddenly feel as if I had erred in my calculations. Is there no link of connexion between the visible and invisible worlds? no right of appropriation by which an earthly parent may say, 'I have a child in heaven?' Yes; a sweet little cherub in the mansions above, seems to my imagination to be the very link which faith and love would employ to animate all the energies of my best affections, when I look at my still living children, and contemplate their immortal condition.

"One of you, my *eleven* children, is in glory,—a lamb, safely and eternally folded in the arms of his Redeemer. He is the first of my household that has gone to his rest. May he prove a pledge for many to follow him there, in God's own time. In the mean-time, cherish it in your frequent remembrance, as an argument for heavenly-mindedness, that one of you is already in heaven. I may not, indeed, now address myself to *him;* but I may speak of him to you: I may remind you of his epitaph, and of the Paradise to which he belongs. I may also thus preserve the sense of kindred alliance between the dead and the living of my family, and ardently pray for the perfect and eternal reunion of them all, through grace, in 'the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Such likewise, were the supplications of her who through faith and patience is gone to inherit the promises, and to join our own little infant in singing hallelujahs 'to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'

"In the cherished anticipation of such results, from the free and undeserved mercies of redemption, I will conclude the present letter, by subscribing myself

"Your affectionate father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

LETTER II.

"My dear children,

"In this endeavour to delineate a short sketch of the life of your deceased grandmother, it seems necessary that I should give you some little information respecting her parentage and ancestry. There is a kind of pleasing melancholy in recurring to times now long past, and to former generations, endeared to recollection, by kindred ties, to which I cannot feel wholly insensible. A number of letters, papers, and documents, connected with the early circumstances of my dear mother's life, and of her more immediate relatives and ancestors, lie before me. While I peruse them, I seem to be translated to a former age; and to realize once more, scenes and associations which can only thus be revived. They bring to my recollection the friends of my own infancy long since dead, and the various domestic relations and events of which they loved to speak. I would not set a higher value on such things than they deserve, nor would I put the mortal genealogies of earth in even a momentary competition with the alliance of 'the family of heaven.' Yet, in tracing the personal history of those whom God is pleased to honour with spiritual blessings, an interest may lawfully be excited by a variety of minor circumstances, which are necessary to the connexion of the story, and may lead to profitable considerations, when viewed as the links of that chain in Providence, by which the Almighty Father upholds the destinies of his children, and confirms the councils of his will respecting them.

"My mother was born at Liverpool, in the year 1736. Her parents were descended from, and nearly related to, several ancient and respectable families in the counties of Lancaster and Chester. Her father, John Atherton, Esq., of Walton Hall, near Liverpool, was descended from a younger branch of the Athertons, of Atherton in the former

county, who settled at Preston. Of his character I have frequently heard my mother speak with affectionate veneration. More particularly, she used to give me an account of a behaviour and conversation on his death-bed, which seemed to bear the characteristics of true Christian faith and hope. 'I am,' said he, 'an unworthy sinner, but I know in whom I have believed. I have nothing, nothing of my own; but Christ is every thing. My daughter, the comforts of dying rest not in the poor merits of man, but in the sure mercies of God.'

"Such were a few of the expressions which frequently escaped from his lips, till his eyes peacefully closed in death. Such traditional memorials should be valued amongst us that remain: and may, by God's blessing, prove incentives to follow those who, through faith and patience, are gone before to inherit the promises.

"Her mother was the daughter of Sylvester Richmond Esq., of Acton Grange, in the county of Chester, by Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Brook, of Norton Priory, Baronet, who died in 1710.

"Her mind, at a very early period, exhibited a strong inclination to the study of the best authors. She was well versed in the historians, essayists, and poets of her own country, and read the French language with fluency. Her memory, even at the advanced age of eighty-three, was well stored with the judiciously-selected reading of her younger years. She possessed a naturally strong judgment, and examined with accuracy the sentiments and the style of every book which she read. At a period when female education was, with but few exceptions, very feebly directed to the cultivation of general and useful literature; when the romance and the cookery book were too frequently esteemed to be the chief requisites of a lady's library—Miss Atherton was a constant student in almost every branch of such learning as, even in this more cultivated age, would be deemed advantageous and interesting to the female mind. In this she was encouraged by both her parents, who well

understood and highly valued the proper cultivation of the understanding, through the medium of useful literature.

"But with these attainments there was no display, no pedantry, no conceit. If ever there was a disposition marked by true feminine modesty and humility, it was her own. She thoroughly fulfilled the apostolic injunction, 'in honour preferring one another.' Others, indeed, knew her value; but she ever undervalued herself. Although domestic and retired in her habits, yet she mingled with and adorned a most respectable circle of relatives and friends, among whom she was justly esteemed as an improving and amiable companion.

"From her childhood she entertained a deep reverence for the holy Scriptures, and had a strong tincture of piety in her disposition. She read many valuable authors, on religious subjects: and though not at all times equally favoured with opportunities of Christian intercourse, which daily experience proves to be so requisite for decision of character, yet her heart was ever directed with firmness and affection towards serious subjects, which produced a conscientious integrity of mind, distinguishable in her whole deportment. In the latter period of her life, to which I shall soon direct your chief attention, she has confessed to me that defective views of some primary points of Christian doctrine pervaded her former religious sentiments. She most sincerely relied on the atonement of Christ; but at that period had imperfect views of the fulness and sufficiency of his work. She had acquired very humbling views of herself as a sinner; yet these were not unmixed with error and indistinctness, with regard to the plan of divine acceptance. The commonly received divinity of that day, and the usual discourses of the pulpit, were lamentably defective in many grand essentials of Christian faith. The spiritual truths of the Gospel, and the fundamental principles of the Reformation, were generally veiled under a system of ethics, which however pure and correct, as a *part* of the great scheme of revelation, yet, when substituted for

the whole, loses its own intrinsic value, while it robs the Redeemer of his honour, and the sinner of his hope.

"Under external disadvantages of this nature, it is an interesting subject of investigation to trace the secret and gradual progress of the mind of a sincere and humble inquirer after truth, through the different stages of its advancement.

"There were two circumstances which greatly contributed to strengthen and direct her judgment and affections in religious concerns. Her mother's own brother, the Rev. Legh Richmond, who was, first, vicar of Garstang near Lancaster, and afterward rector of Stockport, in Cheshire, was educated and prepared for the ministry by Dr. Thomas Wilson, bishop of Sodor and Man. The venerable and apostolical character of this insular prelate, was by this connexion brought more immediately under Miss Atherton's notice She also saw much of a similar disposition in the conduct and ministry of his pupil, her uncle. 'Bishop Wilson,' to use the language of his biographer, 'was a man of most exemplary piety, charity, and all Christian graces, who continued for the long course of fifty-seven years, to perform all the offices of a good bishop and a good man.' His writings, and particularly his manual of devotion, entitled 'Sacra Privata,' were much esteemed by, and rendered very useful to her. These benefits were greatly increased by intercourse with her uncle, whose disposition, attainments, and conduct in the ministry, not a little resembled those of his excellent tutor.

"My dear mother always spoke with peculiar gratitude and veneration of the advantages which she received from the instructions and conversation of this relative. Her subsequent marriage with his son, my late honoured father, Henry Richmond, M. D., naturally conduced to increase those sentiments of respect and regard which she had previously entertained, and rendered every valuable feature in his domestic and ministerial character doubly dear.

Another circumstance connected with the early period of her life, to which I have frequently heard her revert, and

of which I find among her papers some valuable memorials, was her intimate acquaintance with a near relative, the late Henry Cornwall Legh, Esq., of High Legh, in the county of Chester. This gentleman had formed a valuable intercourse with the late Lord Dartmouth and some of his friends, through whom he had been led into remarkably solid and serious views of the great importance of real religion. I have often heard my mother observe, that of all the acquaintances of her own age, during her earlier years, there was none with whom she found so much congeniality of mind, upon religious topics, as Mr. Legh. Frequent visits which she made to the family at High Legh, afforded opportunities of useful conversation with her relative. I am now in possession of two manuscripts on sacred subjects, given to my mother by Mr. Legh, to which she attached great value, and of which she spoke, to the end of her life, as a means of guiding her mind into clearer views of divine truth than any human composition which she had previously read. As I consider these papers to be estimable for their own sake, as well as that of my mother and her friend Mr. Legh, I will annex part of them to this memorial, and indulge a hope that her grandchildren may profit by the same channel of instruction which, at a former period, was instrumental to the spiritual attainments of the deceased.

"I have hitherto been speaking of that portion of my dear parent's life which was prior to my own birth. I shall, in my next letter, write more immediately from my own recollection and experience. I wish you to profit by this simple domestic narrative. I feel that I owe it to God, to my children, and to my departed mother, that you should become better acquainted with her now that she is dead, than circumstances permitted while living."

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LETTER III.

"In the year 1771, Miss Atherton was married to her cousin, Dr. Henry Richmond, the only son of the Rev. Legh Richmond. His mother was the daughter of Henry Legh, Esq., of High Legh, in Cheshire, by Letitia, another daughter of Sir Richard Brook, Bart., of Norton. Dr. Richmond was educated at the grammar school in Macclesfield, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Atkinson. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1759, and was elected fellow of that society in 1766. He was originally intended for the sacred ministry, and his father had considerable hopes at one period, of obtaining the rectory of Stockport for him; but in consequence of the failure of his expectations in that point, a change took place in regard to the profession which he adopted, and he applied himself to the study of physic.

"Not long after the death of his father, which took place in 1769, Dr. Richmond settled as a physician in the town of Liverpool. At this period Miss Atherton resided with her mother, now a widow, in St. Paul's Square, in the same town. A congeniality of principles and dispositions, founded upon many valuable qualifications of mind, which they each possessed; and an esteem, strengthened by the kindred intimacy of the families from their very infancy, led to that union which took place in 1771. Her younger sister Elizabeth was nearly at the same time married to Michael Nugent, Esq., of ——— in Ireland, a first-cousin to the late Earl Nugent. Mrs. Atherton continued to live with Dr. and Mrs. Richmond till her death, which did not take place till about sixteen years after the marriage of her daughters; I am the more minute in relating these family occurrences to you, my children, because I am aware that it is the only channel through which you are likely to obtain them. The lapse of time, the distance and dispersion of some relatives, and the deaths of many others, gradually

throw a veil over a variety of occurrences and connexions, the remembrance of which, to a certain extent, I wish you to preserve.

"We know not by what peculiar links in the chain of providence and grace, it may please God to promote our best and dearest interests; but, among others, I would cherish the hope, that the memorials of our ancestry, and more especially of such as, in their generation, loved and feared His holy name, may not be unavailing to their posterity.

"I will now endeavour to lay before you a short review of what I may call the second period of your grandmother's life. Her conduct during the single state, as a daughter, had been useful, affectionate, dutiful, and domestic. Such daughters, and such alone, are calculated to exhibit those still brighter characteristics which attach to the subsequent relations of the wife and the mother. Let my children ever remember, that in the ordinary course of the progress of a Christian and domestic character, the seed of hope is planted in childhood, and the bud manifests its first beauty and fragrance in their earlier youth, and thence issues that more expanded foliage, which constitutes the ornamental features of their more advanced condition. There is a wise and beautiful order in the mode and manner of the dispensations of God's grace.

"There is a progressive attainment of knowledge, and a growth of principle in the hearts of such as He is training up in the way they should go, which successively develope as the infant advances to childhood, the child to youth, and the youth to man. There is a preparation of heart which accompanies this progressive formation of character. The affections and principles of action which, under the divine blessing, have been fostered in the bosom of the child, to the furtherance of the parent's happiness, and the general welfare of the domestic circle, are precisely those which will hereafter constitute the solidity and the loveliness of the nuptial character. The difficulties and the trials of early life may have been fewer (mercifully, perhaps, or-

dained to be so ;) but the heart that has been disciplined in the school of filial obedience and affection, is thus prepared for future usefulness, and for the trial of faith, love, and patience, in a subsequently acquired relation.

" More particularly to speak of the female character :— subject to those exceptions which the unlimited grace of the Almighty is sometimes pleased to make in the dispositions of individuals at a more advanced period of life,—exceptions which in no respect form a rule for general conclusions ; those who, in unaffected sobriety of manners and simple spirituality of heart, have aimed at fulfilling the domestic duties of the *daughter*, will ever constitute that truly honourable class of women whom Providence appoints to sustain the more arduous characters of the *Christian wife* and the *Christian mother*. In vain shall we look for characters of this description among the daughters of folly and fashion. Their hearts are estranged from the very principle of the domestic disposition. Accustomed to the repeated indulgence of luxurious inclinations, their volatile desires are ever upon the wing in search of something new and gay, that may satisfy a craving and disordered appetite for novelties. They are ' lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' But, says the same apostle, ' she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.' Beware, my dear daughters, of such examples : dread their contagion, and, therefore, shun their society. Pray that you may ever be preserved from the ensnaring influence of those pomps and vanities of the world which you have solemnly renounced in your baptism. And let it be the comfort of my advancing years, to see that your centre of attachment, as well as duty, is at home.

" Numberless and invaluable are the ideas which connect with that one word, *home*. May you and I so cherish them by sacred principle on earth, that we may be found meet for a better home hereafter, even for ' the inheritance of the saints in light.' My dear mother had been educated in sentiments truly domestic : her chosen associates were of a similar character,—her parents encouraged them for

conscience, as well as for comfort's sake. Her time and attention had been, from her youth upward, chiefly directed to the devoted study of religious truths, the culture of useful literature, the temperate pursuit of the elegant arts, the society of estimable friends, and the well regulated plans of her parents' family. In the midst of all, she lived in constant habits of prayer; and this consolidated the valuable qualities of her mind, and gave them a holy tendency.

"With dispositions and habits thus previously formed, Miss Atherton entered into the marriage state. The following year gave birth to the heart that dictates, and to the hand that guides my pen.

"May I not be allowed to pause for a few moments over the solemn and affecting considerations hereby suggested. I have frequently meditated upon the subject of my birth, as connected with my death and resurrection. I have often contemplated the history of man, through its eventful course, from the cradle to the grave; and endeavoured to make the practical application to myself. But I think I never felt its characteristic importance so powerfully, or at least so affectingly, as when I committed to the grave the friend, the nurse, the protector, the guide and guardian of my helpless infancy,—all summed up in the endeared name of *mother*. I seemed to recall the time, 'when as yet I hanged on my mother's breast;' and to revert to the tender anxieties with which she watched over her first-born child. And now a few short years are rolled away, and how great the change! The eye that saw, the ear that heard, the tongue that encouraged, and the arm that upheld the babe of her youth, are mouldering in the dust! She is departed hence, and is no more seen! It is my prayer, for myself and my loved children, that we may so learn 'to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' And if such meditations as these may, through grace, lead us to see more of the vanity of the earthly state, the value of time, and the rapid approach of eternity, our visit to the tomb will not have been unprofitable.

"I well remember, in the early dawn of my expanding reason, with what care she laboured to instil into my mind a sense of the being of God, and of the reverence which is due to him; of the character of a Saviour, and his infinite merits; of the duty of prayer, and the manner in which it ought to be offered up at the throne of grace. Her way of enforcing these subjects was like one who felt their importance, and wished her child to do so likewise. First instructed by her to read I have not forgotten, in my Bible lessons, with what simplicity and propriety she used to explain and comment on the word of God, its precepts and examples. These infantine catechetical exercises still vibrate in my recollections, and confirm to my own mind, the great advantage attendant upon the earliest possible endeavours to *win the attention, and store the memory with religious knowledge*. Her natural abilities, which were of a superior character, enabled her to converse with a very little child with much effect; and there was a tenderness of affection, united to a firmness of manner, which greatly promoted the best interests of a nursery education.

"My mother had six children; three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, just two years old, was, through the carelessness of his nurse, precipitated from a bed-room window, upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking on the very spot, when the distressing event occurred: I was, therefore, the first to take up, and deliver into our agonized mother's arms, the poor little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he only survived the fall about thirty hours. I still preserve a very distinct and lively remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the sad interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently during that day, did she retire with me; and as I knelt beside her, she

uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, 'If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me: his will, not mine, be done.' Once she said, 'Help me to pray, my child: Christ suffers little children to come to him, and forbids them not,—say something, 'What shall I say, mamma?—shall I fetch a book?' 'Not now,' she replied: 'speak from your heart; and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience.'

"The day after the infant's death, she took me to the bed on which my little brother lay; and kneeling down, she wept for a few minutes in silence; and then taking his cold hand in one of hers, and mine in the other, she said —'Lord, if it had not been thy good pleasure, it had not been thus. Thy will be done! I needed this heavy trial, to show me more of myself, and to wean me from the world. Forgive my sins, O God! and let me not murmur.' Then looking at the cherub countenance of her babe, she added—'Thou art not lost, but gone before me!' She then put his hand into mine, and said—'If you live, my child, never forget this; and may I one day meet you both in heaven!'

"I have dwelt upon this part of my dear parent's history with the more minuteness, because she has frequently told me, that it was not only the greatest shock which her feelings were ever called upon to sustain; but that she was persuaded, it was overruled by God for the most salutary purpose, as it concerned the spiritual discipline of her own heart. To the end of her life she wore a little locket attached to her watch: it contained a lock of her poor little Henry's hair: and she often looked at it, and spoke of it, as a remembrance of God's goodness to her, at a most trying season.

"These things occurred at Stockport, when we were on a visit to my father's mother and sisters, in the early part of the year 1778. The recollection of what I have related, is still clear and impressive on my mind.

"Not many weeks after the death of this child, my father proposed a tour into Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, with a view to the restoration of my mother's health and spirits, which had materially suffered from her distress of mind. A journey through scenes of so much beauty as the mountains and lakes of that district afford, was rendered peculiarly interesting by the state of mind in which it was undertaken.

"My mother had a correct taste for landscape scenery, and loved to trace the hand of the Creator in his works. She had, also, an acquaintance with the history, antiquity, and biography of her country, which was much gratified by the objects, both of art and nature, associated with them. Her memory was enriched with many of the best descriptive passages in the works of the poets, and she was able to quote and apply them to the various objects which presented themselves to her notice. My father's mind was perfectly congenial to hers in these things.

"Young as I was at the time, I feel a grateful satisfaction in retaining so much as I do, of the scenes through which we passed, and of the remarks which they made, in conversation upon them. I need not tell *you*, my children, how great a source of pleasure I myself have derived from the contemplation of the beauties of landscape, taken in connexion with its associated circumstances, and more especially in its relation to the hand that formed them.

"To this journey in my childhood, accompanied as it was by the tender anxiety of my mother in particular, to direct my attention to every object worthy of notice, and the impressive manner in which her late severe trial led her to utter her sentiments, I ascribe much of my own turn of mind, as associated with the works of nature. Her little boy was permitted to ramble with her amongst the noble scenery of Skiddaw and Helvellyn; to sail on the smooth expanses of Derwentwater and Winandermere; and to have his wondering eye directed by her to the cataracts of Barrow and Lowdore. He was allowed to visit, with her, the minsters of Ripon and York, the ruins of

Fountains' Abbey, the splendid castle of Raby, and the romantic course of the Tees. Amidst the whole, she did not forget to teach him the importance of treasuring up useful information, cultivating a taste for the wonders of nature and art, and of learning how much it is the Christian's duty,

> 'To look through nature, up to nature's God.'

And now, when no longer himself a little boy, but a father, writing to his own little boys, he feels a kindred pleasure in endeavouring to excite in them a love for these early enjoyments of his own childhood, through which he was so affectionately led by the hand and the heart of his mother.

"In the year 1782, my father quitted his residence at Liverpool, and settled in the city of Bath, where he practised as a physician about twenty-four years. As it is my intention to write to you principally upon what I have seen and known of my mother, during the latter part of a life prolonged to nearly eighty-four years, and as, in so doing, I shall have occasion to make several references to the circumstances that preceded this period, I shall, in a more cursory manner, speak of the events of her domestic history.

"Her mother, Mrs. Atherton, died at Bath, in the ninetieth year of her age, in the year 1789. She was a woman of remarkable sweetness of disposition; and possessed many qualities of mind which greatly endeared her to a valuable circle of acquaintance, even to that advanced period. Serious, sensible, and cheerful, her conversation was instructive and entertaining: full of anecdote and good sense, she was an interesting companion to the young, and even to children, as well as to their elders. She evidenced a very marked regard for religious principles and services, and adorned them with a corresponding conduct. She bore her faculties very meekly, and enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of good health, until, after a short, and not painful illness, she gently sunk into the grave; and, full of years and respect, 'slept with her fathers.'

"In the whole of their deportment, and in the management of the family, my parents maintained great order and propriety, founded upon conscientious principles. They steadily resisted the torrent of folly, vice, and dissipation, for which the gay city of Bath is distinguished. While the giddy votaries of fashionable life incessantly whirled in the vortex of ensnaring pleasure, they cultivated, for themselves and their children, sentiments and habits of a domestic and rational character. Regular and prudential in all their household arrangements, they maintained a valuable intercourse with many estimable friends; and set their children a uniform example of steady resistance to those temptations so injurious to all, but especially to the rising generation. Their evenings were much spent at home, in family reading, and improving conversation. By pursuing this course, they hoped to lay a foundation for future domestic usefulness, in their childrens' dispositions. I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of the sober and temperate regulations which characterized my paternal roof. It was their desire to bring us up in the fear of God, and to teach us the important lesson of *self-denial*, so essential to the formation of Christian principle

"My dear mother felt much anxiety on my account, during the period of my residence in Trinity College, Cambridge, which commenced in 1789, and terminated in 1797. A tide of infidel and democratical principles burst upon this country at that period, in connexion with the French revolution. Many young men, and not a few at the Universities, were deeply infected with them: it was, indeed, a dark and dangerous epoch, and she dreaded the influence of evil communications. Her letters used to breathe the language of parental caution, and evidenced the correctness of her own judgment. The following extract is from one bearing date 1790:—

'I hope that my dear son does not, in the midst of his literary studies, forget those that pertain to religion. I cannot help trembling for my country, in these days of infidel democracy. I fear, too many young students at Col-

lege treat the Scriptures with neglect, if not with contempt. Some such have lately passed the Christmas vacation at Bath, and have made a very unbecoming display of their sentiments, at the coffee-houses and public rooms. I sincerely hope that you will be preserved from this contagion. It has been my prayer to God, from your infancy, that you might live and die a true Christian. I am more anxious about this point, than about your classical and mathematical attainments, important as they may be. I know you will bear with a mother's exhortations; they come from a heart which has long beat with anxiety for your welfare,' &c. &c.

"In a subsequent letter, of the same period, she writes—

'Your sentiments in answer to your father's last, on the subject of religion, gave me no small satisfaction. Whoever deserts that firm foundation, is exposed to every gale of passion, and at best, spends his life in a comfortless and agitated state: for doubt is misery to a thinking mind; and human reason, with all its self-sufficiency, is easily misled by inclination.'

"It was a subject of peculiar satisfaction to my mother, that after four years' residence at college, during which period my father had left me to the free choice of the professions of the law or the church, I at length deliberately preferred the latter. Before that period it had been otherwise—both my father's mind and my own had leaned to the former: but when I assigned to him a variety of motives for entering into the ministry, which resulted from much consideration on my part, he cheerfully acquiesced in my decision.

"I then first discovered that it had been *my mother's secret wish and prayer, from my birth, that I might become a minister of God's word;* but she had never disclosed it to me, from a fear of creating an undue bias, in a matter which she considered of so great importance. Her views of the ministerial profession were peculiarly serious, and she dreaded the idea of a rash intrusion into the sacred office. She had wished me to be guided by the unfettered

disposition of my own mind, and hoped God would direct me in the right path. Her sentiments may be gathered from the following extract of a letter, dated March, 1794 :—

'Your account of the motives which have determined you to enter into the church, as contained in your letter to your father, has given us both great satisfaction. Your determination on this point, appears to me as an answer to the prayers which I have been offering up ever since you were born. The character of a good clergyman has ever stood foremost in my estimation ; and on the other hand, that of *a careless, idle, and dissipated, and above all, an immoral one, has been my dread and abhorrence.* The object of almost every other profession terminates with *this world*, and its concerns ; but that of a clergyman looks to *eternity.* Here much depends upon the character and conduct of the minister of a parish. Your grandfather Richmond was an excellent pattern of what a pastor should be, and I sincerely wish you may tread in his steps. I am sorry to say, that Bath has long been the annual resort of a class of young clergymen, whom I hope you will never imitate. The ball-room, the theatre, and the card-table, are not the appointed scenes of clerical occupation. *I love the Church of England too well, not to feel hurt and ashamed when the levity and unsuitable conduct of any of her clergy give the world at large a just ground for censure.*

'My feelings respecting yourself and the sacred profession, have been constantly associated with the principles of a little book, with which I wish you to become better acquainted. It is called 'A Mother's Legacy to an unborn Child.' It was written by Mrs. Joceline, who was aunt to my great-grandfather, Sir Richard Brook, of Norton. Her thoughts and wishes, relative to her child becoming a clergyman, are precisely my own Her book is a very interesting and affecting composition, and has long been a favourite companion of mine.

'Your choice of your profession has eased my mind of a considerable burden ; and the principles which you express

give me hope, that if my life be spared, you will be a comfort to my old age, and also a blessing to many others. Pray to God for direction and counsel in all your ways; trust in the mercy of the Saviour; and pursue the path of duty, as the appointed way to happiness.'

"I was ordained a deacon in the month of June, 1797, by the Bishop of Winchester; in consequence of obtaining the curacy of Brading, in the Isle of Wight. On this occasion she wrote to me.—

'I passed the evening of the day on which my dear son was ordained (last Trinity Sunday,) in privacy and prayer. Next to the day that gave you birth, I consider it as the most important of your life. You are now become a minister of the church. Yours is a weighty charge—may God give you grace to fulfil its duties aright. You are going to reside in a beautiful country, and I hope you will also find 'the beauty of holiness' there. I always had a desire to see the Isle of Wight; and now I have the prospect of visiting the young pastor and his flock, as an additional inducement to go there. I shall conclude by observing, that as it may now seem too presuming in me to give lectures on theology to a reverend divine, I shall henceforth rather expect to receive them from you: but a mother's prayers may be as needful as ever, and her blessing no less acceptable than formerly. Take them both from

'Your affectionate mother,
C. R.'

"Such, my dear children, were the *maternal* auspices under which I entered on the work of the ministry. As to myself, I had much, very much yet to learn, and not a little to unlearn; but whatever lessons I had to acquire, or whatever mercies to experience, they are all rendered doubly valuable to me, as connected with the prayers and blessing of such a parent.

"Peace and gratitude be to her memory, from the heart of your affectionate father.

LETTER IV.

"My dear Children,

"I had scarcely entered upon the work of the ministry, when a train of circumstances led me to a much deeper and more anxious investigation into the real nature of the religion of the Bible and of the Church of England, than I had hitherto pursued. But as my present object is not to speak of myself, otherwise than as immediately and necessarily connected with my dear parent, I shall only observe, that my correspondence and intercourse with her, from that period, assumed a very serious and affectionate character, upon all the great points of scriptural truth.

"My own mind has been thoroughly convinced, that it is very possible to enter into the sacred office of the ministry, with all the advantages of theological and literary attainments—with a mind not insensible to the moral and benevolent duties of the clerical character—and with a general acquaintance with all the system of our ecclesiastical formularies, and still be a stranger to the essential and discriminating principle, on which rest all the energies and all the efficacy of personal and social religion. I evidently perceived the application of this important remark to my own case, and was gradually led to the deliberate and conscientious adoption of what I then did believe, and now do believe to be the truth, the only genuine source of inward peace and vital holiness."

[Here the manuscript ends.]

We feel considerable regret at the abrupt conclusion of this manuscript, not only on account of the reader, but for the sake of Mr. Richmond's family, to whom it would have served as a valuable and authentic memorial, endeared by its being the production of their father. It seems to have been commenced shortly after the death of his mother, which occurred in February, 1819; and it is probable, that his numerous engagements prevented him from completing the interesting detail. We cannot forbear observing how important it is, that men whose writings are likely to benefit others, should leave nothing of real moment unfinished—that they should beware of trusting to a futurity which they may never realise.*

We can supply the deficiency in the above memoir only by the insertion of the following papers. We are sorry that our materials are not more ample.

The first is a prayer, found among his mother's papers, and which appears to have been composed by her at the time her son first went to college.

"O Lord the author and fountain of all good things! from thy bountiful mercy and goodness, we, thine unworthy creatures, receive all we possess and enjoy, valuable in this world, and also the assured hope and confidence of eternal happiness in the world to come. Look down, I most earnestly beseech thee, upon the hearty desires of thy humble servant. Bestow, O Lord, upon this child such a portion

* The writer remembers once paying a visit to Dr. Watson, the well known bishop of Llandaff, at his beautiful residence at the lakes, and seeing him surrounded by several volumes which he was successively examining: on asking his lordship what was the subject of his studies—he replied, "these, sir, are my own works. At my advanced age I must expect to be drawing near the grave, and I am preparing for the press a final edition of all that I have written, revised and corrected by my own hand, to prevent an editor mutilating them after my death." His decease occurred about twelve months afterward, which was the best proof of the prudence of the measure.

of thy heavenly grace as may support him in all the dangers, and carry him through all the temptations of this wicked and degenerate age. Let the enemy of our salvation have no advantage over him : and let not the wicked one be able to approach to hurt him ; visit him, O Lord, with thy salvation, and keep him in perpetual peace and safety. Let not the pernicious examples of any of his companions ever incline him to transgress thy laws, in thought, word, or deed. May he abhor and detest every thing that has the appearance of immorality, and flee from sin as from a fiery serpent. Grant, O Lord, that after the pattern of his blessed Saviour, he may increase in wisdom and knowledge ; may he grow in grace as well as years, and in favour with God and man. May he be dutiful and obedient to all those who have the rule and authority over him. May he cheerfully and readily obey their commands, and in every thing be directed and instructed by their guidance and counsels. May he behave with due judgment and propriety to all his equals ; and to his inferiors may he always show himself condescending and obliging. Endue him, O Lord, with such a share of natural faculties and abilities, that he may receive and retain the instructions and precepts of his tutors and teachers : but grant, O Lord, that human knowledge may not prejudice that which is divine ; let him rather study thee and thy kingdom, than all things else. To know thee, O Lord, is to be truly wise, and to contemplate and meditate on thee, and thy wonderful goodness to the children of men, is the highest learning.

" Finally, O Lord, if it be thy blessed will, grant him such a measure of thy wisdom from above, that, in the future course of his life, he may become a useful member of society ; and having served thee faithfully in this life, by doing good in his generation, may be made partaker of everlasting glory in thy Son's kingdom in heaven, where there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. All this I most humbly and earnestly entreat, in and through the merits and mediation of

thy Son our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whose name, and in whose words, thou hast promised to be propitious to the petitions of those who approach thy throne with faith and sincerity.

"Our Father, which art in heaven," &c.

Mr. Richmond's mother was sometimes exercised with fears respecting her right apprehension of eternal things. The following letter from her son, written on one of these occasions, exhibits a most lucid statement of Christian doctrine.

"My very dear Mother,

"I trust that the letter which you have written to me, will neither in length nor strength be one of only *few* such, which I may be happy enough to receive. No; write to me constantly, while hand and eye, and heart and head, are thus mercifully spared for the instruction and gratification of your children. Write to me on what concerns the body, and also the soul. The latter especially claims our mutual contemplation. Ere long we shall both be in eternity: you, perhaps, a little sooner, and I in a short space to follow. Yet even this natural order of providence may be reversed, if God see good. At all events, what are the few short years and days of time compared with a 'for ever?' Cherish, my dear mother, clear, deep, solid, unfading views of the Saviour's work; a work so perfect, that the sinner can neither add to nor take away from it,—a work which ensures peace to the guilty—pardon to the offending—light to the blind—life to the dead! Beware of dishonouring Christ by doubting of his power or willingness to save, because you feel yourself unworthy, sinful and weak. Faith honours him by believing. 'What must I do?' cried the jailer; 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' was Paul's reply. Salvation is wholly of faith from first to last. This is the grand discriminating principle between true scriptural evangelical religion, and all mere imitations or assump-

tions of that title. Our paradox is, that 'weakness is strength.' The soul that by faith, through grace, is saved without works, obtains an inward principle of love, which *must work, cannot but work, and actually does work.* The order is thus: First, God loved us, secondly, thence we obtain faith to trust him; thirdly, we are *thus* saved; fourthly, we *therefore* love him who first loved us: fifthly, this love produces good thoughts, words, and works, as *the fruits*, not *the root*, of our salvation. Thus is He the author and finisher of our faith, and the author of salvation to all them that obey him. He has promised to all, as well as to David, to perfect the thing which concerneth his people: whom he loveth, he loveth to the end; trust him, therefore, evermore. Such is the Christian's doctrinal, practical, and experimental creed.

"I preached, on Sunday, a right loyal sermon for poor queen Charlotte, and traversed all the useful and exemplary features in her character. This day she is to be buried. Peace to her memory! Poor king George! In the midst of life, he is, as it were in death—in light, darkness—in riches, poor—in splendour, dulness—in society, solitary:—yet, happily, not dead—not dark—not poor—not dull—not solitary. Providence hangs a veil of mystery over him, but grace illuminates it, even while we can scarcely discern through it the *form* of our revered monarch. He sees consolations and companions from on high. He has the peace which the world cannot give, nor sickness take away; therefore he is a happy man. Our journey was well bestowed on Fanny, and will, I hope, leave a lasting impression on her mind, of a useful sort. I do with you hope that my valuable acquaintance may be of future use to my children; the 'promise,' you know, 'is not only to us, but to them.'

"With great love to all, from all,

"Your affectionate son,

LEGH RICHMOND."

The following letter, addressed by Mr. Richmond to his wife, enables us to supply some information relative to his father; at the same time that it affords a fine illustration of the faith and resignation of his mother.

"Dearest Mary,

"I sent you a few hastily penned lines last night. As soon as I had finished them, I went to our medical friend, from whom I had a regular account of the melancholy event which has brought me here I had previously written a note, that I might be shown into a room with my dear mother alone. I then went with Mary, and found my mother in a most interesting struggle between divine consolation and natural affection. My first words, after an interval of silence, were, 'are you supported, my dear mother?' 'Beyond all hope and expectation,' was the reply. 'Do you find the consolations of Christianity?' 'I am resigned to the stroke, although it rends my heart in two. I may weep; but I dare not, will not complain. I never deserved *him;* he was lent to me, and now God has taken him again. You are come to support a poor widowed mother's heart; and I know you will be, what your dear sister Fanny has already been, the prop and strength of my age and affliction.' I was astonished and melted at her fortitude and resignation. I find my dear father's mind, for three weeks past was calm and tranquil, expressive of much faith, patience, and hope. My mother was reading that exquisite commentary of Bishop Horne, on the 23d Psalm. He observed, at the close of the fourth verse, 'that is heavenly, and it is my comfort.' He then suddenly said, 'my head is giddy,' staggered to the sofa, and fell into my mother's arms; his eyes fixed, and a deadly paleness on his face. She contrived to ring the bell, and instantly returned to him; he gasped for breath, and groaned twice. The servant came in, and lifted up his legs; he gave one more slight struggle, and breathed out his soul in my mother's arms. She sat with him two hours in silent composure; unable to weep, but tranquil in grief. That night

she could not sleep, but gained relief by much weeping. Fanny arrived on Sunday evening, and slept with our dear mother. After I had sat for half an hour yesterday evening, the rest came in, one by one, and we fell into a solemn but tranquil conversation. My very heart was ready to burst; but I concealed my feelings as much as possible. After a while, I went to see the body of my father. As we proceeded up stairs, I found my legs tremble, and when I came to the room door, I staggered; but instantly offering up a prayer for strength, felt relieved, and advanced.

"Instead of seeing any thing to inspire terror, I beheld his well-known and honoured countenance so calm, heavenly, mild, and unaltered, that it seemed only like a sweet sleep. I never felt more composed; and we sat three-quarters of an hour, chiefly in silent contemplation. I could only now and then interrupt it by, 'Oh! how sweet a countenance!—there is nothing terrible in this! It is the emblem of peace and composure. Oh! my dear father! I could have wished to have closed your eyes—but God's will be done! With difficulty, I left the room. I went down to supper. Afterwards, I requested all the house to assemble, and read 1 *Cor.* xv.; and then offered up a solemn and appropriate prayer. Great feeling pervaded us all.

"This morning, at nine o'clock, commenced the business of the funeral. My heart again failed me. I was excessively tried in the procession through the church-yard, and in the church. I was, however, inwardly strengthened, and shed the last tear over his remains.

"On returning to the house, for a moment I fainted, but recovered. Indeed, my dear love, it has been a very trying scene to me. A thousand tender recollections of past days have successively crowded upon my mind; and every object here reminds me so much of a beloved and revered parent, that I cannot but feel deeply.

"He seems to have had a presentiment of his approaching end, but rather concealed it from others. I never felt myself of such power to console as at this moment. My

dear mother says, 'You are my oak, and I am a poor ivy, clinging around you: now you are my child indeed.'"

The ensuing letter contains all the particulars with which we are furnished respecting the decease of this excellent woman, in January, 1819. It is addressed to one of his daughters. He had previously seen her in the month of July; and remarked, that she looked more aged, though not complaining; but that she had expressed her apprehensions that they were meeting for the last time.

"My dear F——,

"I am just returned, after executing the difficult and affecting task of preaching a funeral sermon for my most excellent and revered mother, at her parish church. I took my subject from *Ps.* cxv. 1, as best suited to her humble, meek, and believing frame of mind. It was indeed a trying effort; but God carried me through surprisingly. I introduced some very interesting papers, which I have found among her memoranda, in her own hand-writing. Her last message to me was—'Tell my son, I am going direct to happiness.'

"Never was there a more delightful and heavenly countenance than hers, as she lay in her coffin; it combined every sentiment which the most devout mind could desire: love—joy—peace—gentleness—goodness—faith—meekness—charity, all shone serenely bright. I followed her to her grave, in Lancaster church-yard, where she lies under a sycamore tree, amid the magnificent landscape of sea, mountains, rivers, castle, and church, around. You remember its high beauties. But you very imperfectly know the high qualities of head and heart which your grand-mamma possessed—I never met with her equal at the same age. I occupy her little room, adjoining her bed room, by day; and it is a great consolation to me, to sit in her arm-chair and think of her, and read her papers on various subjects.

There you and I took leave of her, in November last—but, alas! her place knoweth her no more! I look out of

the window, at the grand range of snow-capt mountains, which are now beautiful in the extreme. I had no conception of the winter beauties of these hills;—Lansdale Piles, Rydal Head, Hill Bell, Helvellyn, &c. &c., all finely illuminated with snow sunshine, in diversified shades. And then I think of my dear mother, and how she enjoyed their characteristic grandeur.

"Letters pour in daily, from all parts of England, condoling with us in our great loss. My mother was loved and honoured most extensively. Dear woman! for forty-seven years I have proved thy affection, and can trace, from earliest infancy, the tokens of thy worth. May I follow thee in humility, faith, and love; and cherish thy memory with gratitude and honour!

"So prays your affectionate father,

"LEGH RICHMOND."

Thus had Mr. Richmond the delightful consolation of knowing that both his parents departed in the hope and peace of the Gospel. Happy is it when the bonds of nature are knit more closely by those of grace!—when the child and the parent are partakers of the same Christian hope, running the same race, and looking forward to the same eternal rest and glory!

"Oh! what is death? 'Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more!
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again:
Where, in their bright results, shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys."

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter, and copy of verses,—Extracts from Diary,—Tours to Scotland,—Iona,—Letters ; friendly, family, and pastoral,—Memoir of Miss Sinclair.

Mr. Richmond, in his northern tours for the religious societies, often visited Scotland. On one of these occasions, he left his eldest daughter under the hospitable roof of Dr. and Mrs. S——, near Glasgow, with whom he had formed a particular intimacy. But whether present or absent, Mr. Richmond discovered a uniform anxiety for his children. Their spiritual welfare lay near his heart. He often wrote to them, and never omitted to make some useful reference to the great concerns of eternity.

The following letter, and copy of verses to his daughter, exhibit a model of parental care and affection :—

" Dear Mary,

" I wrote to you on my *own* birthday, and now I do the same on *yours*. ' There is a time to be born, and a time to die.' So says Solomon ; and it is the memento of a truly wise man. But I may add, there is an interval between these two *times*, of infinite importance.

" Does my beloved child duly appreciate this ? Not all the charms of nature, either Scottish or English, can for a moment compare with those of grace : and when can we better contemplate the real value of life, the vanity of the world, the worth of a soul, and the need of a Saviour, than when the lapse of time brings round the anniversary day of our birth ? It seems to concentrate all the experience and feeling of past days, and to unite them with the anticipations of those which are yet to come : it speaks to youth

and age alike, and summons both to prayer and meditation. Soon will eternity overwhelm all the concerns of time, but will infallibly take its character *from* them. I sincerely hope that you are systematically improving time, with a view to *that* eternity. Your opportunities have been many and valuable, your privileges great,—may every ensuing day prove that they are not lost upon you. Religious parentage and social connexions alone cannot save: personal religion in the heart is every thing. Our dear friend Mrs. S—— appears to have it in deed and in truth. Prize such a friend; not only because she is kind and agreeable, and worthy, but because she is a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; and *as such*, may be the ordained instrument of God, for establishing the same principle in you. Think of us all; not for the mere love's sake of earthly kindred, but for the love of Jesus, as connected with the family of heaven. This alone gives to charity itself its value.

"Farewell, my dear child; and while you pray for yourself, forget not

"Your affectionate father,
LEGH RICHMOND."

ADDRESSED TO MISS RICHMOND,

ACCOMPANIED BY A LOCKET OF DERBYSHIRE FLUOR SPAR, IN THE FORM OF A HEART.

Here I offer my daughter a heart without sin,
That knows nought of corruption and sorrow within!
A heart which you see is so curiously wrought,
That it ne'er can offend—not so much as in thought!

That its virtues are shining within and without,
Is a truth which admits of no rational doubt;
Its character, Mary, is pure and sincere;
And its inmost ideas transparent and clear.

'Tis a heart that will bear the minutest inspection,
And never prove guilty of any deception;
What it was, that it is—what it is, it will be—
Unconscious of guile or to you or to me.

It may seem to be strange—nay, it is so I own—
That this heart, though so pure, is as hard as a stone;
It resists all impressions which tenderness makes;
But if force be employed, it immediately breaks.

And this heart, if once broken, can never be healed,
Nor the least of its wounds be a moment concealed:
And though stony its texture, and hard be its nature,
Like yourself, this poor heart is a delicate creature.

Then make use of the emblem you wear at your breast:
With "the hearts that are pure,"* do you seek to be blest?
Weep and mourn for a nature by sin so deranged,
And pray for a heart that's essentially changed.

May the "stone" in your heart, be removed far away,
And the softened affections alone bear the sway!
They will lead you to Jesus with penitent sighs,
Till the Sun of his Righteousness sweetly arise.

May graces resplendent as those of the stone,
Both within and without, be for ever your own!
Let your heart be transparent, wherever you are,
And your conduct will shine far more clear than the spar.

But should you offend, and for sin be heart-broken,
Behold on the cross there is Mercy's bright token!
The heart that is contrite God will not despise,—
The heart that is broken, is dear in his eyes.

Christ's love has no limit, then give Him thy heart,—
In the deed shall His spirit free comfort impart:—
So the heart of the Saviour, allied close to thine,
In a glorious unity ever will shine.

L. R.

* Matt. v. 8.

We regret that the limits of this memoir will not allow us to lay before our readers copious extracts from Mr. Richmond's journals of his tours in Scotland. He adverts to them at all times with grateful recollection: they form an interesting part of his public life, and indeed led to an important event in his family. We insert the following extract, principally with a view to show our friend's opinion of all institutions which professedly exclude religion from their operations.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

"*July* 21. Set out for Biggar. Held a meeting for Hebrew Testament. Collected $53 93 Felt much respect for the memory of the well known John Brown of Haddington, while I was in the house of his grandson, and among his great grandchildren.

"*July* 22. Went to see New Lanark and the Clyde Falls: Mr. Owen accompanied us. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene. Saw the whole of the mills and machinery. Dined, and had much conversation with Mr. Owen on all his plans. They want a religious basis.

"*July* 23. Sermon at church. Went at four to Mr. Owen's school-room, and addressed the whole institution, from *Job* xxii. 21. Fine sight. In the evening, held a meeting at Lanark church for Hebrew Testament. Two thousand people—grand spectacle.

"*July* 24. Breakfasted with Mr. Owen. Conversed again on his new plan. Went to the school: saw the children go through all their various classes. The dancing may be pretty for children, but unquestionably leads to much evil among the adults. Many things are very interesting here, but require close investigation. Visited the fall of the Clyde—very superb indeed. Read, as I travelled on, Mr. Owen's manuscript. Some clever ideas of economical arrangement; but it must fail, as it now stands. *There is no Christ in his scheme, and it cannot prosper.*

"*July* 30. Paisley. Preached in the morning, from *Rom.* x. 11. Collected $46 98. Addressed in the evening 3,000 people, including 1,500 children and young people. I bless God for all his goodness.

"*July* 31. Glasgow. Met Dr. C. Interesting and most profitable conversation, on plans for parochial visitation, intercourse and reform.

"*Aug.* 3. In the course of the last three days, have seen some of the finest specimens of clouds rolling over hills in every shape and manner. Also grand combinations of sea, island and mountain beauty. O, for a heart to feel and acknowledge God's protecting mercies!

"*Aug.* 13. Aros. Prayed earnestly for all my family, and my parish.

From Aros, island of Mull, Mr. Richmond wrote a letter to his son Wilberforce, and in the course of his journey another to Mrs. Richmond, both of which are here inserted.

"How little idea can my son form of the scenes with which his father is surrounded, among these Highlands and islands of the North. It is like being in another world. In some of these remote islands, where the Gaelic language is chiefly spoken (though not to the exclusion of the English.) where different manners, dress, habits, dwellings, &c. prevail,—

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'

it seems difficult to conceive that it is still Britain. I am now on my way for Staffa and Iona, but whether the weather will be fine enough to allow of my projected excursion, remains a doubt; you shall know before this letter is concluded. I propose this evening to gather a little company of Highland cotters, and to preach to them in a wild glen, in this romantic island. The parish church is

fifteen miles distant. Yesterday I came from Oban, which is thirty-five miles by sea from this place; but owing to the wind being in the wrong direction, we made tacks amounting to one hundred miles, before we got into this little peaceful spot. This is a little inn—before it, in one direction, is the sea, and beyond, a vast range of mountains, called Morven, in Argyleshire; in another direction, about half a mile off, is a ruined castle, standing on a bold knoll and rock, washed by the waves. On our right hand are the hills of the Isle of Mull, covered with heath and cottages. Before the door runs a salmon stream, rattling over stones: above thirty people were yesterday fishing and harpooning for salmon, fifty of them weighed from four to twenty-five pounds each. Dozens of children wade in the river to catch eels, talking Gaelic with much vociferation and alacrity.

"I think, in our voyage yesterday, I saw twenty ruined castles, and three inhabited ones, and above twenty-five of the islands of the Hebrides. The intelligent boatmen tell you all manner of ancient legends and histories connected with them and their ancient masters. They carry you back into the days of Norwegian, Danish and Irish story. I saw the spot where a part of the Spanish Armada was wrecked; and a gun still remains on a rock, belonging to one of the Spanish ships. It is on the main-land shore, opposite to the Isle of Mull. This is the grand scene of all Ossian's descriptions, and corresponds exactly with them. All the ruins are finely covered with ivy, and so are the rocks.

"We have had much rain, and the mountain torrents run grandly down their sides. I think on Thursday we counted 350 cascades, in a morning ride; some of them gigantic. I remember seeing twenty-nine at one view. The wild magnificence of Highland scenery cannot easily be conceived. Parties of ladies are among the visitants, and in some places they cheerfully submit to many privations for the sake of the prospects. I go into the cottages, and sit down with the poor people, and talk with them on

religious subjects. There is much grateful affection about them.

"I am very thankful to God for permitting me to take this round, and more so for making my services very acceptable, and I hope useful. The tempest-beaten glens, the secluded isles, the populous towns, the romantic villages, all in their turn bear witness to the declaration of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' I have a truly congenial companion in the 'Clericus' of the Christian Guardian; he is just what I want, both for soul and body, and in each devotes himself to my aid and comfort most assiduously. Our views, principles, taste, and feelings strictly accord. He is a student in divinity in the university at Edinburgh, and preparing for the Scotch church. I left Mary with Dr. S. last Tuesday, she will soon go to Edinburgh, and wait till my return from the North of Scotland. I shall now lay down my pen, and probably not resume it until the point is decided, to-morrow or next day, whether the rain will allow of our visiting these most interesting of islands, Staffa, and Iona. The latter is thirty miles from hence; the former twenty, but on the opposite side.

"*Aug.* 13. My dear boy, I have seen Staffa, and write this from Iona. What I shall say, I know not, for really I can say nothing as I ought. When I entered the cave of Fingal, I knew not whether to burst out into one unceasing cry of astonishment, or meditate in unbroken silence of overwhelming wonder, or fall down upon my knees in devout adoration of Him who formed such a scene of sublime beauty. It beggars all description. This was on Wednesday: after waiting four days for weather, yesterday we arrived at this lonely scene of ruin and curiosities, and it more than answers all my expectations. Think of all we have read about Iona, and imagine then a small part of my sensations."

"My dear Love,

"It would be no easy task to describe the laborious circuit of engagements and accompanying solicitudes, in

which I am daily engaged. Next week, I enter the depths of the Highlands, and so far north: if all be well, the week after next I shall reach Staffa, the isle of wonders; and Iona, the isle of caves and kings. Amongst the spiritual mercies I have this week met with, are three new and distinct instances of the conversions and happy deaths of children in Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock; two, through 'Little Jane.' The wide dispersion of, and impression connected with these tracts in Scotland is scarcely credible. I have, in this respect, seen far beyond 'the travail of my soul.' When I reflect upon the simplicity of their origin, and the little idea entertained of their ever going beyond the limited circulation of the Christian Guardian, I am sometimes lost in wonder at the history of the publication. Surely, we may unitedly praise God for his unspeakable mercy to us, in this one unexampled instance.

"This situation is very lovely; near it stands the seat of Lord Blantyre, Mrs. Stewart's brother. Close by, flows the magnificent river Clyde, widening gradually, from two hundred yards to three miles in breadth. Highly cultivated scenery is backed by stupendous groups of vast Highland mountains, forming the very first class of landscape. Ruined castles, elegant mansions, sea-port towns, woods, rocks, promontories, boats, ships, banks, succeed each other. Ben Lomond is seen in all his ponderous grandeur, and so is Benledi. The whole neighbouring scenery is indeed very fine.

Mr. Richmond visited the island of Iona twice; he found there neither temple nor ordinances of religious worship, except in the occasional visits of a Scotch minister from an adjacent island; and the appointment of a schoolmaster, without salary, who assembled the children in a rude building.

From Iona, Mr. Richmond visited Staffa. We extract a few memoranda from his Diary, written at this time.

"*Aug.* 19. Set off for a second view of Staffa. We took the good schoolmaster and his wife with us. No

words can describe the whole: we had the afternoon sun upon all the most striking features of this magnificent group. The water was so calm that we went into the great cave in the boat, and thus obtained the finest view possible. We sang a hymn; it was sweetly echoed.

"Conversation this day in the boat very interesting. Returned to Iona at eight o'clock. Drank tea with the good schoolmaster."

"*Aug.* 20.—*Sunday.* Willy's birth-day; God bless him! Went at eleven to the school-house, and gave a service. I preached to a large company of these poor Ionians, from 2 *Cor.* v. Then I went and passed two hours alone, amid the ruins and graves. Had solemn and peaceful meditations!

"At four, gave another service, preaching from *Luke* xxiv. 47. At half past six, gave a third, chiefly to the children. The last, by the schoolmaster interpreting in Gælic, sentence by sentence. It was an interesting experiment; he prayed, read, and sang in Gælic.

"Passed a most comfortable evening, in conversation with these worthy Ionians. Surely, I have learned much here! A day to be remembered. I hope to raise a sufficient subscription to build a new school-house for Iona.

"Moon setting. Stars most bright at eleven. All reflected on the ocean, on the ruins, and from the hills and rocks."

It will excite no surprise, that a man of Mr. Richmond's piety and taste should avail himself of this opportunity to visit the once celebrated island of Iona, one of the Hebrides. Iona now contains only one village, with mean houses, and about 400 inhabitants. It is the most noted place of Caledonian antiquity.* It was formerly the seat of the Druids, some of whose sepulchral remains are still extant. Christianity was introduced into this island by St.

* We refer the reader to Pennant's Tour through Scotland, and Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, for further information.

Columba, after whom it was called I-colum-kill, or Columba's Cell. St. Columba came from Ireland to Iona, in the sixth century, accompanied by twelve disciples, through whose missionary labours the greater part of Scotland was converted to the Christian faith. The college, founded by St. Columba, was the seat and centre of literature and piety; and, from hence, these blessings were diffused, not only over the British islands, but throughout a great part of Europe. The ruins of these ancient edifices still remain as memorials of the apostolical labours of Columba, his associates, and successors. Iona is the burial place of forty-eight Scotch crowned heads, four Irish kings, eight Norwegian princes, or viceroys, of the island, and a multitude of nobility and religious orders.—It had, also, 360 crosses, which were all destroyed, except one, at the Reformation. The ruin of the once splendid cathedral cannot fail to interest the traveller, and to excite the deepest emotion in the heart of the Christian.

From Iona, he wrote to Mrs. Richmond:

"I am persuaded, that my dearest Mary will not only allow me to express the strong sensations of my own heart, as connected with the remote and magnificent scenes in which a kind Providence is at present placing me, but will sympathize and share them with me. Had I not sent off a letter two days since to Wilberforce, I would on this day have written to him, as it is his birth-day; which has been the subject of my early and earnest morning prayer, on a Sabbath spent in this extraordinary and interesting island. You are not altogether unaware of the peculiar feelings and wishes which, for many years, I have cherished in regard to these islands; and now, the desire has been fully answered. You can form little idea of the characteristics of every thing and every body around me. The novelty, simplicity, singularity, the *tout ensemble* is ndescribable. I have been obliged to wait a whole week or suitable weather, and almost despaired of success, but

I regret it not now. 'God waits upon the waiters,' and we experience it. No one can visit these islands. without allotting from a week to a fortnight of disposable time for the purpose. You have seen my prints of Staffa; but you have not seen them large and solid as the original. The sublimity, beauty, magnificence, singularities, wildness, and overwhelming influence of the whole, quite stop my pen, and my breath, when I attempt either to write or speak on the subject. I have made two separate visits to Staffa, and seen it within and without, with every possible advantage. My travelling friend, Mr. P., is of a truly congenial mind, and we have mutual pleasure in using the scenes of nature as means of grace.

Iona is delightful in another way. Here, amid the ruins of ancient grandeur, piety, and literature, surrounded by the graves, and mouldering grave-stones of kings, chieftains, lords of the isles, bishops, priests, abbesses, nuns, and friars; the scene decorated with the fine and romantic remains of cathedral, colleges, nunnery, chapels and oratories, with views of islands, seas, rocks, mountains, interspersed with the humble huts of these poor islanders;—I am just preparing to preach to as many of them as can understand English, in the open air. A rock my pulpit, and heaven my sounding-board; may the echo resound to their hearts. In the evening, I expect to preach by a Gaelic interpreter, to the whole company of islanders, sentence after sentence being translated as I utter them. I trust I am following up the spiritual example and wishes of my friend C., and that some good will result from this visit. This will more than repay the delay occasioned in my journey, by this most interesting excursion to the Hebrides. It will somewhat lengthen my journey and time; but I feel a persuasion, that my own soul and those of others are to profit by it. Join your prayers to mine, that it may be so.

"Since writing the above, I have given three services, under circumstances most interesting and novel, to these poor islanders of Icolumbkill. The last by a Gaelic inter-

preter, who translated every sentence, after I had delivered it in English. I passed near two hours alone, amid the ruins and graves of the cathedral It was a most solemn and peaceful meditation: and here, you may tell Willy I knelt down upon the graves of ancient monarchs, mouldering in the dust, and prayed God to "remember him for good;" to make him a holy and happy being, both in time and eternity. I asked of the Lord, that my child might share in the Christian privileges, character, and literature of the once renowned Christian divines of Iona, the missionaries and theologians of a primitive period, on whose ashes I was treading; I prayed that if (and only if) his heart were rightly directed, God would make him a minister of Christ's church on earth; but that he might never enter on the sacred office, if likely to be a careless, carnal, unconverted servant of the sanctuary. My heart was full of holy freedom, as I offered up a father's petition on the birthday of my child."

"My dear Boy,

* * * * * *

"It is high time that you and I should communicate frequently, intimately, and confidentially. If this is not to be expected by the time you have arrived at fifteen, when is it to be looked for? On one account, I have more solicitude, and even dread, on your behalf, than for any of my children. Earnestly as I should wish a son of mine to be a minister, yet I tremble at the idea of educating and devoting a son to the sacred profession, without a previous satisfactory evidence that his own soul was right with God. Without this, you and I should be guilty of a most awful sin in his sight. To any, and every other good profession, trade, or occupation, it may be lawful and expedient to fix with some degree of determination, long before the entering on it; but the ministry is an exception. Even St. Paul himself trembles, "lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away." I consider personal religion, accompanied and evidenced by personal con-

duct, to be indispensable in the individual, before either he, or another for him, fixes on the ministry for his profession. And I will not hesitate to say to *you*, that, honoured and happy as I should feel in being permitted to see you a faithful preacher of righteousness, adorning the Gospel which you would proclaim to others ;—yet without this, I would rather a thousand times see you a mason, or in the humblest capacity in life. I know what the office is ; and a penitent sense of my own deficiencies, teaches me to be fearful, and to tremble for those of others : how much more so in the case of a child ?

"The national church groans and bleeds, 'from the crown of its head to the sole of its feet,' through the daily intrusion of unworthy men into its ministry. Patrons, parents, tutors, colleges, are annually pouring a torrent of incompetent youths into the church, and loading the nation with spiritual guilt. Hence, souls are neglected and ruined —bigotry and ignorance prevail—church pride triumphs over church godliness—and the establishment is despised, deserted, and wounded. Shall you and I deepen these wounds ?—shall we add one more unit to the numbers of the unworthy and traitorous watchmen on the towers of our British Jerusalem ? God forbid ! But, to avoid so sad a departure from every principle of sacred order and conscience, *you* must become a humble, seriously-minded, consistent young disciple of Christ : a diligent student, an obedient son, a loving brother, a grateful worshipper, a simple-hearted Christian. And *I* must feel comfortably satisfied that you are so ; or with what conscience, with what hope, with what satisfaction, with what peace of mind, can I consent to devote you to the most sacred, the most important, the most responsible of all offices within the compass of human existence ?

"Now, I will not, and ought not to conceal from you, that, however accustomed we may all have been to talk of you as a future clergyman, I dare not decide upon any such plan without a much more clear evidence than I have yet seen, that your actual state of feelings and conduct,

temper and conversation, habitual and permanent thoughts, are such as will justify me in coming to so solemn a determination on my own part.

"I say this with anxiety, and write it with fear, as my pen proceeds: but I say it with earnest prayers for the real conversion of your soul to God, and with some hope that He will hear the petitions which I have offered up for you, through many a long year. I still repeat it, that I never can consent to put my seal to the question of the ministry, unless, and until I have some satisfactory proof of your heart being turned to God, in holy consistency and permanence of character.

"Let these pages be a testimony before God—and keep them as a sign between you and me—that I am in earnest, as to a subject where indifference would be sin.

"I have long been studying your character in the hourly events of each day, in immediate reference to this point. * * * Remember, 'they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts:' crucify yours. Pursue your studies with diligence: you may do great things for yourself, even without help—although I grant, much better with it. But 'work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work.'

"Believe me your affectionate father,

L. R."

We have already noticed the cheerful character of Mr. Richmond's piety. The kindness of his heart inspired an exquisite satisfaction in imparting pleasure. It seemed to be his constant aim "to instruct by pleasing;" and he entered into every innocent feeling of children, and readily shared their recreations. The school at Iona particularly interested him; and he soon gained on the childrens' affections, who listened to his instructions with confiding simplicity. Before he quitted Iona, he rewarded their diligent attendance with a public entertainment. The best sheep to be found in the island was purchased for the vast sum of six shillings. But a difficulty arose on the occa-

sion,—there was fuel to roast the creature, but the whole domain could not supply the necessary apparatus for its dissection. The children assembled on the shore, and picked up shells, to answer the purpose of knives and forks.

How interesting a scene! Two hundred children and their parents, assembled on the sea-shore,—every countenance beaming with delight! The hearts of the guests might be full of joy, in the novelty of amusement, and in the hospitality of their benefactor; but the master of the feast, amidst the wreck of greatness, the tombs of the mighty dead, and the anticipation of the revival of former piety among these remote islanders, would taste the higher luxury of doing good.

At the conclusion of the festivity, all sung the following hymn, which Mr. Richmond, in the glow of his benevolent feelings, had composed, and which was interpreted by the school-master:—

"Thou God of all grace! O omnipotent Lord,
Fill our hearts with the power of thy soul-saving word!
Have mercy, Jehovah! and be it thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"Thy Spirit came once on the wings of a 'dove,'
And proved to our fathers how great was thy love:
Have mercy again, Lord! and be it thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"When idolatrous Druids polluted the land,
To banish them hence, Thou didst stretch forth thy hand:
Thou art still the same Lord; and oh! be it thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"On Thee all our hope, in our poverty, stays—
Revive, Lord, thy work, in the midst of the days:
We will trust thee, O Lord! that it shall be thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"Though remote be our dwelling, and humble our lot,
Yet our God has a blessing for each little cot.
Have mercy, dear Saviour! and be it thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill.

"May our hearts feel the power of the blood that was shed,
When Christ on the cross for our sins 'bowed his head:'
May that blood be our trust; and oh! be it thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"Bless our parents and teachers; and make it their joy
In seeking our welfare their time to employ:
Oh! bless their instructions; and be it thy will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"Now hear our petition, O God of the Isles!
That we all may partake of thy heavenly smiles:
In life and in death be thou merciful still,
And save the poor children of Icolumkill!

"And at the last day, when our bodies shall rise,
To behold the great Saviour and Judge in the skies—
Then let it be known that it was thy good will
To save the poor children of Icolumkill!"

Mr. Richmond, during his residence at Iona, frequently preached in the school-house. On one of these occasions, he adverted to the Jewish mission. The hum of the children was heard, "We will give, we will give!" Some persons present attempted to check their zeal, and keep silence, but all voices were raised in reply—"The bairns will have it—the bairns will have it!" meaning the children *would* make a collection: and they presented to our friend the sum of $10 86.* If not all their living, yet a magnificent offering to Him whose grace had touched their hearts and inspired their zeal. Of these poor islanders it might be truly said, "Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

The impression made on the people of Iona by Mr. Richmond's visit, appears from the following anecdote. He had hired a boat and two sailors, to take him to Fingal's cave, a place of great curiosity, and of which he

* This seems a large sum for Iona, but we have the authority of Mr. Richmond's journal for the fact; where it is also stated, that he repeatedly declined accepting the boon, but the islanders forced it upon him, as a testimony of their regard to him and to his cause.

never spoke without the deepest emotion. On his return, he asked the boatmen what he had to pay them. But they would take nothing; and though he urged them to name their charge, they firmly persisted in their refusal; looking at him with tears in their eyes—"No, no, no, sir. Love has brought you to Iona, and love shall find you a boat."

Mr. Richmond before he quitted this interesting scene of his labours, addressed the children: about 200 of whom were present. The master desired that as many as wished to thank their benefactor for his kindness to them, would lift up their hands. All raised their hands above their heads. "Is this from your hearts?" said the master. Instantly one hand was laid on their hearts, the other remaining up: "and in this posture," says Mr. Richmond, in his journal, "the dear children stood, while I gave them a parting blessing. It was a most touching sight."

He left Iona amidst the tears of its population, nearly the whole of whom attended him to the sea-shore, with the most lively demonstrations of gratitude and love.

"Farewell, dear, interesting Iona. May I think much and profitably on my visit, and on what I saw and enjoyed there."

Before he quitted the island our friend had formed a plan for raising, by subscription, the means of building a new school-house, and providing a permanent salary for the master.

With a view to prepare his Scotch friends for the design, he wrote to his daughter Mary, whom he left at Edinburgh.

"My dear Mary,

"Nothing ever equalled Staffa in one point of view, or Iona in another: no words of mine will ever reach or approach what I should wish to say; but I thank God for what I have seen.

"Tell our good friends, that my anxiety to promote the welfare of the poor islanders of Iona, has led me to undertake the raising a subscription to build a school-room;

which, with the aid of the schoolmaster, of most true and godly simplicity, will be of essential benefit to the place. About $400 will be wanted, and I sincerely hope to succeed in raising it. I have spent three days and a sabbath among them. I preached thrice there: the opportunity was delightful, and affecting in the highest degree. Do use your influence to prepare the way before I come. The money will be admirably laid out for the good of the island. I have pledged myself for the attempt, and trust God will prosper it. I hope my petition will prevail with those who wish well to the poor islanders. The prayers, tears, and blessings of the dear people followed us to the shore, as I departed. It was a time much to be remembered.

At this time he wrote the following letter to his daughter Fanny:—

"Since I wrote my last, I have abundantly succeeded in Staffa and Iona. No words can express the astonishing sublimity, beauty, grandeur, and unique character of the former; or the deep and affecting interest excited by the ruins and associations of the latter island. I slept four nights therein, in a little hut, such as you never saw, amid the venerable ruins of all the great literary and religious establishments of ancient days, when Iona was the fountain of learning and piety to all Europe. I preached there thrice on Sunday, to such a group of poor islanders, in such a poor place, as you cannot easily conceive; and between the services, I went and locked myself up, for affecting meditation, amidst the ruins of the once grand cathedral of St. Columba; and walked upon the graves of numberless kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway,—lords of the isles, chieftains of all the clans, bishops, priors, abbesses, nuns, and friars—who lie here in wild confusion, mingled with the very poor forefathers of the present islanders. By day, the sun shone—and by night, a lovely moon illuminated the splendid panorama of ocean, eighteen islands, innumerable mountains, ranges of vast rocks, ruins, peasants' huts, ships, boats, and a countless group of other interesting objects. As but a small part of these poor

Ionians can understand English, I preached to them, by an interpreter, sentence by sentence; a pious schoolmaster, who is a blessing to the island, translating all I said. Never did I see such a sight, nor feel such a feeling before. I am trying to raise a subscription, to build these poor islanders a school-room: it will be indeed a work of charity.

About this time, Mr. Richmond opened a communication with the Duke of Argyle, the owner of the island of Iona, after he had raised $300 among his friends. The duke, it appears, chose to erect the proposed building at his own expense.

The following extract from a letter written to the editor by Mr. Pitcairn, contains all the information on this subject which we have been able to collect.

"Much of my correspondence with Mr. Richmond, was respecting a fund which he had collected for erecting a new school-room at Iona. This was afterward rendered unnecessary, as the Duke of Argyle built the house entirely at his own expense. Mr. Richmond contemplated the appropriation of the money raised for Iona, to a nobler purpose than that of a building. He died, however, before a plan was adjusted. Mr. Hepburne is the treasurer, and I am secretary to this fund. We are now making arrangements with the society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge, and with whom the money is to be vested in trust; and the interest applied annually for the moral and religious benefit of Iona. We are thus endeavouring to carry into effect, Mr. Richmond's benevolent design."

On his return from the North, our friend passed through Stockport, at the time when radical opinions disturbed the country. Mr. Richmond, from his lameness, was never able to walk far without resting. He was leaning on his stick and looking about him, when a poor fellow ran up to him and offered his hand, inquiring with considerable earnestness, "pray, sir, are you a radical?" "Yes, my friend,"

replied Mr. Richmond, "I am a radical, a thorough radical." "Then," said the man, "give me your hand." "Stop, sir, stop; I must explain myself: we all need a radical reformation; our hearts are full of disorders; the root and principle within us is altogether corrupt. Let you and I mend matters there; and then, sir, all will be well, and we shall cease to complain of the times and the government." "Right, sir," replied the radical, "you are right, sir;" and bowing respectfully, he retired.

Our friend had ever a strong antipathy to political contention; nor could he be prevailed on to vote at an election without extreme reluctance. He used to say, "a religious man is never more out of his place, nor in greater danger of losing his piety, than in the squabbles of politics." The following humorous epistle to his friend Mr. P., well explains his sentiments on this subject.

"My dear Sir,

"I always tremble when religion and politics jam their chariot-wheels together. I once saw a post-chaise overtake another post-chaise: the foremost was going gently and peaceably onward; the hindmost rather furiously; at the instant of near approach (rather too near, you will say) the fore wheel of the latter caught fast hold of the inner circumference of the hind wheel of the former. For a few paces the two chaises went on, jostling in awkward partnership, till at length all four horses took alarm, and set off at full speed, compelling the tottering carriages to go as fast as themselves; which they did, till one was overturned with the loss of a wheel, and the other dashed onward in a full career of ungovernable rapidity. It was soon out of sight, so I know not what became of it. This was the political vehicle. Poor religion lay smashed in the ditch, and the passengers at length put their heads out of the window, and cried, 'help us out of the ditch.' We did so, and they crept slowly on foot to the next village, to collect ham, beef, beer and experience.

Mr. Richmond's correspondents were numerous. It is truly wonderful that he could find time for a few lines to each of them. When absent from home, he not only wrote to his wife and every one of his children; but to the tutor of his boys; the curate who supplied his church; and his parishioners, to whom he addressed a kind of pastoral epistle. We have not room for many specimens. The following are no discredit to his memory.

"My dear Friend,

"I throw myself on your Christian feelings of charity once more. I have done wrong in what I have written, I pray you to forgive me. My real, true, and only excuse is, that my anxious feelings for the parish, and my high approbation of your character and conduct among the people, made me under-rate your objections; I did not think them of sufficient weight, and I was sincerely and honestly fearful that you had some other reason, in which I was personally implicated, and which your delicacy did not like to name. I now believe otherwise, and I hope you will receive my acknowledgment of my error in the same spirit wherein it is offered to you Do not let it influence you in any part of your feelings or conduct towards me. You little know the heart with which you have to do, if you think that, except under an erroneous impression, I could wound any one much less a friend and brother, and one whom I so cordially esteem and love. I fancied that it was your nerves, and not yourself, that shrank from the path in which I hoped Providence had placed you; and therefore I wrote as I did. Once more, forgive me. My wife can tell you how much I suffered in my mind before you arrived, in consequence of parochial vexations. I looked to your coming as a great comfort—I found it so. Every thing went on well; I thought that after a year's trial and acquaintance with the people, you would be the very man to succeed in my absence. I built upon this hope, and imagined that I could remove the difficulties

which, on a short and cursory view, affected your mind. I tried to do so,—I failed ;—the fabric of my hope seemed to totter,—my spirits sank ;—I fancied there was more of fancy than argument in your reasons for going. All this put together, disappointed me, and excited my solicitude. I was crossed in all my hopes and plans for the next year. Even the parental desire to visit my daughter in Scotland, by leaving a tried and accepted friend at home, seemed to be blighted. Put all these things together, and I think you will the more readily throw a mantle of charitable forgiveness over the faults and mistakes of your friend. On the receipt of this, which I send open as a part of my letter to Mrs. R., talk to her freely about it ; and may every uneasy feeling, either in your or hers, or my own mind, be done away. So far as concerns my correspondence, this letter contains my heart and mind ; cancel every other.

" I trust that you are sparing yourself, agreeably to my request, in regard to any of the meetings, which have pressed on your strength and spirits. Shorten the evening chancel lectures : take care of yourself, yet be at ease in so doing. An unexpected, but important proposition has been made to me relative to some sermons for next Sunday, and which may possibly prevent my return before then. It is yet unsettled, and waits the arrival of a letter to-morrow ; but I will mention the result as soon as I know it myself.

" Accept, for myself, the most sincere assurance of my high and unfeigned esteem for you and your ministry ; my cordial prayers for your welfare, both in mind, and body, and estate ; my anxious regret, that our connexion must not be of a more lasting continuance ; and my belief, that you have entertained a real and unmixed regard and respect for your unworthy friend. I can add no more than prayers for your happiness, and a hope that your next partner in the ministry may as highly appreciate your services, and give you as fully his heart, as does

" Your affectionate friend and brother,

LEGH RICHMOND."

"My dear Friend,

"Had I not frequently heard of you, and of the satisfactory manner in which you and the boys were going on, from my daughters, I should have written to you before, a letter of inquiry and friendship. Accept a few lines now, however, for the sake of both. I can assure you, that no object lies nearer to my heart than the welfare of my sons, in whom the treasury of my affections and conscientious desires is greatly bound up. I often, very often, look with trembling regard on the future, as it concerns them; and, were there not a throne of grace for them and for me, I know not how I should bear up under many a drooping feeling. You now see and know them, and, I am persuaded, feel an interest in all that respects them. Tell me a little of the progress and general conduct of each, and be assured of the confidence which I repose in your conscientious assiduity and friendly affection towards them and us. You, my friend, know the value of an immortal soul, and can unite its prosperity with every other consideration; you feel it for yourself, and can feel it for others. You know something of the snares and vices of the world by which we are surrounded, and can enter into the temptations by which youths are constantly endangered: you are not ignorant of the inward plague of the natural heart, and of the need there is for prayer and watchfulness, to preserve it from manifesting its evils in a thousand ways. I can, therefore, and I do, feel a peculiar satisfaction in contemplating your office, as connected with your principles. The time is now at hand, when, I trust, in the bosom of my family and parish, to cultivate more intimacy and friendship with you than circumstances have recently permitted; and to share with you the anxious task of rearing up young minds for heaven. I have had much interesting matter for contemplation during this journey, on the beauties of nature as well as of grace. I have taken a wide range of scenery in Scotland, in the Hebrides, and the North-east coast of Ireland; it is no easy task to detail or describe such objects, with all their combinations and ef-

fects; but they leave a valuable impression on the mind that seeks God in the midst of them. It is delightful to worship Him in the temple of creation, and to catch from psalmists and prophets, the happy art of elucidating his works of redeeming love, by illustrations and arguments drawn from his wonders and beauties in the natural world. I will, hereafter, try to tell you something of these things, and to brighten the gloom of our winter horizon by some of my *Northern lights* I have also seen some very lovely instances of the power of divine grace on the hearts of individuals and people. It is a very delightful consideration, that the same God and the same Redeemer reigns every where, and produces the same effects in heart and life. What reason have we to mourn over our slow growth under so many advantages!

"Be pleased to give my kind love to Mr. Renton, and tell him that I received his letter subsequently to mine leaving this. I shall be happy if he can, even for two or three days, give me the comfort of his society beyond the 12th of August. Can you tell me where he is going? He forgot, in his letter, to mention the name of the place and clergyman whose church he is to serve. Give my love to the boys, accept of mine and Mrs. Richmond's assurances of esteem and regard;

"And believe me,

"Faithfully, yours,

LEGH RICHMOND."

Pastoral letter, addressed to his parishioners at Turvey.

"My dear Friends,

"Although distance may for a season produce silence, it cannot cause forgetfulness in my heart. As it concerns you, I can truly say that your spiritual welfare and temporal comfort, form the subject of prayers constantly offered up at the throne of grace. It has pleased the Lord to bring us safe to our dear child, whom we found better than we could have expected, considering the illness and sufferings

through which she has been carried. Great joy attended our meeting, and the affections of nature and grace were called into no small exercise I desire to praise Him for the past, and trust Him for the future. Many of you have had abounding proofs of God's mercy and goodness in the hour of need, and have been brought 'through fire and through water into a wealthy place.' May the recollections of such benefits keep you humble, make you thankful, and render you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light! As we journeyed hither we saw many lovely scenes among the mountains, lakes rivers, and waterfalls of nature; and they reminded us of the far greater beauties of holiness in Him who made them all, and gives us many a Gospel lesson in the works of creation. We are now in a vast city, containing above 150,000 inhabitants. Much grace prevails here; and also, in such a multitude, much evil. What need we have to pray for the universal reign of Christian principles in all hearts; for the day when Glasgow and London and Turvey may present nothing but a population of the true followers of the Lord Jesus. When and how shall this come to pass? Times and seasons are in the Lord's hands, but the means of grace are put into ours And I know of no means so immediately likely to promote the great event of general conversion, as the lively, steadfast, and exemplary conduct of Christian professors. I would wish to impress this strongly upon every one of your minds: you are answerable to God for the conduct of every hour, not only as it may affect your own individual state, but as it may, and must respect your families, your neighbours, and the church of God. The increase and prosperity of young converts, is closely connected with the manner in which older professors of religion so let their light shine before them, that they, seeing their good works, may glorify their Father which is in heaven. Be a united people; give no place to unkind suspicions, or jealousies, or words. Remember the golden rule, 'even do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' Keep your eye and your heart

steadily fixed upon the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. Walk happily, by walking wisely and holily. Maintain family prayer and instruction in your households, whenever it is practicable ; and where it is not, be more earnest in secret prayer for the removal of all hindrances. Keep together as a people ; encourage no divisions which break the peace of the church, and injure weak souls by many false delusions. A good Christian is a steady one. You that are in trouble, cast your cares upon the Lord, knowing that he careth for you. If God be with you, who can be against you ? Think over past mercies, and see on whom you ought to trust. Do not dishonour Him by unbelieving doubts. He is faithful that has promised. May God answer my prayers for unity, peace and concord. Hearken to the word of truth, from the lips of my faithful fellow-labourer : strengthen his hands and encourage his heart. Pray much for me ; I need it, for my labours are many, and I am weak : but the Lord is my strength. God bless every one of you : and may we, if God will, meet again in love and holy resolution.

" So prays your affectionate pastor,
LEGH RICHMOND."

It was during one of Mr. Richmond's excursions to Scotland, that he arranged for publication the very interesting diary and " Letter on the Principles of the Christian Faith," composed by Miss Sinclair, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair. Bart. ; who died on the 22d May, 1818. There are few of our readers, we presume, who have not read the above production, addressed by Miss Sinclair to one of her younger sisters without any intention of its meeting the public eye, or aiming at any thing beyond the private edification of her sister. It contains a very clear, scriptural and able exposition of the principles of the Christian faith, accompanied by remarks which showed the influence of those principles in her own heart. At the request of the family, a memoir of Miss Sinclair was prefixed to the publication, by Mr. Richmond. It is foreign

to our purpose to enter into any review of this interesting little work, which details the early growth and progress of divine grace in the heart of this young lady, who appears to have united the attainments of genuine piety with the endowments of the most cultivated mind. We have much pleasure in subjoining the following testimony, as one of the many instances of usefulness arising from the perusal of this little memoir :—

"Rev. Sir,

"Being informed that you are writing the life of Mr. Richmond, I beg, through the medium of my much esteemed friend Mr. F. to inform you how greatly I am indebted to the memoir of Miss Hannah Sinclair. I trust it is from no ostentatious wish to see my name in print, that I allude to the blessed change in my views and principles. Yet I do wish to give publicity to the little volume by which my mind was first drawn to the true principles of the word of God, and my heart rightly impressed by them. I would pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who must be ever dear to my recollection, for benefits received from that excellent letter of Hannah Sinclair; and I anxiously desire that her valuable memoir by Mr. Richmond, may be read with the same delight and benefit which accompanied my perusal of it.

"I am, &c.

H. Phipps."

CHAPTER XV.

Death of his infant,—Marriage of his eldest daughter,—Visit to the north of Ireland.—Texts on the walls of his church,—Extract of a letter to his daughter F——.—Isle of Wight tour.—Pastoral letter,—Journal.—His son Wilberforce's illness, and death,—Marriage of his daughter, H—,—Nugent's shipwreck, and death,—Apocryphal question,—Mr. Richmond's opinion on the mode of preaching to the Jews,—Journey to Cromer,—Conversation with the editor,—Meditation in his study.

In the spring of 1821, Mr. Richmond lost his infant child. He gives the account of this event in a letter to his daughter; and he composed a copy of verses, to soothe the feelings of the mother.

"Dear Mary,

"Our dear delicate baby has taken his flight to a happier world! I write beside his unspeakably beautiful remains. Of all my twelve babes, I never clung to one like this—perhaps, because I never expected his life. He was formed for a higher state than this, and is taken away from the evil to come. He had an inflammation on the chest for a few days. He died in my arms—lovelier than the loveliest, calmer than the calmest. His previously languid eye suddenly illumined into heavenly brightness and vigour: it looked at me with full intelligence—seemed to say, 'Farewell! I am going to Jesus!'—and he was gone."

HYMN FOR AN INFANT'S FUNERAL.

Hark! how the angels, as they fly,
Sing through the regions of the sky;
Bearing an infant in their arms,
Securely freed from sin's alarms:—

"Welcome, dear babe, to Jesu's breast—
For ever there in joy to rest:
Welcome to Jesu's courts above,
To sing thy great Redeemer's love!

"We left the heavens, and flew to earth,
To watch thee at thy mortal birth:
Obedient to thy Saviour's will,
We stayed to love and guard thee still.

"We thy protecting angels came,
To see thee blessed in Jesu's name;
When the baptismal seal was given,
To mark thee, child, an heir of heaven.

"When the resistless call of death
Bade thee resign thy infant breath—
When parents wept, and thou didst smile,
We were thy guardians all the while.

"Now, with the lightning's speed, we bear
The child committed to our care;
With anthems such as angels sing,
We fly to bear thee to our King."

Thus sweetly borne, he flies to rest:
We know 'tis well—nay more, 'tis best:
When we our pilgrims' paths have trod,
Oh! may we find him with our God!

We have already noticed that Mr. Richmond, in his tour to Scotland, left his eldest daughter to the care of Dr. and Mrs. S., who resided near Glasgow. It was there that an attachment was formed between Miss Richmond and a clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, whose profession and character rendered the connexion truly gratifying to our friend. He alludes to this circumstance in the following letter:

"My dear Love,

"Was not this the day on which you were born? Why, then, I must now wish you many happy returns of it. But will they be happy, if you be not holy! How I long to see my dear F. still more decided—more spiritual—more given to holy thoughts, words, and works. Let not your mind be run away with by any thing that will steal your heart from God. Make no idols of books that carry away the imagination. I will give you a rule to judge whether an author is doing you good:—Go directly from your book, and open your bible; and, without partiality or hypocrisy, say which you embrace with the most delight. The answer will always show the state of your mind, and the profitableness and lawfulness of the book.

"Become more serious. I am much pleased with the conscientious principles and behaviour of Mary and Mr. M., in their intercourse. He is a true Christian, and most affectionately attached to her. His view of faith and practice exactly accord with my own: he is too good a man to be light and trifling on such a solemn subject as a nuptial engagement. Mary's mind is sacredly and steadfastly made up, to *love*, honour, and obey him, as the partner of her heart, and the spouse of her conscience. Oh! pray for the dear girl, and treat the question with sacred cheerfulness.

"My visit to Glasgow was blessed to the cultivation of pure regard and esteem with *all* the M——'s. I can resign her, with full hope and confidence, into God's hands. Do you the same; and when we return home, seek more opportunities of useful conversation. Attend, in the course of every day and hour, to the growth of your best and most ennobling principles of action. Much, very much time, which might be employed in an increasing meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, is, I fear, lost. These things ought not so to be, my dear child. Time is short, eternity is at hand. It is a hard thing to be saved at all; and every lost hour, every idle word, every neglected opportunity, makes it more hard. It is a strait gate and nar-

row way to heaven, and (comparatively) few there be that find it.

"Never be without a book, in daily reading, *of a direct spiritual and devotional tendency;* one that will make the vanities of time and sense appear unworthy of your notice. Always keep up, if possible, with some one, a truly religious correspondence, calculated to bring Christ to the soul. Keep in hourly recollection, that you are a great sinner, unworthy of all the comforts and enjoyments which you possess; and that without a Saviour inwardly known, all is as knothing. Examine for the proofs of a converted mind, in the grand act of faith on Jesus Christ. I cannot recommend you a more lively example than Mrs. Isabella Graham, the admirable aunt of Mr. M. Learn to love true religion in others, whoever they may be. Shun party prejudice, as the bane of charity and the curse of the church. God's love is not limited to us, and our division of the church of Christ; why then ought ours? Far be it from us to feel alienation from any whom He is leading heavenwards.

"Pray think of the general tenor of this letter, for my sake, and for your own sake. I have much spiritual uneasiness about all my children, and most anxiously wish to see them grow in grace. Without this, all is dead. I want to see them useful to others around them, and patterns to one another, and comforts to me in all things."

The union took place at Turvey, in the spring of 1822; and the writer of this Memoir had the pleasure of officiating on the occasion. On the day of Miss Richmond's marriage, her father addressed to her the following interesting letter:—

"I this day consign you, my beloved daughter, into the hands of one whom I believe to be a man of God, and who will watch over your eternal as well as your temporal interests. I trust that your union is formed in the simplicity of faith, hope, and love. Give yourself up, first to God,

and then to your husband, for Christ's sake. Pray for grace to conduct yourself aright, in the new station of a wife. Never depend for a single moment, on the strength of your own feeble nature. Live constantly by faith on the Son of God: relying on him for the graces of domestic life, as well as those of a more general character. Endeavour in all things to please God, and you will be sure to please all whom you ought to please.

"Expect the trials and crosses incident to the earthly pilgrimage; but expect also by the mercies and merits of Jesus Christ, to be enabled to pass through them with safety and peace.

"Love, honour, and obey your husband, for the Lord's sake. Do it upon deep conscientious principles, as in the constant sight of God. Think much on the love of Christ to poor sinners; and live upon this love, as food and medicine to your own soul.

"Be cheerful without levity; be grave without moroseness; be devout without affectation; be firm without obstinacy; be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord in all things.

"Although you leave your father's house, I know you will not leave its principles, any more than its love. Though separated, we shall be closely united,—though out of sight, yet never out of mind: you will think of us, and we of you, with affections tender, rational and abiding. We shall often meet at the throne of grace, and welcome each other, and be welcomed there; we shall often meet in the correspondences of heart and pen. We shall, if God permit, sometimes meet in sweet personal intercourse again; we shall often meet in the affectionate reveries of imagination. And oh! may we at last meet to part no more, in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"Study your own and your husband's dispositions, that you may cultivate true conjugal peace and love Ever be ready to open your heart to him on things spiritual as well as temporal. Disappoint him not herein, for he will watch

over your soul, as one that must give account. A minister's public labours are intimately connected with his private and domestic consolations. A minister's wife may be a main-spring of encouragement or discouragement to her husband, in all his arduous and anxious occupations for the good of his flock. On her example and demeanour very much may often depend. Keep this always in mind, and look up to Christ for gracious help. Feel with, and for your husband, in all his parochial and congregational interests, as well as in those which are simply domestic—they ought to be inseparable. Cultivate a deep and personal piety. Imitate the holy women of old, and let your adorning be like unto theirs: St. Peter can tell you what this is.

"I rejoice in your lot; I can see the hand of God in it. This is a token for good to us all.

"Go, dear Mary, to your husband's house; and may the presence and blessing of the Lord go with you: I commend you to his holy keeping, with confidence. Faithful is He that hath promised, and He will do it. We shall have pledged our vows at the table of the Lord, at this interesting period: may this strengthen and animate our hearts to serve and trust him On this day, the Spirit was poured out on the primitive church with great power,—may we this day receive the earnest of His love in much simplicity.

"Grace, peace, and mercy, be with my beloved daughter, and with her affectionate father,

LEGH RICHMOND."

The year after the marriage of his daughter, Mr. Richmond paid a visit to the North of Ireland. He staid there but a short time. We can furnish the reader with no other particulars than are contained in the subjoined letter to his friend, Mr. Higgins, of Turvey Abbey.

"My dear Sir,

"Owing to some domestic circumstances, connected with our dear daughter's confinement, indisposition, and

recovery, we have been detained here beyond our expectations; but in our absence, we think and talk much of our Turvey friends, and anticipate the restoration to their society with much pleasure. During my wife's more retired occupation of nursing, and superintending household affairs in Glasgow, I have had interesting opportunities of seeing districts of much beauty and curiosity. I have again visited Staffa and Iona, and several other of the Western islands. I have also seen the Giant's Causeway, and the highly romantic and sublime coast of Antrim, in Ireland, including a journey of seventy miles by land to Belfast. I was very glad to find, that amidst all the misery and mischief of many other parts of Ireland, one district in the North is very quiet, and comparatively comfortable. I travelled in an open vehicle until midnight, without fear or danger. But not so, had I traversed the territories of Captain Rock. The North of Ireland is chiefly Protestant, although not exclusively so. I had the opportunity of observing there, as in Scotland, that in exact proportion to the universality and superiority of the school education of the children of the poor, good or bad conduct prevails in the different districts. With mental attainments and useful instruction, an elevation and stability of character, and a happy adaptation of mind to circumstances, is generally formed. Subject to occasional exceptions, I feel confident that the three kingdoms will owe their future and final prosperity to the great advances and improvements made in general education. Nothing can more illustrate this fact, than the comparison between Scotland and Ireland, and the contrasted districts of educated or uneducated Ireland and Scotland with each other. For, in some of the remote islands, and Highlands of even Scotland, much is yet to be done. You would not be sorry that the Popish question was lost in Parliament, neither was I: I am convinced, that we are safer as we are; although equally convinced, that many good men most conscientiously think otherwise; but I was glad when I saw the result. I grieve at the violence with which the subject

has been too often argued on both sides, and at the consequent irritation of parties.

"From my children's account, the boys are going on very well with Mr. Ayre, and, I trust, will improve much under his tuition. May God be pleased to enable us to bring them up in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' and to see them, as much as possible, preserved from the abounding snares and evils of the corrupt world in which their lot must be cast.

"We have had recent accounts of, and from Nugent:* and all very satisfactory. That subject, my dear sir, was a bitter, but is turned into a cordial. I feel great reason to be thankful. We have often drank from your cups, so kindly given to Mrs. M., and the remembrances of Turvey have sweetened the draughts. She is most happy in her husband, a man and a minister of sterling worth; they are most comfortable in each other, and live in much respectability and domestic love. I must, also, gratify the feelings of a newly-made grandfather, by praising little *Mary Marshall the second*, and observing that she is a very nice little girl.

"The beauty of nature, and its accompanying scenery, is now great indeed. I cannot convey to paper the magnificence of the mountains, the loveliness of the plains, the sublimity of the rocks, the splendour of the ocean, the diversity of the islands, the wonders of basaltic columns, the awfulness of the caves, nor the combinations of effects produced by them all together. I cannot depict the numerous ivy-girt ruins of feudal castles, nor the groves and woods of the mansions and villas of lairds and lords; but you know something of them, and must conceive, in imagination, what your friend is unable to describe. My great desire is, to seek and find God in them all, and to adore him there.

"You will present my kind regards to Mrs. H., in which all here unite. To your children likewise, give every good

* His eldest son, then in India.

wish and blessing. Accept the same for yourself, and be assured of my friendly and Christian desire that you may, through the blessing of God and his crucified Son, 'so pass through things temporal that you finally lose not the things eternal.' Such wishes and prayers become us whilst we are here, and their answers may be our crown of glory when we depart hence, and are no more seen."

About this time, the church at Turvey was inspected by the archdeacon, who expressed his approbation of the neatness and good order with which every thing appeared to be conducted. The church is a singular building, having three chancels annexed to it. In one of these are the monuments of the Mordaunts; the middle chancel contains the font and communion table; and the third was used for the evening instruction of the schools, where Mr. Richmond catechised and preached to the children A most appropriate selection of texts are inscribed on the walls of each of these chancels, as well as in the body of the church, chosen by Mr. Richmond with great care, and they exhibit a complete system of divinity. "I wish," said our excellent friend, "when I can no longer preach to my flock, that the walls should remind them of what they have heard from me. The eye, though wandering in thoughtless vacancy, may catch something to affect the heart."

We regret that we cannot supply the reader with a map of the interior of Turvey church. The admirable order of the texts, which display both the taste and piety of the departed rector, might afford a model for similar arrangements in other churches.

The following are extracts from an interesting letter, written to his daughter F——, about this time:—

"Fully as I can enter into the beauties of works of fiction, yet I exceedingly dread their tendency. The utmost caution is requisite in meddling with them. The novelist I unequivocally proscribe, and many of the poets, and their poems, which are only nets to catch young minds in the

maze of Satan. It is a maxim in regard to books as well as companions, that what does not *improve*, invariably *injures*. Few things in this world are merely negative and harmless: they either do us good, when sanctified by the Spirit; or they do us harm, by stealing our hearts from God. Even the beauties and wonders of nature, in an unsanctified mind, excite nothing beyond natural affections—pleasure and surprise. If *Christ* is not sought for there, we may rise no higher than mere tourists, rhymists, and painters. Whether we eat, or drink, or travel, or read, or converse, or philosophize—all, *all must be done to the glory of God.*"

The tours of Mr. Richmond which we have already laid before the reader, were undertaken at the solicitation of the Church Missionary and Jews Societies. He often made voluntary excursions of a smaller extent, to assist in the formation of branch Bible Societies; and he usually attended the annual meetings of the auxiliaries to the parent institution, within his own neighbourhood, where he was allowed to be one of the most efficient instruments in their establishment and confirmation.

In this year, he was appointed by the committee of the Parent Society in London, to accompany one of their secretaries (Dr. Steinkopff,) to Chichester, Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight. The recollections of his former residence were too strongly associated with all the early events of his ministry, not to render the proposal highly acceptable to him.

We venture to make a few extracts from Mr. Richmond's journal at this time, being the last we shall have occasion to notice. We trace in them his usual taste for the beauties of nature, with a growing spirituality and devotedness of heart,

JOURNAL.

"*Aug.* 27. Saw views of the Isle of Wight. What associations crowd upon my heart! Joyfully and affectionately received by my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. T., in the dock-yard. Talked over old times—about the Isle of Wight, Brading, Bembridge, &c.

"I entreat thee, O my God, to sanctify this season to my soul and to the souls of others! May this visit be a blessing. Time is going on—eternity is at hand. Strengthen my heart, head, and tongue, and keep me from evil.

"*Aug.* 28. Proceeded to Southampton. Profitable conversation with Dr. S., on the necessity of retirement and prayer, in the midst of public and official duties. My affections greatly exercised to-day by the topics of my speech—never more so.

"Lord, guide me in this pilgrimage! Keep my heart—give me judgment—direct my tongue—preserve me from sin!

"*Aug.* 29. Went to the Bible meeting at Southampton. I told the miners' story.* A poor widow brought an interesting girl, named Mitchell, about eighteen, to acknowledge, with tears of grateful affection, how much she was indebted to the tract of 'The Young Cottager,' for a change of heart and hope. She showed a simplicity of character that affected me greatly. Sailed to Cowes. Proceeded to Newport. I am once more in the Isle of Wight

* The story to which he alludes is very affecting. In one of the Newcastle collieries, 35 men and 41 boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death. One of the boys, with a bit of pointed iron, engraved on a tin box which the colliers use, this last message to his mother:—"Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, be a good lad to God and mother." Mr. Richmond brought the box from the North, and by showing it to his friends, awakened in their hearts feelings of the most lively interest.

—God bless this visit. My heart yearns over this spot. Lord, sanctify all things to me and thy children! and daily add to the church such as shall be saved.

"*Newport, Aug.* 30. Met Robert Wallbridge,* and talked about his sister and father. Attended the Bible meeting. Entered at large into Isle of Wight feelings. Much affection manifested.

A number of persons came in the evening, and joined us in family prayer. I expounded and prayed. It was an affecting season How my heart feels these scenes and interviews! Lord, sanctify all this to my own soul! The Brading pulpit is offered me for Sunday morning.

"*Aug.* 31. (*Saturday.*) Fixed to have a Bible meeting on Thursday next. Set out with my daughter Fanny, and went through Brading, to Mr. L's cottage at Sandown. All the way felt strong associations. Every tree, hedge, gate, house, revived them. Went to Shanklin, to the Chine. Exquisite views. Dined in the Chine. Returned through Brading. Was much affected on reading many grave-stones—so many that I once well knew! Drank tea with the curate Finally settled that I should preach tomorrow, at Brading. May my soul be directed into all truth. I felt much while sitting in the Brading vicarage parlour—so many domestic recollections!

"*Sept.* 1. (*Sunday.*) A most affecting day. Before church, saw many friends, who most affectionately greeted me. Preached from *Ps.* viii 4—'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?' Church most crowded. I was much affected by the whole scene. Mr. T., the curate, acted in a very friendly manner. After many interesting circumstances, went to Ryde, and preached there in the afternoon. At eight, went to Mrs. Y., at Bank Cottage, where a multitude of people heard me expound and pray. How many gave me the affectionate right-hand of fellowship! I expounded from *John* vii. 37.—'In the last day, that great day of the

* This was the brother of his Dairyman's daughter.

feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

"What scenes are these! How far removed from the pomps and vanities of this world!

"*Sept.* 2. Went to Brading. Showed Jane's cottage to Fanny. Called on numbers of people. Much friendly and kind reception at Brading: much religious and devotional feeling in every direction.

"*Sept.* 3. Went to Bembridge. Interesting in the extreme. Saw old Mr. G. dying, and happy in death. Called at the G's. Found the whole family full of love, affection, and piety. Went to Mr. K's, and various others. All respect and affection Ascended Bembridge Down: the finest prospect in the island. Had a delightful religious party in the evening. Exposition and prayer. Settled to have a distribution of tracts at Bembridge, on Thursday, if fine.

"God grant me grace to go through all these affecting scenes profitably to myself and others!

"*Sept.* 5. A day much to be remembered. After breakfast, went with Mr. Butterworth, &c., to distribute tracts, according to promise, at Bembridge Point: to which I had invited all the population of Bembridge. The most affecting and affectionate scene ever witnessed. Such meetings, welcomes, congratulations, smiles, tears, salutations, from some hundred persons—men, women, and children! It is indelibly impressed upon my mind, and beggars all description.

"Had many proofs of past usefulness. God bless this day to me and many! On returning home, found a delightful letter from my dear wife, about the Isle of Wight: God bless and preserve her Expounded 23d Psalm. Oh! that this day may be remembered for good!

"*Sept.* 6. Visited Robert Wallbridge and Mrs. A. Had much useful conversation about the Dairyman's Daughter. She gave me a lock of her hair. We went to Arreton church, and visited her grave.

"*Sept.* 12. A day to be much remembered. On this day twenty-five years since, I first read Mr. Wilberforce's book on Christianity, in my little study, in the vicarage house at Brading; and thence and then received my first serious, and I hope saving impressions.

"A memorial stone was this day put up over the grave of little Jane, the young cottager—my first convert and seal in Brading. Multitudes attended—old and young, from all the vicinity. Her parents bent, weeping, over the grave. What did I not feel! We then adjourned to the cottage where she lived and died, and I distributed a number of 'Young Cottager' tracts to the inhabitants and neighbourhood, who came in throngs to receive them. A truly affecting scene!

"*Sept.* 18. A stone was this day put up for the Dairyman's Daughter, in Arreton church-yard.

'To God be all the praise.'"

After preaching several times to large congregations, he took an affectionate farewell of his numerous friends in the Isle of Wight.

Extract from a pastoral letter from the Isle of Wight.

"Dear Christian Friends,

"Although I have been prevented from writing to you before, by daily occupations, I have borne you on my heart, and lifted up my prayers to God for your welfare. I have been received by my old friends in this island with warm affection. Some whom I remembered, have gone to their rest, and are with the Lord; others are growing old, but God blesses them, even to hoar hairs. Some bring their children, and their children's children to me, and bless God for their piety, tracing it to the prayers we formerly offered up together. I have been much affected in visiting the churchyard, and reading the names of so many of my old neighbours inscribed on the grave-stones. Time passes

away—eternity is at hand. You have also been reminded of this by two sudden deaths among yourselves. May such things be deeply impressed upon your hearts.

"I long much for your stability and increase in the grace of Christ, and am often exercised with fears, lest the weakness of your nature, and the cares of the world, should beguile any of you into inconsistencies in your Christian course. Look well to your families, correct what you see to be evil in them; pray much for your children, and set them an example of holy tempers; try to do all the good you can; but let none of you be busy-bodies and tale-bearers; this is the bane of Christian society.

"Be very kind, respectful, and attentive to my brethren, who serve the church in my absence. Keep close together, and strive to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. When troubles befall me, may your affection soothe me; where I am deficient and wanting, bear with me; if I am useful to you, bless God alone for his unspeakable mercy."

We have already alluded to the illness of Mr. Richmond's son Wilberforce. Mr. Richmond sent him, under the care of his son-in-law, the Rev. James Marshall, to try the effects of a sea voyage and change of air, as well as for the benefit of Dr. S.'s advice, whose success in several instances of consumption inspired a hope in the anxious parent, of his son's recovery, under the judicious treatment of his highly valued friend. Mr. Richmond followed his son in a few weeks, and, in the interval, wrote the following letters, which we have selected from many others.

"My ever dear Son,

"I thank you for your letter, and am glad to hear again from Mr. Marshall that you have borne your travels so far well. You are never out of my thoughts, and I follow you in imagination through every scene of your occupation. But there is an eye that beholds and watches over

you, as I cannot do. To Him I confide, and commend you, for sickness and health, for time and eternity. What a word, what a thought is eternity! What prospects does it set before us! What inconceivable mysteries are involved in it? How does it make the things of time dwindle into insignificance! But what questions of unspeakable import are involved in it! Sin, corrupt nature, a broken law, an offended God, eternal punishment; conscience, guilt, regeneration, salvation by Christ; faith, hope, love, free grace, undeserved mercy, justification, effectual calling, adoption into God's family, pardon of sin, consolation in Christ, heaven, and glory. These, and a thousand accompaniments, are all connected with the idea, and the reality of eternity. What a sad proof of the depravity of our hearts, is our indifference towards thinking, and our backwardness towards speaking upon those things which belong to our everlasting peace; and which, nevertheless, if neglected, involve our eternal ruin. We need warnings, and the Lord sends them in many ways. Sickness, pain, bereavements, losses, disappointments; all bring their message with them. The great question between a soul and God, is not, whether we admit the truths of the Scripture into our understandings, but whether they are so applied to our hearts as to have wrought a change, and become vital principles of faith and practice. Nothing short of this, can afford evidence of a saved and safe condition. There is an action of the soul, by which it rests upon Christ, and all that he has done, with full confidence; and this produces peace in the conscience. The more we see of ourselves the more we see our sin, and the more we see our sin the more we fly to the death and righteousness of Christ, for pardon, deliverance, and hope. We behold not only his sufficiency, but his willingness, to save the chief of sinners. For this, we love him; and, if we love him, we desire, and endeavour to keep his commandments; and this is the way of salvation.

"Now, does my dear boy view this in all its integrity? Do the experiences of the past, strengthened by all the

variety and succession of instruction, which you have from your infancy received, work together to this great end?—Can you be satisfied with any thing short of this? God forbid! Let nothing interrupt you in this continual work of self-examination; and let self-examination lead you to earnest and ardent prayer. Let no pursuits of literature, no delights of sense, no passing occurrences, no debility of body, no inferior subjects of recreation, prevent you from keeping your thoughts close to God, and to eternity. Great have been your mercies, may your gratitude be great likewise!

"Accustomed as I am to close and faithful dealings with my Christian friends and flock, it would ill become me to be silent or indifferent where my dearly beloved child is concerned. Sickness gives both you and me a wholesome admonition. I pray God, from the depths of my heart, that we may each of us improve it to our spiritual welfare. God may have great things to accomplish hereby: let us believe and hope so.

"I had much pleasure in showing you London; and, if Providence permit, may yet have more, in viewing the fine scenery in your present vicinity, along with you: but whether amongst the beauties of art or nature, never, never cease to look for and contemplate the God both of creation and redemption, in the midst of all. Keep a continual watch over your disposition, temper, and thoughts. There are not only sins of the temper, but of the understanding also; and pride, in every form, intellectual as well as sensual, must be brought low. 'Learn of me,' said the Saviour, 'for I am meek and lowly of heart.' I write, as I would talk with and pray for you. May this dispensation of the Almighty, which has, for the present, separated us, and given us cause for much anxiety on your account, be a season of much profit to us all! Lay these things to heart, make them the subject of unceasing petition at that throne, whence no believing supplicants are ever sent empty away. Wonder not that I cannot rest contented with a superficial religion, but that I look for a deeply

experimental life of God in your soul. I place time and eternity before me in holy imagination. I strive, as it were, to penetrate the veil which separates them, and to look earnestly at those things which belong to your and my everlasting peace. Forgive me, my dear child, and may God forgive me, if I have not always and equally pressed these subjects upon your personal attention. They have ever lain near to my heart, and you have had multiplied opportunities of meditating upon them. I trust you have done so. But let me know more and more of your thoughts, past and present. My Christian and parental peace is dependent greatly upon it. I am glad that our friend, Dr. Stewart, has had so good an opportunity of studying your case. You are in the Lord's hands. May he overrule every thing for your good. May our confidence be placed only where it is due; and pray for your father, and your father shall pray for you. Amongst the books in your travelling library, are many most valuable authors. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they say, so far as you find time and strength to peruse them. Above all, search the Scriptures, for in them you have eternal life. Your mother sends her entire and most affectionate love to you: your sisters and brothers the same. And what shall I add for myself? All that is tender, affectionate, parental, and Christian,

"From your father, L. R."

"My dear Wilberforce,

"We have so long been fellow-travellers and pilgrims together, and my eye and my heart have been so long accustomed to watch over you, that I cannot help wishing to indulge my affectionate feelings, by giving you a few lines during this short separation; which, short as it has been, never ceases to present my dear boy to imagination and recollection. I have reason to think, and perhaps the fault is my own, that you are but *imperfectly* aware of my strong and anxious feelings toward you, with respect both to your temporal and spiritual welfare. I sometimes fancy I see

this in your manner, and it hurts me. I say little; or probably nothing; but my heart is alive to great sensibilities. Rest assured, my much-loved child, that at all past periods, but most especially since it has pleased God to put your health, and of course with it your life, to so marked a trial, I have not ceased, for a single hour (and I can hardly except the dreaming hours of the night,) to make *your* comfort and prosperity the subject of my prayers and solicitude. When you may least have suspected it from my ordinary manner, even my silence has spoken to God in your behalf. Many and deep have been my meditations, as we ascended the hills, and descended the vales of Scotland; or as we plowed the waters with our prows and paddles. I have often experienced a kind of stupid impotency of utterance, when my heart has been animated and full. You likewise manifest a sort of reserve on the subject of personal religion, which checks, and sometimes chills my rising inclination to more unreserved, free, congenial, and comfortable conversation. I wish all this to vanish; and that whatever may be the will of God concerning you, the future days which his providence may permit us mutually to spend together, may be more distinctly marked by free and affectionate communications. But far, far above all, it is my cherished and anxious hope, that you may evince an increasing love to spiritual things, to reading, conversing, and meditating upon the things which belong to your everlasting peace. You have had your warning as to the delicate and precarious tenure, by which life, health, and youthful vigour are held. Every day and hour still reminds you of the uncertainty of all things future, so far as this world is concerned. And such warnings are unspeakable mercies, designed by God for the most wise and benevolent purposes.

"The season of amended health, and present suspension of painful and distressing symptoms, is precisely that in which your heart should exercise a peculiar jealousy over itself, lest the comparative trifles of this world, and the ensnaring affections of the flesh, should deaden your feelings

about the grand question, 'What are the evidences of my salvation? What have I done, what must I do to be saved?' Other studies than those directly religious, *may*, doubtless, have their due and subordinate place. Other books than the Holy Scriptures and their expositions, may also have their moderated share of our attention; but if any human study, or any human book, have more of our love and attention, than those which directly lead our hearts to God, something must be very wrong. Idols force themselves upon our notice everywhere, and lawful things may become idols by the abuse of them, and the suffering them to usurp the *first* place in the heart's affections. Never be contented with slight and general hopes of all being right within; but seek and strive after clear and particular evidences, that you 'know whom you have trusted,' for time and eternity. I earnestly entreat you to examine yourself daily on scriptural principles, that you may the more ardently throw yourself on the mercy of a covenant God, for the forgiveness of your sins, the renovation of your heart, and the guidance of your judgment. Never be satisfied with an avowedly imperfect Christianity. A *half* Christian is *no* Christian, nor is he accepted of God. Christ is a whole, perfect, and finished Saviour; and whosoever is a partaker of Christ, is a partaker of *all* that he is, all that he has done, and all that he will do, for the complete salvation of all his chosen. Decency, formality, and cold ceremonial worship, are poor and inefficacious substitutes for heart-service, holy affections, trust in a Saviour, and love to God. Not unfrequent are the times, and your dear mother often experiences them also, when the immensity of that question, 'Am I his, or am I not?' overwhelms me; and I should sink in despondency, if the pure, undeserved, and inexpressible mercy of God did not direct my soul to the Redeemer's blood, which, when believed in, and applied to the guilty and trembling conscience, cleanseth from all sin, and opens the door to hope and consolation. May my beloved child flee to the same fountain with genuine humiliation, and find the like deliverance: and may his anxious parents be made so

far partakers of his thoughts, as to feel strong in the Lord on *his* account. My mind was much affected when I first received you at the table of the Lord, and my heart went out in lively prayer, that you might also be received of God —owned, honoured, and accepted, as a child of heaven. Live, speak, and act as a consistent communicant of the church; the vows of the Lord are upon you; but if all be right, you will find that his yoke is easy, and his burden light. I wish to look upon you, not only as my child by nature, but as my spiritual child, and therefore (without a paradox,) my spiritual *brother*. Sweet associations of relationship are formed in the family of God and the household of faith. Many tender and affectionate prayers have been daily offered up for you among the poor people of Turvey, as I have several testimonies to prove. The night before I set out to meet you at Glasgow, the belfry was filled with weeping and praying souls; whose feelings were most tender in your behalf. We shall soon return to them again, God willing; and may those prayers, united to my own, be fully answered in the gracious state of your soul, as well as in the comfort of your bodily health. But we must, as to the latter, await the Lord's will. He doeth, and will do, all things well. Meditate on these things, and may you and I mutally reap the benefit of such exercises of your heart As you read this letter, cherish a tender as well as a dutiful sentiment towards him who penned it, and accept it as one more token of that deep-seated love which I bear towards you, and which must increasingly subsist, while *I* remain a father, and *you* a son.

"I yesterday enjoyed the high mental luxury of walking in the broad aisle of York Minster, quite alone, during the morning service. As often before, such sights and such sounds compelled me to weep; and as I was solitary, nothing interrupted the flow of my heart. I recollected being there once with you, and I have not forgotten how much, if I mistake not, your infant heart was also affected at that time. Whether we shall ever again meet together, in that magnificent and astonishing fabric, I know not; but,

oh! may God grant that we finally meet in the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

In the month of October, Mr. Richmond joined his son in Scotland; and after various alterations of hope and fear in this treacherous and delusive disorder, they returned together to Turvey, without any visible amendment in the dear invalid.

The period was now approaching when this youth, the subject of many prayers and fond anticipations, was to be removed from this earthly scene. The wasted form, the hectic look, the sunken eye, and the increasing difficulty of respiration, all denoted that the hour of dissolution was at hand. He looked like a tender flower nipped in the bud; but it was a flower soon to bloom in the paradise of God. His Christian graces had been gradually unfolding, and his mind carried through a state of anxious inquiry and close examination, till it was able to rest in full confidence on the grace and mercy of God in Christ Jesus. He discovered the most earnest desire for satisfaction, both as to the ground of his hope, and its necessary evidence.

To a friend, who frequently visited him, he said, "I wish to be under no mistake or delusion, in a matter of so much importance as the salvation of my immortal soul. Tell me where you think I am defective in my views, or wanting in the experience of their power. Deal faithfully with me, do not deceive me; and pray for me, above all, that I may not deceive myself."

To the writer, a fortnight before his death, he expressed himself as follows: "I trust I have the Christian's hope, but I want more of it. I want more of that hungering and thirsting after righteousness, which the Saviour has promised to satisfy—which we ought to have at all times; but which, if we have not in death, what is our hope, and how can we be prepared to die?"

The last visit was still more affecting: it was only two days before his end. He was sitting in an arm chair, supported with cushions, and seemed to be in a very exhausted

state. His father sat opposite to him, in whose countenance was depicted the struggle of nature and of grace ;—of nature, for he was about to lose his child,—of grace, for that child was already on the very threshold of glory. In another part of the room were three or four of his brothers and sisters, some of them in tears. "Speak to this dear boy," said the father, addressing himself to me, "and question him about his hopes."

I sat down at his side, and taking him by the hand, said, "Can you, my dear boy, pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and say with David, 'I fear no evil.'" "Yes, I trust so." "What is the ground of your trust?" "It is, because his 'rod and his staff they comfort me.'" "Have you any doubts to be removed?" "I had many misgivings, but God has mercifully taken them all away." "Do you love him?" "I hope I do, but I wish I loved him more." "You have been long ill; do you feel weary of sickness?" "I feel more weary of sin, and long for the time when it will be laid aside for ever." "Does the hope of heaven animate and support you, and is it often the subject of your meditations?" "Yes, I have been thinking of it with great delight this very morning, and almost seem to have entered within its blest abodes."

I then read to him that beautiful chapter in the Revelations (the 22d,) descriptive of a state of blessedness. His attention was peculiarly arrested. After I had finished, "This happiness," I said, "will soon be yours, and the portion of all who die in the Lord." Then gathering his brothers and sisters around us, I requested him to bear his dying testimony to the value of the Gospel in this trying hour.

He spoke tenderly and affectionately to all; and then particularly addressing himself to his brother Henry, remarked—"My dear father once hoped to see me a minister in the church. It has pleased God to disappoint that hope. Do you fulfil it, in my place, and be a comfort to my father, when I am gone."

Three days afterward, Jan. 16, 1825, his happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blessed.

The following letters are pleasing testimonies to the piety of the departed child, and the resignation of the bereaved parent.

"My much-loved Son,

"Amidst many arduous struggles between nature and grace, sorrow and joy, anxiety and consolation, I wish to express a few of my feelings towards you. A very few they must be, compared with the volume of emotions which agitate my heart. But thanks be to God, grace, peace, and mercy have been so abundantly inscribed upon the whole of this affecting transaction, that I ought solely to be occupied in songs of praise to God, for all his goodness to me and mine. The delightful enlargement of heart, the liberty of tongue, the humiliation of soul, the affectionate tenderness, the sweet serenity of mind, the dignity of sentiment, the laboriously acquired intimacy with the Scriptures, the earnestness to speak to, exhort, and comfort each and every individual, the devotional spirit, the clearness of doctrinal views, and their blessed application in imparting solid peace and comfort, in the prospect of dying, all of which illustrated and adorned his latter end, were beyond my most sanguine expectation: it was, and shall be, matter for joy and gratitude.

"We have now found letters, some of them near four years old, and others written while he was in Scotland, beautifully descriptive of this state of mind; while the conversations—close, deep, and searching—which I enjoyed with him during his last fortnight, produced the most convincing demonstrations that he had been ripening for glory, beyond our thoughts and imagination. For a season, he was reserved towards me, relative to personal feelings; but at length, of his own accord, he broke out like the sun from behind a cloud, and light diffused itself over the whole moral and spiritual landscape.

"It was gratifying to me to find that the humiliation of his spirit was precisely such as I particularly wished to see it. For four or five days previous to the arrival of my wife

and Fanny, God so mercifully ordered it, that he said every thing to me, and I to him, which I could possibly have wished. Our whole souls, on almost every topic of feeling, opinion, confidence, faithful dealing, and unreserved affection, were mutually opened. Oh! they were sweet days. The pressure of weakness, disease, and pain, often afterward interrupted our lengthened communications; but sweeter and brighter still were the intervals of ease and short conversation. Many witnessed his lovely testimonies, and none can ever forget them.

"Two hours and a half before his death, he went to bed, and laid his head upon the pillow. I said to him—'So he giveth his beloved rest.' He replied, 'Yes; and sweet indeed is the rest which Christ gives.' He never awoke from this sleep: but when we dreaded, from past examples, a painful waking, he imperceptibly went off, in perfect peace, without a sigh or groan, or struggle, or even opening of the eye. I did not suppose it possible for any death to be such as this. Peace, rest, gentleness, faith, hope, and love, all seemed to be the characteristics of his mind and of his dissolution. Oh! what love, what mercy, what grace!

"One of the most remarkable circumstances attending him was, his secret and deep exercise of heart and study of the Scriptures, beyond my own supposition, owing to his reserve and silence. I saw much that I loved and admired, but I was not aware of the half. Our feelings are much tried, in proportion to the endearing nature of our past and recent intercourse. But, as he often said, "I know whom I have trusted," and this relieves and consoles me. He was *deeply* impressed with the idea that his removal was designed for the spiritual good of others. I think it is manifest already, in more instances than one.

"The whole village has been much in prayer and weeping, for some weeks past, and the tenderest affections have prevailed throughout: it is a season of much love.

"On Sunday, Mr. Ayre will preach a funeral sermon for our dear boy; and a beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber will be sung by the congregation.

"Give my tenderest love to dear Mary. Comfort her heart; and may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep her's and your heart."

"*To the Rev. James Marshall.*"

"My ever dear Child,

"* * * * * *

"And now to the subject which occupies by far the greater part of my thoughts, by day and by night. I should find it no easy task to describe the state of my feelings. No previous event of my life, with the exception of what passed during your beloved mother's dangerous illness, near ten years since, ever exercised my heart like this. And, as that illness terminated favourably, the circumstances no longer assimilate. Dear, blessed boy, I watched over and cherished his infancy, childhood, and youth, in sickness and in health, for eighteen years, with no common measure of parental feeling. I delighted in his superior mind; endeavoured to check its errors, and to cherish its virtues; and too fondly hoped that he might have been spared as an ornament to the sanctuary. From the beginning of last summer, I went on pilgrimage with him, both for his soul and body's sake. God alone knows what I endured, in the inmost thoughts of my heart. But the Lord was ordering all things well, beyond what I conceived. The most valuable intercourse which I enjoyed with him during our Scotch residence, was in those hours after breakfast, when, as you may remember, I used to read, talk, and pray with him, previous to his receiving the sacrament at Greenock. I then saw many lovely testimonies of his state of mind. After his return home, he was more reserved as to the personal question, although ever ready to converse on the general subjects of religion, and that with much clearness and precision. But at length his sweet sunshine broke from the cloud, and filled the horizon most beautifully. We poured out our whole hearts to each other, and mutually blessed God for the liberty of feeling and language which we obtained. I felt much

when he had just departed, but I think I feel more now. A thousand spiritual questions press upon my conscience and consideration. Regrets, convictions, meltings, hopes, fears, doubts, resolutions, anxieties, joys, retrospections, anticipations, all mingle, all exercise, all agitate my heart. It was his declared and solemn impression, that his death was to be as life to others. Thank God I see it so, both in the house and the parish—an important work is going on in both, beyond former precedent. I have not seen the like before, to the same extent. Blessed be God!

"Dear Willy told me, on the Monday evening before he died, that Mr. M——'s affectionate attentions to him had never been exceeded by those of a real brother; and that he should love him dearly as long as he lived, and 'much longer,' he said, 'if such consciousness shall be permitted. And, dear Mary,' he added, 'how kind she was to us all, last summer! I shall not see her again, on earth, but I trust we shall meet hereafter!' Our last Lord's supper was a very affecting and trying one: the family kneeled around the grave, to which we had recently committed the mortal remains of one so dear. I stood upon the very spot; and, dear Henry, for the first time, came weeping, trembling, and rejoicing, to supply his departed brother's place. I could hardly have conceived that, after so long meditating upon the probable removal of my child from this mortal scene, I should have had such exquisitely trying emotions to undergo. How little we know ourselves, until we are put to the proof!

And now, my dear little grand-children, how do they both do? Your little boy seemed to come into the world to keep up our number. I have nine children on earth, and three in heaven: but I now seem again to have eleven on earth; and, with dear Mr. Marshall, it is once more twelve."

The same year, Mr. Richmond married his third daughter, Henrietta, to the Rev. John Ayre, his friend and cu-

rate, now the classical tutor of the Church Missionary college, at Islington.

It was a great solace, in the midst of his affliction, to unite his child with a gentleman whose principles he cordially approved, and who was in full possession of his confidence and esteem.

The following letters were addressed by Mr. Richmond to his son-in-law and daughter, previous to their marriage.

"My dear Henrietta,

"Take, my beloved child, a father's blessing, prayers, best wishes, and approval of your affectionate project. I hope the matter is of God, or I could not say what I have done. The apostolical rule is to 'marry only in the Lord;' and every Christian should be guided by it. Earthly affection, however powerful, is not, of itself, a warrant for the nuptial union. Where passion drives the steeds, by which the vehicle of our plans and endeavours is carried forward, we may expect, sooner or later, an overturn. But when the heavenly Spirit of truth and peace guides and governs our machinery of conduct, all is right and safe. Now I am full of hope, from Mr. Ayre's and your letters, that this is the case. Real Christianity as a foundation, with personal esteem and affection, united to congeniality of feelings on all important subjects, as a superstructure, will ever make the marriage union a source of happiness for both worlds.

"I am disposed to concur with you in thinking that my esteemed friend's principles, acquirements, talents, and steadiness of character, are good pledges for his success in life; and as Providence, not design, first brought you together, and seems to have guided you both, I feel myself justified in joining my consent and sanction to the future realizing of those views which form the subject of his and your letters to me. May constancy, faithfulness, and reciprocal love, characterise your attachment, and adorn your conduct. Let prudence, propriety, and considera-

tion, regulate all your behaviour, during the interval which must naturally elapse, before all is concluded. Keep in mind the dignity as well as the kindliness of the Christian lover; courtship and marriage are honourable in all, when principle and grace direct our choice. May you prove a blessing to each other, and may the love of God be shed abroad in both your hearts!"

"My dear friend,

* * * * * *

"I trust the providence of God is in the matter, and that you and my dear child will be guided for the best in every thing connected with the subject. My prayer is, that grace may reign throughout, and that you may prove helpmates to each other in your pilgrimage through this to a better world.

"My heart often sinks within me, when I see how little solid, sterling, *vital piety*, manifests itself even among many creditable Christians. I the more earnestly pray for myself, and for all belonging to me, that we may walk circumspectly, redeeming the time amidst evil days. How much more of the Spirit's influence do we all need! When I look back upon a half century of rational existence, I blush, and take shame to myself. How much *done* which I might wish *undone;* and *not done*, that ought to have been *done*. The Publican's prayer is mine, and will alone suit me, even to my dying hour.

"Farewell, for a short interval, and believe me,

"Affectionately, yours,

LEGH RICHMOND."

The marriage between Mr. Ayre and Mr. Richmond's daughter H———, took place in the beginning of July. The affection displayed by the villagers on this occasion, was truly gratifying to the feelings of the family. When the party arrived at the church, they found the walls decorated with evergreens, and the pavement leading to the altar strewed with flowers. Two hearts, formed with the

heads of flowers, and the words "May God bless you!" traced in the same manner underneath, exhibited both the taste and the affection of the parish clerk. This rustic attempt at elegance, so unsought for, and unexpected on the part of the family, was a pleasing testimony to the interest excited in the parish, by every event connected with their beloved pastor.

We have already mentioned the disappointment of Mr. Richmond with respect to his eldest son, and the choice made by the youth of a seafaring life. The affectionate father committed his son to the Lord, with an unshaken reliance on the truth and faithfulness of his promises; and he lived to realize their fulfilment in the conversion of his child; who being preserved in the midst of perils, by some very extraordinary interpositions of divine Providence, was at length brought to acknowledge the mighty hand that had smitten him—not to destroy, but to save.

He had been employed in different merchant vessels, sailing from Bencoolen, Calcutta, and other parts of India, to the Isle of France and Gibraltar. From the latter place, he wrote to his father in the years 1820 and 1821, strongly urging a meeting between them. His letters had been expressive of much affection, contrition for the past, and sincere desires of amendment. Several persons who had opportunities of observing him, bore pleasing testimony to the change of his character and conduct. Among these were Mr. Chater, a missionary at Ceylon; Mr. Rees, another missionary, at Gibraltar; and Lieutenant Bailey, R. N., of the same place, who gave a decisive proof of his confidence, by entrusting him with the care of his son. The officers under whom he had served also spoke highly of his attention, and general propriety of behaviour.

The following interesting letter gives an affecting description of his shipwreck, and the state of his feelings in those awful circumstances.

"My dear Father,

"We left Calcutta in May, and proceeded as far as Sauger Island, on the morning of the 26th, when the weather began to look very unsettled. Another ship and a large brig, were in company with us. On the evening of the 27th, about an hour before dark, the Oracabessa began to drive. A perfect hurricane ensued, and such a sea got up, that the ship was continually burying herself under water, which prevented the people from working forward. We could now do nothing farther—every thing having been attempted, to avoid the dreadful fate that seemed to await us. I seized this opportunity to go down to my cabin, to pray to the Lord for his divine assistance and protection. In the midst of my prayers and tears, the ship struck on a sand, at a quarter before nine o'clock; with such a shock as to throw down several persons, and make me stagger on my knees.

"Every thing was now in confusion, as the ship continued striking very hard. There was nothing but one wild surf around us, and a raging sea beating all over,—the wind blowing a complete hurricane. However, in two hours, an excellent raft was made, capable of carrying from thirty to forty people. As the flood made, we again struck violently, and the ship sprung a leak. But as every thing was now in readiness to meet the worst, we anxiously waited for day-light.

"In the meantime, I again went below, and prayed with heart and soul to Almighty God, to save us. My prayers were answered sooner than could be expected; for a certain something, a kind of comfortable thought, seemed to arise within me, and say, 'Thy life shall be saved!' And not all the shocks, seas, or wind, afterwards, could make me think, or fear, the contrary. Surely, there never was a greater proof of the Lord being with us: it animated and comforted me, and made me work and exert myself with double energy. During a great part of this time, it rained violently, with thunder and lightning.

"Long-wished-for daylight at length came; when, having put a few small things into the boats, we abandoned the unfortunate ship, making our way through dreadful breakers; in which, had the boat touched, we must inevitably have perished."

In another letter, written about the same time, he remarks:—

"Oh! my good father!. no one can conceive the horrors of shipwreck, but those who have experienced them. Many grateful and heartfelt thanks to that divine Providence, that has again saved me from a watery grave!

"In this unfortunate occurrence, I have lost every thing. My loss in private speculation is 3500 rupees. My books, furniture, and wearing apparel, together with 'The British Encyclopedia,' are all gone, and amount to a considerable sum. I saved nothing but a very small trunk, in which, prior to my leaving the ship, I put my Bible and the 'Annals of the Poor,' with two suits of clothes and my watch. How my hopes and expectations are frustrated! Oh, that all this may be for my good! I have now to begin the world again; and hope to do so in reality, and in more respects than one."

Nugent arrived at Calcutta in a most destitute state. Through the great kindness and benevolent exertions of the Rev. Mr. Thomason, to whom he made himself known, a subscription was raised for him, out of respect to his father, amounting to 100 guineas; by means of which, he was provided with necessary comforts.

This calamity was rendered the more distressing to him, by its occasioning the suspension of his marriage with a young lady at Calcutta, of pious character and principles, to whom he was engaged. Anxious to repair his past misfortunes, he obtained an eligible employment on board another vessel; and likewise a promise, on the part of the young lady, that if his circumstances then enabled him to marry, she would unite herself to him on his return.

His new speculations having proved successful, he once more returned to Calcutta, full of the image of the happiness that awaited him, and disposed to forget the past, in the brightening prospects of the future. But who shall describe the bitter anguish of his mind, when, on presenting himself at the well-known house where he had left his intended bride, he found the family in deep mourning, and received the melancholy intelligence of her death. She had been seized with a fever, which carried her off a few days before his arrival!

While Mr. Richmond was visiting the Isle of Wight, in August, 1825, to recover the shock which his health and spirits had sustained from the death of his son Wilberforce, some indistinct rumours reached him respecting that of his son Nugent. He had received communications from him, stating his intention to revisit England; and declaring, that the two happiest days of his life would be, "first, when he should see again his dear parents, after so long an absence; and the second, when he should be weaned from the danger of temptation." Mr. Richmond was anticipating his return with much delight, when he heard the report of his having died on his voyage homewards. Every inquiry was made, to ascertain the truth of this rumour, and the father's heart was again filled with the most anxious disquietude.

About this time, Mr. Richmond went to Bristol, to be present at the anniversary of the Auxiliary Society of the Jewish mission. On his return to Turvey, he wrote the following letter to his eldest daughter, in Scotland,—a child very dear to his heart, and one who well knew how to sympathise with his sorrows, and to share them with him.

"My dearest Mary,

"I have lately been present at an interesting meeting of the Auxiliary Society for Jewish Missions, at Bristol. You know my companions in this journey; I feel better for it. My strength and spirits have been greatly affected for a long time—indescribably so; for it often does not

much appear to others. at least not in its real extent. Notwithstanding my supposed readiness of speech, and the overflow of tender feelings, which plead for utterance, I am often thoughtful, silent, and constrained, when it might be better for me to communicate more of what passes within.

"Our visit to Mrs. Hannah More was a high gratification.

"We have been kept in long suspense about poor dear Nugent; he was dangerously ill when I last heard of him. I have reason to expect a speedy letter now arriving in England. I have received rumours of his having died in his passage home, and am fully prepared for the worst; but do not notice what I say until you hear again, as it distresses your dear mother greatly. I thank God, I have had many satisfactory testimonies of his state of mind, and feel much comforted on that head. Henry and I were three weeks under the roof of his intimate and very Christian friend, Lieutenant B——, R. N. from Gibraltar, now at Cowes; and learned much about him. I desire to bow to the will of God, in this dispensation of his providence. I saw one of his most intimate friends last week, who had just come from the East, and had heard a *report* of his decease. I mention these things to you, that, with me, you may look up to God for a right state of mind, under all the designs and decrees of his will.

"I have had the satisfaction of obtaining likenesses, very nicely executed, in the same style with those of your father and mother (in the drawing-room,) of Fanny, Henry, Henrietta, and Legh. I wish for yours and Mr. Marshall's, by the same hand. My feelings are strong on this subject; and the irrecoverable loss of my dear Wilberforce, and probably of Nugent, render them stronger. It is, I had almost said, a blessed art, which can perpetuate to the eye, what affectionate memory does to the heart. In the midst of life we are in death, and who can tell what may occur! I honour the art of painting much, for the sake both of the dead and living. I often look around my study, surrounded as I am by the resemblances of many loved and honoured

ancestors; and their forms on canvass realize not a few grateful recollections of infancy, childhood, and youth. I can sigh and weep, and smile too, in the solitude of my chamber, when I am still, and communing with my own heart.

"Just as I finish my letter, I cast my eye on Willy's walking-stick Oh! how these relics strike to my soul's affections! With our two sticks, alas! he and I wandered on the shores of Rothsay and the adjoining walks, and in many another spot; and now they stand side by side in the corner of my study. The partnership of the sticks is preserved on earth, but not that of their possessors:—we are separated. Yet, oh! that we may be reunited. Meditations on this subject often agitate, sometimes console, always solemnize my mind.

"Farewell. Love to your fireside."

After the lapse of a few weeks, a letter arrived from the Rev. Mr. Thomason, of Calcutta, dated January 23d, 1825, stating that Nugent had left that place in July, 1824, in a vessel bound to the Mauritius:—that he had been previously seized with a fever, from which he was not perfectly recovered at the time of setting sail:—that afterward, being exposed to very severe weather, he suffered a relapse—was occasionally delirious; and at length, to the surprise of all on board, was found dead one morning, in his cabin. A little ivory box was discovered, containing a few jewels and gold chains, which he had intended as presents to his brothers and sisters On the inside of the cover of this box, the following lines were written in his own hand, *in pencil*, apparently a short time before his death:—

"Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

"Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine!
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of renewing grace."

Such is the eventful history of Mr. Richmond's eldest son: at once affording a salutary warning to the children of religious parents, and encouraging such parents to exercise unlimited confidence in the promises of God. Let those who trifle with their opportunities, and refuse to hearken to the counsels of piety and affection, mark, in the blighted prospects and repeated trials of this young man, an expression of the Divine displeasure. For though in the midst of wrath God remembers mercy, yet in his inscrutable wisdom, he often makes a man "to possess the iniquities of his youth;" and in his sore chastisement, keeps alive the penitent recollection of the sins which he has long since pardoned. Let pious parents, while mourning over the wanderings of their offspring, never cease from the holy importunity of prayer, that God would meet the prodigal "in his ways," and turn him into the paths of righteousness and truth; that, like Mr. Richmond, they who have "sowed in tears, may reap in joy."

A tablet was erected by his father, in the church of Turvey, recording the manner of his death; and having inscribed on it the last four lines of the above verses, with the following appropriate passage from the Psalms—"Thou shalt show us wonderful things in thy righteousness, O God of our salvation, thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea."—(*Ps.* lxv. 5.)

In reference to the death of his son Nugent, he wrote the following letters:

To his daughter, Mrs. Marshall, Glasgow :—

" My ever dear Daughter,

* * * * * *

" The circumstances attendant upon our dear Nugent's end, are few and simple. You are aware what a long series of favourable accounts of his general behaviour we have had from a variety of quarters. You should know, that from at least five religious friends, I have received highly satisfactory testimonies of his religious feelings and principles, although he was modest and reserved in speaking of himself. I had much information, while I was visiting his most intimate friend, Mr. Bailey, in the Isle of Wight (late of Gibraltar,) whose little baby was christened Mercy Nugent Richmond. The time of his shipwreck seemed to be one of special prayer and impression. He lost his all. He however, recruited in some degree ; and was engaged to be married to an amiable and pious young lady. He took a short voyage, and on his return, found that she had died of a fever. His spirits never recovered that shock. He was afterward appointed commander of a vessel to England. The day before she sailed, he fell out of a gig, was confined to bed, and lost the opportunity. Twice afterward, he was similarly disappointed. At length he sailed in a ship bound for the Mauritius, from whence he intended to have proceeded to England.

Previous to this last voyage, he had an attack of fever, and went through a severe course of medicine. At the beginning of the voyage, meeting with a heavy gale, he had much laborious service. In the course of a very short time he became ill, was not unfrequently delirious, but still did not excite ideas of immediate danger. One night, he went to bed at twelve o'clock, and the next morning at six, to the grief and surprise of all on board, was found dead in his cabin. The ship proceeded to the Mauritius ; and it was not until her return to Calcutta, that our excellent and kind friend, the Rev. Mr. Thomason received the news, and his things, papers, &c. He left, out of the scanty

store preserved from the wreck of the Oracabessa, 100 rupees to general charitable purposes; 50 to the Bible Society; 50 to the Church Missionary Society; 50 to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; and 50 to the Religious Tract Society. A rupee is about fifty-five cents. His affections for his relatives were very strong. His principles of honourable conduct, integrity, pecuniary accuracy, official diligence, kind manners, and moral deportment were exemplary. He lived in much esteem, and died much beloved. Dear boy! He was snatched from our embraces at the hour of his returning to them. He is buried in the depths of the ocean. But the sea shall give up her dead, and I trust he will then appear a living soul."

To his friend, the Rev. H. I. Maddock.

"My beloved Friend and esteemed Brother,

"Such you shall be called, for such you are and long have been to me. I am told how ill you are, and that you are, as it were, vibrating between two worlds. The outward man is fast decaying, but not so the inner man. Glory to God alone for the past, present, and future. You know in whom you have trusted. He cannot, will not forsake you. My heart yearns over many pleasant recollections concerning you. The visions of the past revive. O may they unite with those beyond the grave, and may sovereign grace sanctify them both! We have spent many a happy hour together, cheerful and grave—we have laboured together in public and in private. We have, I think, loved each other as brothers; and when little, perhaps, was written or spoken, we have had mutual thoughts of peace, and regard for our god-children, our wives, and our little ones.

"I had pleased myself with the thought of visiting you for a week, at Matlock, next month; but I fear we may never meet again. But shall we not meet hereafter? Lord, how long!

"When I last parted from you, I had a dear boy with me—how dear, no one can tell. You are hastening to the mansions where *he* dwells. It is not permitted me to send a message, or it should be expressive of ten thousand emotions of a father's heart. *But Christ is all!* And I have lost my eldest boy—my sailor-boy! But God has found him, and all is well there also. Forgive my ramblings. Give me a book, some little book—one that contains your name, written in it with your own hand. It shall be a cherished memorial—*pignus amicitiæ jucundissimæ.**

"My regard for you, my brother, has not been of a common character. I fear you are not strong enough to give me a few lines; but perhaps your venerable and respected father will do so. I this day saw your very dear friend Mr. Allen. The sight of him did me good, although he told me how ill you were, beyond what I was aware of.

"And now, my beloved friend, I commend you to the triune Jehovah—Father, Son, and Spirit—to united power, wisdom, and love; to the consolations of promise, and the consummations of Omnipotence. Faithful is he that hath promised; and he will perfect the thing that concerneth you. What a strong-hold is this! While you can and may, cherish a tender and prayerful feeling for your friend. Fanny shares in all these feelings; she can never speak of you but with Christian affection.

"I desire to be most kindly remembered to all that belongs to you. May the God whose consolations are neither few nor small, overshadow you with his wing! 'He is able, he is willing, doubt no more.' Be this yours and my song:

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

L. R.

We have few materials of public interest during the year 1826. Mr. Richmond declined in health, and was indis-

* *A pledge of most endearing friendship.* A. E.

posed for exertion beyond the confines of his parish. We may, however, fill up the chasm with his opinions on two subjects of no small importance to the cause of true religion; but which we could not notice at an earlier period without interrupting the narrative, and departing from the order we had prescribed to ourselves.

We advert with extreme reluctance, and with the most painful recollections, to the apocryphal question, which unhappily for a long time divided and distracted the Christian world. Mr. Richmond, with many other wise and excellent men, at first approved the judgment of the committee of the Bible Society, in printing from the foreign editions of the Holy Scriptures. He considered the fundamental law of the society, "without note or comment," to include the authorized versions of the Continent. He knew that the apocryphal books, though attached to the canonical Scriptures, had fallen into contempt in our own country; and he was disposed to believe that increased light and information, by the circulation of the word of God in any form, would eventually illumine the darkness of men's minds, and enable them to distinguish between truth and error.

We abstain from entering on any unnecessary discussion on this subject. Persons whom we highly value, of long-tried integrity and acknowledged talents, have ranged themselves on either side. We confine, therefore, our remarks, to recording the ultimate sentiments of the subject of this Memoir.

In the progress of this unhappy dispute, Mr. Richmond saw reason to change his opinion; and though the meekness and humility of his spirit would not allow him to become a violent partisan, he joined in the remonstrances which were made to the parent committee, by the greater part of their auxiliary societies. On this account, he has been accused of vacillation: but in our judgment, the manliness which avows an error, is much more commendable than the pertinacity which defends and persists in it.

The Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews furnishes another subject for remark. A discussion had arisen in some of the periodicals, as to the most efficient mode of preaching to the Jews; whether the doctrine of the second coming of Messiah in his kingdom and glory, ought not to constitute the most prominent feature in the discourses addressed to that people.

In conversing with Mr. Richmond on this topic, the writer one day submitted to him the following question :—

"What is the scriptural and right way to preach to the Jew?"

"I know of no scriptural way," he replied, "of preaching to men, otherwise than as *sinners;* and why the Jews, whose sins are of so aggravated a nature, should be dealt with *in a different way*, I do not see. I would address the Jew as I would address any other man ;—that is, *as a sinner;* and till he is convinced of his sin, he will never believe in a Saviour. 'Christ crucified,' is declared to be 'to the Greeks foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling-block; but to them that believe, the power of God and the wisdom of God.' No man will ever feel the power of God, whether he be Jew or Gentile, till he learns it at the foot of the cross."

When speaking of the strong prejudices that existed among many in our own church against several of the public institutions, as contrasted with the expression of popular feeling in their support, he observed—"I am fully convinced that nothing is more likely to weaken the attachment of serious and reflecting minds, than this standing aloof from public feeling, as if we had some distinct interest of our own, and were insulated from that of the great mass of the community." He added, that, "in a period peculiarly marked by enlarged ideas, and extended efforts for the cause of God, not to participate in these views, nor to grow with the growth of the times in which we live, would render us liable to the charge of being unfit for the age in which we are placed, as if we were men 'born out of due time.' Some persons," he said, "think they are

building up the church by encouraging a spirit of hostility: my own opinion is, that they are overturning it; and that no position can be more dangerous to a church, than that which exhibits it in avowed opposition to the prevailing character and sentiments of the community in which it is placed."

Alluding to some modern religious controversies, I asked, "if he did not think that many became thereby more confirmed in their prejudices?"

"All are so," he replied, "*who read only one side of the question,* which is generally the case with the majority of readers, and especially of prejudiced readers. They then say to each other, 'have you read the book of ——— ? It is a most able and triumphant work.' In the meantime, they never read what is said in reply to it; they consequently view the subject through a partial and distorted medium. But what should we say of a judge who examined no witnesses except those who were on the same side? We should have no hesitation in declaring that he perverted the administration of justice, and was unfit for his office; and yet precisely the same thing is practised every day in theological controversies. The great bane of our church," he observed, "is prejudice: many believe without evidence, and decide without inquiry. Still, the spirit of improvement is perceptible, and religion considerably on the increase."

I asked him, "how we were to reconcile the increase of religion with the acknowledged growth of crime, as evinced in our courts of justice?" He answered—"Both are true. Bad men are becoming worse, and good men better. The first are ripening for judgment, the latter for glory. The increase of wickedness is, in this respect, a proof of the increase of religion. 'The devil is wroth, knowing that his time is short.'"

The reader will here probably wish to know what were his views of the Millennium; and how far he concurred in some modern interpretations of prophecy. On this subject he had not come to any decided conclusion: he was

merely accustomed to observe, that in the first four centuries, such a belief was known to have prevailed. He was *generally* of opinion, that the time of great judgments was at hand; and that all human institutions, both governments and churches, would have to undergo some great purifying process;—that what was wrong in either must be rectified; that much, probably, would be accomplished in the way of improvement, by the advancing spirit of the age; and that when this spirit was resisted, a series of divine judgments (or God's controversy with the nations,) would level all abuses in the dust; when a new and better order of things would arise, and Christianity become a dispensation of universal holiness and peace.

Another remark deserves to be recorded.

"What is the mode of proceeding," I said to him, "which is most likely to promote the best interests of our own church?"

"That," he replied, "which is least calculated to make Dissenters."

"And what will best answer that description?"

"Preaching the Gospel."

In the summer of 1826, Mr. Richmond attended the Norwich anniversaries; which were the last of his public labours. He afterward proceeded to Cromer, a bathing place in Norfolk, for the benefit of his health. He had for some time laboured under an affection of the lungs, which no change of air or power of medicine had hitherto succeeded in removing; though he experienced a temporary revival of strength and spirits by his excursion, and returned home with improved health.

But the scenes of his former afflictions renewed the depression of his spirits. Amidst the affectionate welcomes of his family, he seemed to feel yet more keenly the absence of his departed son. He would say, "No time nor succession of events, can wean my affections from the chancel vault." Though increased tenderness marked his intercourse with his remaining children, his heart still wept over his beloved Wilberforce. There was a visible change

in his appearance, and his family felt cause for alarm. He said little, but his mind seemed to be greatly exercised. He sometimes repaired to the grave of his son; remaining long, absorbed in his own reflections. The silence and solitude of this hallowed spot, soothed and comforted his mind; "the waters of healing issued from the sanctuary," and he probably delighted to contemplate the blessedness of the eternal world, in such immediate connexion with his own dear child. On one occasion, accompanied by his daughter, he sat nearly an hour in deep musing, without lifting his eyes from the stone that covered the beloved remains. At length rising, he exclaimed—"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The writer of this Memoir was requested by his family to converse with him on the subject of his sorrows. After a few expressions of cordial sympathy, "My dear friend," I said, "you are indulging a grief beyond its proper bounds, and consuming all your strength: you will unfit yourself both for present and future usefulness. You are in danger of forgetting the living, by a mournful recollection of the dead. God acts as a sovereign, he claims nothing but what is his own. You are still surrounded by many mercies. The past dispensation has been peculiarly blest to your own family. You have another son, who will occupy, both in your heart and in the church of God, the place that is now made void. Your parish loves you; the cause of God prospers beyond former precedent; you have gained more than you have lost, and your child is in glory,—would you wish to call him back again?"

"All is well," he replied, "as it relates to these things; but there are times when we are led deeply to consider, not merely the trial itself under which we labour, but how far it has answered its appointed end. Whether it is sanctified to our own souls;—what is the reality of our own hope;—the foundation on which we ourselves stand;—the evidences of a renewed mind;—and whether we can

appeal to the great Searcher of hearts, that all is right within."

"But you have this hope," I said; "why then does it not support you with its consolations?"

"God," he answered, "is sifting me; he is weighing me in the balance of the sanctuary. I have been preaching all my life to others—how far am I myself interested in these great truths? Yes, God is searching me, and proving me, and seeing if there be any wicked way in me."

"He will do more," I said, "than this,—he will lead you in the way everlasting."

"God grant it," he replied; "God grant I may have as assured a hope for myself, as I have for my beloved child."

We conclude this chapter with the following interesting meditation, which was written in the privacy of his study, to which he was confined by indisposition.

"I am this day staying at home, during divine service in the afternoon, owing to a cold,—Mr. Ayre being here to assist me. The last Sunday afternoon on which I was similarly detained, was in December 1824, with my dear Wilberforce; he was then within a few weeks of his decease. This day twelvemonth was the day preceding his death.

"Dear, blessed boy! in the midst of our daily domestic cheerfulness of spirits, how my heart moans and mourns in tenderest recollections! I see the dear child in all his debilities of body; I hear him speak,—I retrace the look of his eye, I hang upon his spiritual language,—his affectionate expressions,—his devotedness to God,—his faithful admonitions,—his languid frame,—his sweet countenance,—his willingness to die.

"I lament my own want of more feeling: and yet I feel much. O blessed God! help me;—strengthen me;—save me! Make his death to be a source of life to me, through the death of Christ,—sanctifying his memory to my soul! I want to see more deep and solemn seriousness among my children at this time; and yet I know they are not deficient

in much good feeling on this subject. Lord, help, bless, and save them also!

"My Nugent, too, is since gone—or rather, I have since heard it; for he died some months before his brother, little as we apprehended it, when Wilberforce was so beautifully speaking about him, a few days previous to his own death.

"Oh, my dear boys! your memorials are most dear to my soul!

"I tremble, when I think how poorly I have profited by these parental warnings; yet I take some encouragement from the feelings which I am conscious I retain. Lord, increase their influence! In the midst of life I am in death. Who may be taken away next? I sometimes have fearful forebodings—I look around my beloved little circle, and sigh. I check these feelings again, and am ashamed of my weakness. Lord! make Christ to be every thing to me—and then all will, all *must* be well. Oh! keep my Fanny in a serious frame. Let her not forget her past impressions! Bless my Henry, and preserve him in a steady mind, untainted by levities! Cherish my poor Legh, and let not my good hopes concerning him be blighted! Bless the little ones, and make them thine own for ever!

"Pardon my weakness, O God! and bless this whole meditation to my own soul!

L. R."

CHAPTER XVI.

Closing Scene—Funeral—Remarks on his character, &c.

We are now drawing to the close of the life and ministry of this excellent man, whose labours were singularly attended with the blessing of God to the end. The last two Sundays on which he preached, were in the beginning of March, 1827. On the former of these occasions, a person attended the church, who, having taken some offence, had secretly made a rash resolve never more to enter it. He was both thoughtless and dissolute, and a bitter persecutor of religion in those who professed it; but on this day was constrained, by circumstances that need not be mentioned, to alter his determination The text of the sermon was taken from *Ps.* li. 10, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Sharper than a two-edged sword is the word of God; and in its application by the power of the Spirit to this poor man, it proved "to be the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces" He confessed, that immediately on his return home, he, for the first time, fell on his knees, and with crying and tears, poured forth the strong emotion of his heart in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Should this record meet the eye or the ear of the individual so deeply interested in it, we would remind him of that hour of divine mercy, and of the day when he bore to the grave the body of him whose dying lips had conveyed the message of life to his soul. We would remind him of his bitter anguish, when he descended the vault, and knelt, weeping, beside the coffin We would exhort him to cleave with full purpose of heart to the Lord, and to continue faithful unto death, that in the day of Christ's appearing, he

may be found among those who will be the crown and joy of him whose loss he now laments.

The next Sunday Mr Richmond's sermons were particularly solemn. In the morning he preached from *Col.* iii. 2; "Set your affections on things above." And this address was directed to the true disciple for his comfort and confirmation. In the afternoon he preached from *Ps.* cxix. 52, 53. "I remembered thy judgments of old, O Lord, and have comforted myself. Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law" This sermon was an awful and solemn appeal to the consciences of unawakened sinners. It was remarked by a person going out of church; "this sounds as if it came from the lips of a dying man."

From this time the disorder visibly increased: Mr. Richmond caught a fresh cold, and could only speak in a whisper. It was, nevertheless, with some difficulty that he was restrained from being carried to the church; but he never more left his house, and soon became sensible that his beloved flock would "see his face no more." A gloom of sorrow overspread the parish, and "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God," for his recovery. But the time was come when he was to enter into his rest. Few of his brethren had the privilege of conversing with him at this time, and the editor being abroad, had no opportunity of any personal interview with his friend during the season of his last illness. He has, however, been supplied with abundant and most interesting details, in the following letters.

"My dear Friend,

"I unite with you and the neighbourhood, in deeply lamenting the decease of our much valued friend, the late Mr. Richmond. Every day and occasion will remind us of our loss. He was indeed a bond of union in all our meetings, both public and private; we bowed to his authority, for he had an excellent judgment, and his fine temper never failed to diffuse a kind and brotherly feeling among

us. It was the spontaneous remark of every one who had any acquaintance with him, 'You have only to know Legh Richmond to love him.

"My interview with him, a few days before his death, concerning which you desire to be informed, was highly interesting, though I have but few particulars to communicate.

Mr. Richmond had been declining in health for the last two years. A visible alteration took place in him, after the death of his son Wilberforce. The intensity of his feelings was at all times disproportionate to his strength; and some things, especially his dear boy's removal, seemed to lay hold of him with a degree of poignancy which he himself, in common with his friends, greatly regretted. He felt, and expressed, resignation and thankfulness in the event; yet it was evident to us all that his frame had received an irreparable injury

"His brethren saw little of him during the last few months of his life He continued the regular performance of the duties of his parish till within a few weeks of his death, and we did not apprehend that he was so soon to be taken from us.

"In his confinement, he shrunk from all intercourse beyond the circle of his own family.

"After making repeated inquiries about his state of health, and receiving very unsatisfactory answers, I consulted his medical attendant, whose report determined me to lose no time in seeking an interview. Of his spiritual state, there could be no doubt: but I thought if, like his family, he felt persuaded of his recovery, it might be important on many accounts that he should be apprized of his approaching end.

"I wished, among other things, to induce him to use his influence with the patron of the living in the appointment of a suitable successor. We had a conversation of some length on this subject, and which I regretted when I perceived how greatly it exhausted his weak and shattered frame, and disabled him from entering on matters of still

deeper interest. I was anxious to hear his dying testimony to the great truths he had so long taught, and so strikingly exemplified by a consistent and holy conduct. The idea too, that a friendship which had suffered no interruption for more than twenty years, endeared by the remembrance of his judicious advice and affectionate sympathy in my hours of trial and affliction, was soon to be dissolved, gave a solemn and affecting interest to this interview, and I longed to express my gratitude, as well as to be quickened and confirmed by his dying counsels.

"An opportunity offered, and I said, 'Dear brother, I owe you much love, and am pained to be the messenger of evil tidings. Still I cannot think it right to withhold from you my apprehension of the dangerous nature of your disease.' 'I know it, brother,' he replied: 'seven months ago I was well satisfied from whence this cough came; that it was a messenger from above. I knew what it meant —but I cannot talk: F—. do *you* talk.'

"I had scarcely resumed the conversation, with a remark on the immense value and importance of our principles, when he raised himself upright in his chair, and with great solemnity of manner, said, 'Brother, we are only half awake—we are none of us more than half awake.' He seemed unable to proceed, for his feebleness was extreme, and to relieve him, I began again; but he made another effort. The enemy, as our poor people would say, has been very busy with me. I have been in great darkness—a strange thought has passed through my mind—it is all delusion. Brother, brother, strong evidences, nothing but strong evidences, will do at such an hour as this. I have looked here and looked there for them—all have failed me —and so I cast myself on the sovereign, free, and full grace of God in the covenant by Christ Jesus; and there, brother (looking at me with a smile of tranquillity quite indescribable, and which I shall never forget,) *there* I have found peace.'

"I could utter nothing in reply. My heart was quite full. I grasped his hand and left him, with a promise of a

speedy return, musing on the similarity of his experience with that expressed by Hooker, a favourite with us both, '*To name merits, then, is to lay their souls upon the rack, the memory of their own deeds is loathsome to them, they forsake all things wherein they have put any trust or confidence—no staff to lean upon, no ease, no rest, no comfort then, but only in Jesus Christ.*'

"There are, doubtless, many persons who would feel surprise at the particulars which I have related, and might even be disposed to ascribe our dear friend's distress of mind to a cause very remote from the truth. Those who know nothing of indwelling sin, whose standard is low, and whose apprehension of the law of God is far from spiritual, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a man,

> 'who evil felt within,
> And when he felt it, heaved a sigh,
> *And loathed the thought of sin.*'

"To me it appears that our friend's dispensation was peculiarly fitted to preserve him from those feelings of self-complacency to which his extensive usefulness, and the singular honour which God had put on his ministry, would not fail to expose him. 'I never knew,' said the late Mr. R. of York, 'more than one person who was not injured by success.' Therefore, we may esteem every dispensation merciful, however painful, which teaches the salutary lesson, 'Let no man glory in men, but he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord'

"A conversation I had with Mrs. Richmond, after her husband's decease, confirmed my views on this subject. When I told her what had passed between us, she said, 'I can explain the meaning of these conflicts. I had latterly often observed my beloved husband in deep thought. He seemed to be very low and cheerless. I pressed him to unbosom his feelings, that I might share his sorrows and sympathise with him. For a long time he was unwilling

to enter on the subject, and usually replied, 'nothing, love, nothing.' But at last he told me that strange thoughts had been suggested to his mind, such as had never entered it in his hours of health—thoughts of his extensive usefulness in the church of God. He said he knew them to be suggestions of Satan, but that they overwhelmed him with deep and bitter anguish. Pride, pride, hateful thing!'

"Another idea has occurred to me with respect to this trial of our dear friend. He had insisted much upon the free and full sufficiency of the dispensation of grace to meet man's extremity. His darkness and distress of mind, as well as the support he found in his own principles, seemed to me a practical illustration of the grand doctrine of the cross. It was for him to prove the reality of what he taught. *In Christ every thing,—out of him nothing.* He became an example, as he had been a preacher, of the righteousness of faith. God humbled his servant, magnified the riches of his own grace, and made him a pattern to us all, of the necessity and sufficiency *of trust in Christ alone.*

"But after all, there is much truth in John Newton's remark; 'tell me not how a man died, but how he lived.' The weakness of a dying hour, and the ravages of disease, may cloud the mind, depress the spirits, and disturb the sober exercises of the judgment. One thing, however, my dear friend, is evident; it becomes us 'to set our house in order,' before the approach of this trying hour. At that time we should have nothing to settle with God. It is not a season to *begin* to turn to Christ, when we cannot turn in our bed. May the thought be ever present to our recollection, 'we are only half awake.' The removal of our dear brother is a loud call to us to trim our lamps and 'wait for our Lord,' that when he cometh and knocketh, we may open to him immediately.

"Believe me, my dear friend, I am yours, very faithfully, though most unworthily,

T. F."

Letter to Mrs. F—, after Mr. Richmond's decease.

"My dear Mrs. F—,

"You wish me to give you an account of the closing scene of my beloved parent's life. This will be attended with some difficulty; for though I was his friend as well as his child, and the endeared companion of his retired hours, and though many events and conversations, full of deep and affecting interest, are indelibly engraved on my memory, yet as I did not anticipate the mournful bereavement, and omitted to make memoranda at the time, I find now that much of the detail is irrevocably lost, and I should be afraid to write anything which was not strictly and literally true.

"Yet the recollection of hours spent in my beloved father's study, which was indeed a hallowed sanctuary of devotion, keeps alive in my mind an abiding conviction of the reality and happiness of experimental closet religion. When I feel worldly influence stealing on me, and consequently, religious duties losing their glow of interest, I have but to think of my departed parent and of past times, and my heart is again warmed, a new energy in the spiritual life seems imparted, and thus my soul does indeed realise that 'the memory of the just is blessed'

"I cannot express the veneration and love with which he was regarded by every one of his children. With an understanding of the very first order, a mind elegantly refined and polished, and feelings of the most delicate susceptibility, he had a heart overflowing with intense affection towards each of them, which was shown by daily and hourly attentions of the most winning nature, and they found in him not only a counsellor and instructor, but a companion and bosom friend. They clung to him, indeed, with an almost idolatrous fondness. Each of my brothers and sisters will agree with me in the sentiment of dear Wilberforce (it was one of my brother's remarks a little before he closed his eyes upon his weeping parent,) 'when my heart feels too cold to thank God for any thing else, it can thank him for giving me such a father.' He was the spiri-

tual as well as the natural father of that dear boy, and I trust others of his children are thus bound to him by a tie strong and lasting as eternity itself. Surely the world does not contain a spot of more sweet and uninterrupted domestic happiness than Turvey rectory presented, before death entered that peaceful dwelling. It was ever the first wish of my beloved father that our *home* should be happy ; and he was never so pleased as when we were all sitting around him. Both in our childhood and youth, every innocent pleasure was resorted to, and all his varied attainments brought into exercise to instruct and amuse us. He was the sun of our little system, and from him seemed to be derived the light and glow of domestic happiness. Like the disciple, whose loving spirit I have often thought my dear father's resembled, his motto was, 'little children, love one another ;' and he taught this more effectually by sympathy than even by precept. Religion was unfolded to us in its most attractive form. We saw that it was a happy thing to be a Christian. He was exempt from gloom and melancholy, and entered with life and cheerfulness into all our sports.

"But we should not have been thus happy in domestic affection, had not our beloved father so carefully trained us in the religion of Jesus Christ. This was his chief concern, his hourly endeavour. He did not talk much with us about religion ; but the books, studies, and even amusements to which he directed us, showed that God was in all his thoughts, and that his great aim was to prepare his children for heaven. Religion was practically taught in all he said and did, and recommended to us, in his lovely domestic character, more powerfully than in any other way. He had a thousand winning ways to lead our infant minds to God, and explain to us the love of the Saviour to little children. It was then our first impressions were received ; and though for a time they were obscured by youthful vanities, they were never totally erased ; he lived to see them, in some instances, ripened into true conversion. It was his custom, when we were very young, to pray with us

done: he used to take us by turns into his study; and memory still recalls the simple language and affecting earnestness with which he pleaded for the conversion of his child. I used to weep because he wept, though I understood and felt little of his meaning; but I saw it was all love, and thus my earliest impression was associated with the idea that it was *religion* which made him love us so tenderly, and that prayer was an expression of that love. I was led in this way to pray for those who were kind to me, as dear papa did.

"In conversation he did not often urge the subject of religion *directly* on our attention, or question us much as to our personal experience of it. He has sometimes regretted this, and called it his infirmity; but I think he adopted a more successful plan. He used to watch over us most cautiously, and express his opinion in writing: we constantly found letters left in our rooms, with directions to think and pray over them. Reproof was always conveyed in this way; and he also took the same method of questioning us on experimental religion, and of beseeching us to become more decided for God. Sometimes he required an answer; but generally his only request was, that we would 'spread his letter before the Lord, and think over it.'

"His reproofs were inexpressibly tender. He was never angry with us; but when we displeased him, he showed it by such a sad and mournful countenance, that it touched us to the very heart, and produced more effect than any punishment could have done, for we saw that it was our dear father who suffered the most. In this way he gained such an ascendancy over our affections, that none of his children could feel happy if his smile was withdrawn, and all regarded that smile as a rich reward.

"The anniversaries of our birth-days were always seasons of festivity among us. We were generally awakened with his congratulations and blessing. 'He rose up early in the morning, and offered sacrifice, according to the number of them all: thus did he continually.' I love to

recall those happy and innocent days, when our dear father, even in our childish sports, was the mainspring of our joys, and the contriver of every amusement. We always found a birth-day present for us, often accompanied by an affectionate note.

"Though my dear father was naturally playful and lively, his spirits were easily depressed; and they appeared to undergo a considerable change subsequent to the summer of 1824, the period at which Wilberforce's health began to decline: Wilberforce was most tenderly endeared to him; and there was a strong affinity in their characters. He was just beginning to unfold a very fine understanding, and his intellectual attainments were certainly superior for his age. His mind had been cultivated with much care; and the same elegance of taste and delicacy of feeling, so prominent in my father's character, seemed likewise to mark that of his cherished boy. He manifested the same inclination to the studies of natural philosophy; and when the school lessons were finished, they were constantly engaged together in these pursuits. While the other boys were at play, Wilberforce generally occupied himself in reading in the study, and trying experiments, &c. Mineralogy, in particular, was a favourite science with both; and in each instance it beguiled the hours of declining health. Papa used to amuse himself with his minerals, when all his other scientific pursuits failed to interest him: and poor Willy found the same pleasure in this study; for within a few days of his death, he was searching to see how many different kinds of stones might be enumerated. He had never been absent from home, but was brought up under the immediate eye of his parent, and watched with ceaseless care. He was now preparing for college, and sanguine in the hope that he might distinguish himself; and his father was looking forward with deep interest to this period.

"In the summer of 1824, my brother ruptured a blood-vessel, and began to spit blood. My dear father discovered great anxiety and alarm; though we did not, for a long time, know how deeply he was affected. He afterward

told mamma, that on *that* morning, as he looked on Wilberforce, he felt a shock, which seemed to shatter him to the very soul, and from which he never after recovered. He did indeed, to use his own words, 'roll the troublous calamity on God,' but nature sunk under the stroke.

"In June 1824, he took a journey to Scotland, to place Wilberforce under the care of Dr. Stewart I was their companion in that journey, which I have a mournful pleasure in retracing.

"It was very pleasant to travel with my father, he had such an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature; and every object of interest was pointed out to us with his own elegant and devotional associations. Often has he wandered on through the fine scenes of Scotland, both by day-light and moon-light, with poor Willy and myself at his side; and we have sat down together on the sea-shore, or by the hedge-side, while he showed us the image of the Deity in the beauty of his works: and whether he was contemplating the simple wild-flower or the resplendent firmament, he would point to the hand of Omnipotence in both. But his enjoyments at this time greatly depended upon his dear boy's being able to participate in them: if Willy drooped, his spirits were gone, and nature lost its power to charm. I think he was gradually declining in his own health, though he did not complain. He was watching the decay of his beloved son, while his own frame was giving way.

"We returned home in October, with no material benefit to our dear invalid: and in January 1825, after a happy and even triumphant experience of the power of religion, my brother breathed his last gentle sigh in the arms of his afflicted father, who had been, in God's hands, his sole teacher, comforter, and supporter. He was ever at the dying pillow of his suffering child, reading, praying, and comforting him, by day and by night. Before us, he appeared composed and tranquil; but in his retired moments, I have heard him give vent to his feelings, with strong 'crying and tears.' I remember, on the evening of Wilberforce's

death, after he had yielded to the first burst of grief, he clasped the inanimate form to his heart, laid it down, dried his tears, and collecting us together in the study, he knelt down, and uttered only the language of praise and gratitude. For a little moment he seemed not only to follow, but to realize his child's flight and welcome to the realms of glory. His whole conduct seemed to express, 'though I should see his hand lifted to slay me, yet from that same hand will I look for salvation.'

"He was much comforted, at this time, in his parish and in his own family. In the parish, there appeared a remarkable revival of religion, particularly among the young people. It might be truly said 'there were added to the church *daily*, such as should be saved.' This dear boy's death appeared to be the life of many souls; and, in my dear father's own language, 'they were as spiritual roses, blooming around the grave of his Willy.'

"At this time, his character as a parish priest shone forth most eminently. He was singularly blessed among his flock. His heart was always in his work; but more particularly did he now preach the word, in season and out of season; 'reproving, rebuking, exhorting, with all long-suffering and doctrine' An increase of religious inquiry and anxiety among his people, produced a corresponding increase of visiting and teaching on his part He regularly met a party of his pious poor at a neighbouring cottage, on Tuesdays; frequently a different set on Thursdays; and on Sunday nights, after his fatiguing duties in the church, he met those who had been newly awakened to spiritual life. His heart seemed particularly interested in this last little party, which he used to call 'his *spiritual nursery*.' I have looked at him with astonishment, when he came to us on Sunday nights. Unceasingly occupied, from ten in the morning till ten at night, he met us with his usual cheerfulness, and entered into animated and interesting conversation, as if no fatigue was felt. On Sunday evenings, after the administration of the sacrament, he met the communicants. On these occasions, he was happy in being sur-

rounded by his spiritual children, dearly loved by him, and, *on the whole*, he could look on them with approbation and confidence, as his 'glory and joy.' He was earnest in enforcing upon them consistency of character, and uprightness in temporal affairs: anxious that the enemies of true religion should have no cause to blaspheme from the inconsistencies of its professors, but that his people should adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour, and put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, showing that *the doctrines of grace are the doctrines of holiness.*

"But not in his parish alone was the death of his beloved son rendered singularly useful; his heart was yet more comforted by the hope of solid benefit to his own family. The seed which had been sown with many prayers, and watered with many tears, though it had hitherto lain dormant, began at this time to spring up to the consolation of his bereaved heart. With unspeakable tenderness he watched over the signs of religious anxiety in his children, weeping over them and praying for them with the most vehement affection.

"It was a few days after Willy's death, that my own mind was in a state of agitating anxiety—thirsting for the knowledge of God and his holiness, yet feeling so ignorant, dark, and helpless, that I knew not where to look for encouragement or assistance. My ignorance was my great burden. I felt as if I never could *understand* religion, and with these feelings I went into the study, where I found my beloved parent in deep meditation. He seemed to perceive at one glance what was the matter. In his engaging manner he took me on his knee and folding me to his heart, begged me to tell him all I felt. This was the first time I had opened my mind to him on the subject of religion. I tried to tell him my feelings, dwelling particularly on my ignorance and total blindness in spiritual things. With striking humility and condescension, he replied, 'well, my dear child, we will begin religion together. We will set out in the first step, for I have as much need as you to begin all again. We must go to Jesus Christ to be set right. We

will ask to be taught the first lesson in his religion, and wait in the ignorance of babes for his instruction.'

"In the following winter, my dear father's failing spirits sustained another severe shock. We were expecting every week our eldest brother from India He left home at the age of fifteen, and eleven years had now elapsed since his father had seen him. Many singular and affecting circumstances had occurred during this interval. He was thrice shipwrecked; and on one occasion, with only a few others, he got safe to shore. In his early youth he had been a source of much sorrow to his parents, but in a far distant land his heart was turned to the God of his father; and we received the most satisfactory testimonies to his conversion.

"My father's sensitive feelings were strained to the highest pitch in expectation of meeting his dear sailor-boy, who was on his return to visit us; and he was preparing to welcome the 'son who was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again,' when the mournful tidings of his death reached us.

"Both the mind and body of my dear father was shattered by this intelligence. But though suffering most acutely, he was, as in the former bereavement, the comforter and stay of his family;—concealing his own feelings, to mitigate theirs.

"He used to be much alone at this time, communing with his own heart, in his chamber, in silence: and no doubt it was his fervent and frequent devotion which strengthened and enabled him 'to comfort those who were in trouble by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God.'

"He had shut himself up for six weeks, and never appeared in public, except on the Sunday; but when he heard of the anxiety of the people to see him, and share the sorrows of their beloved pastor, he desired them to assemble in the school-room, and he went there to meet them. It was evidently too trying and exciting for his weak frame. For some time he could not speak; but when he recovered himself, his address was inexpressibly

touching, and yet comforting. The people wept with him, and felt his sorrows as their own. He told them, that conscious of their interest in him, and of their anxiety to know his state of mind under this afflicting rod, he had come on purpose to tell them what God could do for the soul that looked to him for help; that they might magnify the Lord with him, and exalt his name together He said, that while he had been shut up in the solitude of his study, for the last six weeks, in silent communing with God, he had learnt to feel, 'it is good for me that I have been afflicted,'—that the experience of his soul during that trying season had been, 'in the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts have refreshed my soul.

"He then expounded the 107th Psalm, with reference to poor Nugent's case; and expressed himself with more than ordinary energy and freedom. He had been tried, but he came forth as gold. His heavenly Father seemed to say to him, 'My son, give *me* thine heart;' and the answer of his soul was—'There is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee.' While fainting beneath the heavy load of suffering, he tried to say, like his blessed Master, 'the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?'

"He now resumed his usual cottage meetings; and, though his constitution was evidently sinking, and he was labouring far beyond his strength, he could not be persuaded to relax or lessen any of his pastoral engagements. We earnestly pressed him to retire for a season from his duties; but, contrary to his usual yielding temper, he remained inflexible; adding, either 'it does not injure me;' or 'I shall suffer more in my mind, by giving them up, than in my body, by attending to them.' The last year of his life, he had a constant irritating cough, which finally settled upon his lungs; and was, no doubt, much increased by such frequent talking and exposure to the night air.

"I was his constant companion in his visits to the cottages; and he often looked so worn and fatigued, and his spirits sometimes so much affected, apparently with

thoughts which he did not express, that I have turned away to weep and felt undefinable sensations of dread, as the idea crossed my mind, that he was meditating on the final separation.

"His public discourses at this time were particularly awakening as well as confirming. While he warned his flock, with deep solemnity, 'lest any man fail of the grace of God,' he enlarged on the divine promises, the glory of the Saviour, and the blessedness of the redeemed. A poor woman remarked to me—'Your dear papa preaches as if he was near home.'

"What he was in his family during the two last years of his life, my pen can but faintly describe. Since Nugent's and Willy's death, his affections were more concentrated on those who were left; and he had, also, a more endearing tie, for he could now look on some of his family as his spiritual children. In conversation and reading, he could find companions in them. Very pleasant is the recollection of the happy and profitable hours spent in my father's study. He used to awake me at six o'clock every morning, and I read to him till breakfast. He was fond of this early hour, and kept up the plan even through the last winter. But it was injurious to him; for when his cough was bad, and his health sinking daily, he would still rise before the servants were up, call me and my brothers, and then light his own fire, that all might be ready for the reading to commence. He made many valuable remarks as we went on. The last winter months, he wished me to read to him the Cripplegate Lectures. Archbishop Leighton, who was a particular favourite with him, was the last author we read together. Sacred is the memory of those hours: his health was declining, but his soul was ripening for glory; and, while listening with interest to the deep experience and triumphant victories of these holy men, he was probably anticipating the near approach of that time, when he should join their company.

"His mind was often for days peaceful and tranquil. At such times, he never spoke of Wilberforce's death, but in

terms of gratitude and praise for his happy end: but at other times, the vivid remembrance of his bereavements seemed to overwhelm him, and to occasion new conflicts. I have heard his convulsive sobs, and his heart-touching prayers, as I sat in the room beneath the study. I remember on one day in particular, he had been a long time alone, wishing to be undisturbed; and, when I went to him, I found him in deep sorrow. Willy's papers were lying before him, and he appeared in great agitation of mind. In what followed, I was struck with the deep *humility* of his feelings. He said, 'it was not unmingled grief for Wilberforce which was then uppermost; he knew he was safe in heaven, and that to him death had been victory: but that the thought painfully harassed him—shall *I* ever meet him in heaven? shall *I* indeed ever get there? Friends, try to comfort me, by saying, (as if they took it for granted,) that sorrow is unnecessary; for the separation is very short, and we shall soon meet again in heaven. But, alas! there is that inward consciousness of sin, and that perplexing conflict, that *I* cannot take it for granted; and the thought is now sinking me in the very dust, shall I *indeed* meet him in heaven? Am I sure eternity will unite us? And I often shudder, and fall down confounded, at the possibility that, after all, I may come short, and our separation be eternal.'

"This was an affecting and important lesson. I saw that the most holy and established Christian is still a sinner, and feels himself such; that, however high his spiritual attainments in this life, the flesh still weighs down the spirit. I had heard and seen my dear father so strong in faith, that heaven seemed realized, and victory obtained; and I fancied *he* could never have a doubt of his salvation. But I found, that the father in Christ could weep and tremble like the babe, because of the sin that dwelleth in him.

"My dear father's cough continued, and he became very thin; and every one remarked how ill he looked. But he appeared not to notice it, and we thought he did not apprehend danger: we have since found that we were mista-

ken, and that he 'always looked on the cough as a summons from above.' He abated nothing of his work, and still continued his visits to the poor. It was in the cottage of sorrow and by the bed of the dying that my beloved parent's character appeared the brightest. He was the father as well as the minister of his people; and they brought all their difficulties and troubles to him, and ever found in him a tender and judicious adviser. He had particular pleasure in conversing with the pious poor, and said he had learnt some of his best lessons from them; that the religion of the poor in general was more spiritual and sincere than that of the rich; that they lived more simply the life of faith on the Son of God. I have seen my beloved father in public, when the gaze of admiration was fixed on him, and in the private drawing-room I have beheld him the delight and entertainment of the company, and my heart has exulted in him; but it was when smoothing the pillow of poverty and death, that I most loved and venerated him; and discovered the image of that Saviour 'who went about doing good.'

"In the month of February he went to Cambridge for a fortnight, to enter Henry. This was another subject of great anxiety to his mind: he dreaded the temptations of a college life; and expressed much solicitude, lest his dear inexperienced boy should be corrupted, and his religion injured.

"When he returned from Cambridge, we thought he looked better. He had been among friends he loved, and he derived great pleasure from his visit, and appeared more cheerful and lively than we had known him for the last two years. He entered into conversation with spirit, and even amused and entertained us in his engaging manner. We spent one week with him in this improved state of health and spirits; but he soon relapsed into his former thoughtful silence. The next week he caught a fresh cold and his cough returned with greater violence: yet he would have preached on the following Sunday, if his voice had not entirely failed him. I do not think he imagined that he had seen his people for the last time, but that he anticipated a temporary amendment, sufficient to enable him to go among

them again. But his ministry was closed; and he was to meet them no more, till they met at the judgment seat of Christ!

"To prevent increase of cold, he kept entirely to his study, and never came down stairs after that Sunday; yet he read and wrote as usual.

"It may seem extraordinary that he never spoke to us on the subject of his death, but those can understand it who knew the exquisite tenderness and susceptibility of his feelings. His *affection* indeed was almost his *affliction*. He could not bear to witness the sorrow which would have filled our hearts in the certain and near prospect of separation. He wished us, I think, to understand his situation and to observe in silence.

"There were no violent symptoms to mark the approach of death; but a gradual decay of strength. He sat with us as usual in his study-chair to the very last day,—almost to the last hour. I recollect many things which I did not then understand, but which now show me that he was preparing for death: with surprising calmness he set his house in order. He made a catalogue of his principal books, with memoranda how they were to be disposed of; also of his minerals and philosophical apparatus; he emptied all the cupboards round the room, which had not been done for many years; he burnt every book which he thought of an injurious tendency. All this was done for the most part in silence, it being painful for him to speak, even in a whisper. I have seen him sit for an hour together in the deepest abstraction of thought—then he would raise his eyes, the tears streaming down his pale cheeks, clasping his hands, as if in the fervency of importunate prayer—and again all was composure, and he looked peaceful and happy. He seemed to be maintaining a constant communion with God. I know he felt deeply for his children, whom he was about to leave young and inexperienced—exposed to a world of sin and temptation. My brother and I have frequently heard him break forth in prayer for us when we had scarcely closed his door. The sounds were faint and broken, but we understood their import; and the unutter-

able tenderness of his manner towards us is even now too affecting to dwell upon. He would sometimes open his arms for me to come to him, and laying his head on my shoulder would fall again into deep thought His parish also was always upon his mind. He was continually inquiring about the people, and sending me with messages to them; and he listened with much interest to the report I made of them.

"One of his converts, a young girl of nineteen, was at this time on the bed of death, and my dear father regretted much he could not visit her; but he was very anxious to comfort and instruct her through me. She survived him two months, and died in the same peace, perhaps with more triumph. She said, just before her death, 'she longed yet more for heaven, because her dear minister was there to welcome her.' I know that he was full of anxiety for a suitable successor, and the idea of his flock being dispersed hung heavy upon his spirits. One morning, when I was sitting near him, he burst into tears and said, 'oh! my parish! my poor parish! I feel as if I had done nothing for it, as if it had been so much neglected. I have not done half that I ought.' It was more than I could bear to hear him speak in this way: for I had seen him in weariness, and painfulness, and watchings, spending and being spent, if by any means he might win souls to Christ. I suggested to him his labours, and the singular usefulness of his ministry, especially within the last two years: he would still reply, 'no thanks to me, no thanks to me. I see it so different now, as if I had done just nothing. I see nothing but neglect and duties left undone.' I could not help reflecting on the different aspect things must have when eternity is opening upon us.

"He was considerably cheered soon after this, by the prospect of Mr. H—— becoming his curate; it seemed to revive him; he lost sight of other troubles in the thought that his church would be well supplied.

"He often recurred to Henry's residence at college, and talked of his fears for his dear boy till he was quite spent. He would say, 'I have seen the ruin of so many promising

youths by a college life, and those apparently as amiable and pious as my own dear child. I know the difficulty of maintaining spiritual religion at Cambridge. Even studies which are in themselves lawful, and which he ought to pursue, have a tendency to weaken piety and interrupt private devotion. *Christ has often been crucified between classics and mathematics.* I wish him to be diligent in his studies, but the Bible is the proper library for a young man entering into the church. If he does but understand the Bible experimentally, I shall be content. Bid him, F—, to be very careful of his companions, that they be few, and more advanced in religion than himself; and particularly that he attends Mr. S—'s ministry. It cheers my heart, that there is such a ministry at Cambridge. Be sure you talk to him about these things. Warn him of declensions, and against sacrificing religion to the desire of distinction. That dear boy, and his approaching trials, are never out of my thoughts; I think of him by day, and dream of him by night.'

"We found in his desk a sheet of paper on which was written 'Cambridge documents.' These were directions for Henry, but not finished. He had often expressed a great desire to see a son in the church, ready to take his place. 'If I might but hear a true gospel sermon from one of my children, I should die in peace.' On another occasion, he expressed great delight that his young friend C. H— visited the poor, and said, 'you must recommend this to Henry, as the very best preparation for the ministry. Try, my dear F—, to keep him up to it. Tell him his poor father learnt his most valuable lessons for the ministry, and his most useful experience in religion, in the poor man's cottage.'

"The last time he spoke to me on personal religion he endeavoured to establish my mind in the doctrine of assurance, and enlarged on its importance, and its tendency to promote both comfort and obedience. He pointed to Archbishop Leighton as my pattern: 'see how holily and lovingly that man walked with God, because he believed

that his salvation was safe and settled, that he was chosen in Christ. Try, my dear child, to expand your views; look at the magnificent scheme of salvation—the contract between the Father and his eternal Son. How much better to look out of self, and see all perfected in Christ. You will never be happy and strong, till you grasp the covenant plan of redemption. You live upon self too much; you will get misery and despair, but nothing else, by looking to yourself. You must live upon Christ; he has done all for you, if you could but believe it.'

"Of the last sermons I read to him, one was entitled, 'Hope amidst Billows,' the other 'The Believer a Hero.' This last I read twice to him; and he expressed much delight in listening to it. It seemed to suit the state of his mind, and correspond with his own sentiments. At one part of the sermon he stopped me, that he might meditate on what he heard, and then he said, 'read it again.' It seemed to cheer his mind. When I had finished it, 'this' said he, 'exactly expresses what I would say to you; that is just my sentiment;' and he told me to turn down the leaf, that he might show it to mamma. I have copied the passage; it appears to me very beautiful, and is greatly endeared to me, as having comforted my dear father a few days only before his death.

"'The fear of God is not a perplexing doubting, and distrust of his love: on the contrary, it is a fixed resting and trust in his love. Many who have some truth of grace are, through weakness, filled with disquieting fears; but, possibly, though they perceive it not, it may be in some a point of wilfulness, a little latent undiscerned affectation of scrupling and doubting, placing much of religion in it. True, where the soul is really solicitous about its interest in God, that argues some grace; but being vexingly anxious about it, argues that grace is weak and low. A spark there is even discovered by that smoke, but the great smoke still continuing and nothing seen but it, argues there is little fire, little faith, little love; and then as it is unpleasant to thyself, so it is to God, as smoke to the eyes. What if one should be always

questioning with a friend, whether he loved him or not, and upon every little occasion were ready to think he doth not, how would they disrelish their society together, though truly loving each other. The far more excellent way, and more pleasing both to ourselves and to God, were to resolve on humble trust, reverence, and confidence, being most afraid to offend, delighting to walk in his ways, loving him and his will in all; and then resting persuaded of his love, though he chastise us, and even though we offend him, and see our offences in our chastisements, yet he is good; plenteous in redemption, ready to forgive; therefore let Israel hope and trust. Let my soul roll itself on him, and adventure there all its weight. He bears greater matters, upholding the frame of heaven and earth, and is not troubled nor burdened with it.'

"Three days after, he asked me to read one of Newton's letters, from the volume entitled 'The Aged Pilgrim's Triumph.' He listened to me with interest, but did not speak, except to thank me.

"When his meals were brought to him, he used to clasp his wasted hands, and ask a blessing 'I thank thee, heavenly Father, for these undeserved mercies to such an unworthy sinner.' There may be nothing more in the words than any other Christian would utter; but the humility and reverence of his manner deeply affected us.

"Nearly the whole of Good Friday, he sat in a solemn prayerful meditation, with that exquisite print of Guido's before him, the head of our Saviour crowned with thorns. His attention seemed rivetted on it, but he said nothing.

"On Easter Sunday the sacrament was administered at the church This day he regarded with peculiar reverence, and some new converts generally partook of the sacred ordinance at this time, whom he had been preparing during the past year. The delight with which he gave them these emblems of the body and blood of Christ was very uncommon. It would cheer his spirits for weeks. This was the first Easter Sunday during his residence at Turvey that he had been prevented from joining his church, and commemorating the resurrection of our blessed Re-

deemer, and he seemed to feel the privation deeply. Before we went to church, he told us to remember him at the table, and he would join the communion of the saints in his study. He said, 'I shall look at my watch, and mark the exact time and read the service, that I may be one with you in the fellowship of the redeemed.' On our return we saw the prayer book open before him. and he was still intent on the communion service. He looked up with great composure in his countenance, and said, 'I have followed you in every sentence, and I think I may say, I have indeed been with you, and enjoyed a sweet communion.'

"He had a great dislike to keep his bed; and I cannot but acknowledge the goodness of God, that it was not necessary. He rose every day, to the last, and sat as usual in his study; only getting up a little later, and going to bed earlier, as his strength gradually failed him. The last fortnight he was very silent, and appeared constantly in prayer and meditation.—waiting his dismissal, and the end of his earthly pilgrimage. At this time, nothing seemed to disturb him; and he appeared to realize the full import of that blessed promise, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.' I have often thought he exemplified the faith his favourite Leighton commends—'Let thy soul roll itself on God, and adventure there all its weight.' It was indeed an unspeakable delight to us to observe the unruffled calm of his soul; and it confirmed our minds in the truth and value of the doctrines he had taught for thirty years. We had seen our beloved father prostrate in soul before God, under a consciousness of indwelling sin; we had heard him bemoaning himself, after a long life of usefulness, as an unprofitable servant, renouncing again and again all hope of salvation by his own goodness, and fleeing to Jesus as his only refuge. To use his words to C. H—, 'It is only by coming to Christ as a little child, and as for the first time, that I can get peace.' Yet, though for a time perplexed, he was not forsaken. We saw him comforted of God, and proving what he had often said to me—'Christ has

firm hold of you, however feeble your grasp of him;' and now we saw him strong in faith, and in the last hour of dissolving nature, rejoice in the sure and certain hope of the glory of God. He did indeed find, to use the dying words of my beloved brother, 'the rest that Christ gives is sweet.' He was silent but it was a most expressive silence; and revealed emotions of joy and praise not to be described. Many touching circumstances occurred, which showed both the man and the Christian; but they are of too delicate a nature to be communicated beyond the circle of his own family.

"Two days before his death he received a letter mentioning the conversion of two persons (one of whom was a clergyman,) by the perusal of his tract, 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' When the letter was given him, he seemed too feeble to open it himself, and desired Henry to read it to him. The contents deeply interested him He raised himself in his chair, lifted up his hand, and then let it fall down again; while he repeatedly shook his head. His manner spoke the greatest humility, as if he would say—'How unworthy of such honour!' For a few moments it seemed to administer a cordial to his fainting spirit, and led our minds, in reference to our dear father to contemplate the near fulfilment of that promise, 'They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

"On Tuesday, the 8th of May, he rose later than usual; I think it was twelve before he got into the study; and he was so weak that he had great difficulty in walking there, from his bedroom His breath was short, and he looked very pale, but he said he felt no pain. He sat on his reading-chair, with his head resting on a pillow: his countenance and manner was calm and peaceful In the afternoon he could scarcely support himself; and I kneeled on a chair behind him, and he laid his head on my shoulder. Once he seemed to be fainting, but he soon revived; and looking calmly at me, he said, 'Better now, love.'

"Mamma could no longer stay in the room, and I was

left alone with him till five. He still said nothing, except to assure me he felt no pain. To the very last, it appeared to be his great desire to spare our feelings. We now persuaded him to go to bed, but we little thought death was so near. He could not walk, and we were going to ring for a servant, to assist him; but he said, 'I should like *Henry* to carry me.' He was wasted to a skeleton: Henry took him up with great ease, and we all followed. I shall never forget this most affecting moment: it was a moment of anguish to me, more than the last scene. He seemed to know that he was leaving the study, never to return to it: his look told me that he knew it. This was his favourite room, where for more than twenty years he had constantly carried on his pursuits. There he had written his books—studied his sermons—instructed his children—conversed with his flock, and offered daily sacrifice of praise and prayer. I watched him, as Henry carried him out: his countenance preserved the same look of fixed composure. He raised his head, and gave one searching look round the room, on his books—his table—his chair—his wife—his children;—and then the door closed on him for ever! He gave the same look round the gallery, through which we passed, as if he was bidding farewell to every thing. There was a peculiar expression in his countenance, which I cannot describe; it seemed to say, 'Behold, I die, but God will be with you!' Henry seated him in a chair; and he sat to be undressed, like a little dependant child, in deep silence, but without the ruffling of a feature.

"About nine, he seemed rather wandering; and made an effort to speak, but we could not make out his meaning; only we perceived he was thinking of his church, for we heard him say several times, 'It will be all confusion!' Mamma asked him what would be confusion. 'The church! There will be such confusion in my church!'

"About ten o'clock, he signified to mamma, in the gentlest whisper, that he wished to be left alone—to send us all away, and draw the curtains round him.

"About half-past ten, Mrs. G., the kind and faithful nurse of Willy, tapped at my door. I was reading the Bible, and had just reached that verse, 'That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' I have thought the coincidence remarkable, at least I trust it will ever give a quickening influence to that passage, when I read it. She told me to come and look at my father. She said, she could hardly tell whether there was any change or not. I hurried to him. He raised his eyes to heaven, and then closed them. I put my cheek upon his; and I believe at that instant I felt, for I could not hear, his dying sigh. I thought he was sleeping, and continued looking at him, till Hannah said, 'Your dear papa is in heaven.' I did not think him dead; and I rubbed his still warm hands, and kissed his pale cheek, and entreated him to speak one word to me: but I soon found it was the silence of death. All turned to poor mamma, who was insensible; and I was thus left alone with my dear father, kneeling beside him, with his hand in mine. The same holy calm sat on his countenance, and seemed to say—'Thanks be to God, who has given me the victory!'

"The scene that followed was truly afflictive. The grief of the widow and the fatherless was unchecked; for he who had always comforted them, and bid them kiss the rod, was no longer with them. The *contrast* between the after scene of Wilberforce's and our beloved parent's death, was peculiarly affecting to me. When my brother died, my father assembled us together, to implore resignation, and offer praise. But when he himself departed, all seemed gone. There was no one to collect us; and we were scattered in wild sorrow, with a feeling of desolation which was quite unutterable,

"We cannot, we ought not to forget such a father. Yea, I would add, 'when I forget thee may my right hand forget her cunning.'

"The hand of God has gone out against us—yet 'the seed of the righteous is not forsaken.' He has cut off the 'stream which made us glad,'—but praised be his name,

he invites us to the 'living fountain,' where our souls may drink and be satisfied.

"Believe me, my dear Mrs. F.,

"Your very affectionate,

F. R."

Mr. Richmond was buried in the church of Turvey, and in the same vault which contained the remains of his beloved Wilberforce, and of two infant sons. The affecting circumstances of the funeral are thus described by a friend, who was a spectator of the solemn scene.

"I was hastening to witness the sad obsequies of this excellent man; the bell tolled heavily, and seemed to smite on my ear with more than ordinary solemnity. Sorrow was depicted on every countenance, and the mourners crossed my path at every step. Even the aged and the sick, who had long heard from his lips the glad tidings of salvation, crept out of their cottages, resting on their crutches, or leaning on the arm of friendship, to gaze on the mournful cavalcade, and weep over their melancholy bereavement.

"Every eye exhibited the struggle of feeling, and spoke more for the memory of the deceased than volumes written in his praise. Multitudes from the neighbouring villages were attracted to the spot, and came to pay their tribute of affection to the memory of one with whose name they had lone associated feelings of respect and esteem. The members of the men's club, established by Mr. Richmond at Turvey, had assembled with their long wands, clothed in mourning, and formed a double line from the rectory to the church porch. Through this avenue the body was borne, without interruption from the crowds of spectators. It was carried by six bearers, and the pall was held by the same number of clergymen from the neighbourhood, whose countenances, marked with profound sorrow, seemed to say, 'alas! my brother!' There followed as mourners, the family—the more respectable of the parishioners—the communicants—the friendly societies of young and old—

the Sunday and day schools—and a long train of the poor, with many strangers who were present on the occasion. The men's club joined the procession as it passed along; and the whole presented to my eye the most affecting picture of deep and sincere sorrow I ever witnessed.

"The service was read, at the request of the family, by Mr. Grimshawe, who delivered an address at the conclusion of the funeral, in compliance with the wishes of the parishioners, and in accordance with the custom of the deceased rector."

The following Sunday, a sermon was preached at Turvey church, on the occasion, by the Rev. T. Fry, rector of Emberton, to an overflowing congregation. So great was the number of persons that attended, that many went away, unable to procure admittance. Not only was every space in the church and the chancels occupied but the marble monuments were covered with people, and even the large beams which supported the roof Mr. Richmond, some years before his decease, had selected a passage of Scripture; and Mr. Fry, in compliance with the wishes of his friend, took his text from *Romans* vii. 24, 25.—'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'*

Letter from Mrs. Richmond:—

"Dear Sir,

"Allow me to assure you of the unfeigned satisfaction which I feel in addressing you as the biographer of my late most dear and lamented husband.

"That the task has devolved on *you*, who were better acquainted than most others with the qualities of him whom you so justly loved and valued, is a melancholy pleasure, connected with my afflictive bereavement.

"The confidential and affectionate intercourse, which for so many years subsisted between you, afforded numerous and varied opportunities for making a just estimate of his character: and I feel full confidence that you will be

* Sermons were preached in the neighbourhood by the editor and other clergymen, the succeeding Sunday.

faithful in your own observations on this honoured servant of the sanctuary.

"To *him*, indeed, it is a thing of nought;—his witness is in heaven, and his record is on high. But to those whom he has left behind in this vale of tears, it is, I think, a lawful source of anxiety and interest, that 'his name should be had in remembrance.'

"His *public* character you had more frequent and diversified means of appreciating than I had. But in the *private* and *family* circle, it may naturally be supposed that to myself he was best known.

"In the endeared relations of *husband* and *father*, those only knew his value who are now left to deplore his loss. The honoured but unworthy partner of his weal and wo, can bear grateful testimony, how truly he fulfilled the apostolic injunction of loving his wife; how patiently he bore with her infirmities; and with what tenderness of mind and refinement of feeling, he manifested the daily recurring instances of his affectionate and devoted attachment.

"The subject is sacred and delicate, and my pencil might be thought to colour too highly; but on my *own* heart is indelibly impressed the fond remembrance of what he was to *me*—a remembrance which death only can efface:—and which I humbly hope will be renewed, with increased powers of recollection, when I shall have come out of this great tribulation, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

"Nevertheless, I feel myself called upon to offer the tribute of my heart's best effusions of gratitude, for a continued course of connubial felicity, enjoyed by few to the same extent. To him I was indebted for thirty years of domestic happiness, from the recollections of which, 'visions of past enjoyment rise, in long and bright array;' while I am painfully reminded that they are joys *departed*; for, 'in the forsaken tomb, the form beloved is laid!'

"In how many instances did he cast the mantle of love over my deficiencies and short-comings!—and when he might have been 'much bold in Christ, to enjoin me that which is convenient; yet, for love's sake, he rather besought me.'

"But it is as a candidate for *heaven* that I supremely feel my obligations to my departed husband. *Here* the dispenser and the possessor of all earthly joys must have their close;—*Here* all sublunary bliss must cease! But *there*, mortality shall put on immortality; and the pleasures at God's right hand are for *evermore*. To *him* I owe the hope of *never-ending* happiness: and I rejoice in the blessed prospect, that from having been fellow-pilgrims on earth, we shall be fellow-heirs of glory in heaven. And if celestial happiness can be increased by the reunion of terrestrial objects of affection, mine must receive addition from again beholding him. The anticipation cheers my widowed heart. Oh! that we may again meet, 'with our old and with our young, with our sons and with our daughters.'

"As a *father* he possessed a tenderness and sweetness of affection almost peculiar to himself. How does my heart now thrill, while I recall the affectionate and parental emotions with which he took each new-born babe in his arms; and like Simeon of old, blessed it! Those prayers were registered in heaven, they *have* descended in blessings on his children, and they are yet 'the portion and inheritance for them, in their Father's house:' a bequest more precious than silver and gold. I doubt not that those prayers were accepted for the Saviour's sake; and the surviving parent adds her petition—'Therefore, now let it please thee to bless the house of thy servant, that it may continue for ever before thee: with thy blessing let the house of thy servant be blessed for ever.'

"In pourtraying the *general* character of my dear husband, his peculiarly prominent feature of *benevolence* should be specially noticed; for he possessed it in the most extended and comprehensive meaning of the word.

"It was a *universal* kindness and good-will, best described by the charity which 'beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. A charity which never failed.' There were occasions when according to man's wisdom, this virtue might have been and was thought to partake of the works of supererogation. And certain it is, that in some instances, the unsuspecting simplicity of his disposition subjected him to consequences

which fully proved that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light!

"But he was ever mindful of the admonition, 'never impute a bad motive to any one, while you can find a good one.' The motto which encircled his heart was, 'glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.'

"This was his Christian badge; nor can I recollect a single instance in which he ever laid it aside. 'Speak not evil one of another,' was a very remarkable characteristic of my beloved husband. With David he said, 'I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue.' He appeared never to lose sight of this caution, nor did he ever fail to check the forgetfulness of it in others when occasion required.

"His *own* breast was the sacred depository of any event, circumstance, or communication which cast reproach upon the church, or on individuals. And that with a conviction, founded upon the sure word of God, that 'the tongue is an unruly evil.'

"You, dear sir, need not to be informed of his unwearied labours of love, when *publicly* engaged in the cause of God. You well know that he counted no personal sacrifice too dear, so that he might win souls to Christ.

"Were any tempted to think that he robbed his own to enrich others, and that *enthusiasm* carried him too often and too far from kindred ties, and from the appointed flock over which God had made him overseer? Let wife, children, and flock, separately and unitedly declare, without partiality and without hyprocrisy, what was the spirit in which he returned among them. Was it not invariably 'in the fulness of the gospel of peace,' replenished with fresh arguments for each, that 'laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envying, and all evil speakings; denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world; laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come.' How animating were the details which he gave of his progress through the varied scenes of his pilgrimage, and how calculated to impress the conviction, that the love of Christ constrained him.

"Nor let it be supposed that the breath of fame kindled in his bosom any desires at variance with the duties of that more confined sphere in which he was permanently stationed. I always considered his missionary labours as productive of fresh energies for the discharge of his parochial duties.

"Instant in season, out of season, he preached the word with invigorating power and demonstration of the spirit. Giving all diligence, to add to his 'faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly-kindness charity.' These things being in him, and abounding, they made him, that he was neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"But his days are accomplished: he rests from his labours. He is now become a citizen of Zion, answerable to the description of David, 'Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth from his heart.' And having joined the hundred forty and four thousand, in concert he proclaims, 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ.'

"It might naturally have been expected, that the horizon around this setting sun would have been gilded with many a bright though departing ray; and that he would have winged his flight to glory, commencing the hallelujahs on earth, so soon to be attuned to harps of gold in heaven: that finding the end of all things was at hand, he would have spoken 'as the oracles of God,—declaring that he had not followed cunningly devised fables, when he made known the power of our Lord Jesus Christ.' That such was not the case, can, I think, be best accounted for by those who have most cause to mourn the deprivation.

"The feelings of the *husband* and the *father* were too sensitive for the weakened frame, which shrunk from the excitement to be apprehended from any direct allusion to

the mournful event which was about to rend asunder a link so strongly uniting the family chain. *This* was the bitterness of death. For his own soul, he had long committed it to the keeping of God, in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator; but he would not hazard an interruption to the peaceful calm with which he anticipated his dismissal from the body. He saw the restrained anguish of my heart, and forbore to probe the wound, which he knew was rankling. *This* it was that imposed silence.

"A more tranquil departure could neither have been wished nor granted. Every tumult was hushed,—all was serene,—death had lost its sting, for he had gained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. With the utmost composure, he put his house in order, feeling that he must die, and not live. The placidity of his countenance expressed the peace within, speaking more than words could have done; 'and now, Lord, what wait I for? truly my hope is even in thee.' Can I ever forget the morning of that day which closed upon me as a widow (oh! word of sorrow) and desolate. With what prophetic earnestness did he pronounce the assurance, 'God will never leave you, nor forsake you. *It is impossible.*'

"This may be said to have been his parting benediction. For though some few hours more did elapse, before the departure of the spirit to God who gave it, yet the powers of nature were so exhausted, that briefly reminding me, 'how merciful the Lord had been to us for many years,' and with a short exhortation to resignation, he continued in silent composure, waiting the arrival of the heavenly convoy, to be ushered into the presence of Him whom, not having seen, he loved—and whom now beholding, and knowing even as he is known, he falls down and worships; uniting with the innumerable company of angels, the spirits of just men made perfect, and the multitude which no man can number, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. 'Mark the upright man, and behold the perfect; for the end of that man is peace.'

"Such was my beloved husband, in life and in death. What he is in glory, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart to conceive.

'Thus much (and this is all) we know,—
He is supremely blest;
Has done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with his Saviour rests.'

"In giving this transcript, dear sir, of thoughts so deeply engraven on my heart, many a pang has been revived. Memory retraces joys and sorrows, each in their turn a source of grief. I am painfully reminded that God 'hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head' I see myself surrounded by the pledges of an ardent attachment, and I remember that my children 'are orphans and fatherless—their mother is a widow.' *They* must set sail on the ocean of life exposed to the chilling blasts of this inhospitable clime, without a pilot to warn them of the rocks and quicksands to which they will be exposed. The guide of their youth, he who would have given to the young man knowledge and discretion, is separated from them. How often will they have need to cry out, 'My father, my father!'

"For *myself*, I am left to travel the remainder of my pilgrimage solitary and alone. The bosom upon which I was wont to recline, no longer beats with affectionate sympathy, responsive to my joys and sorrows. The evening of my days must close in cheerless solitude; but the voice of God is in this dispensation, and it becomes me to hearken unto it. He doth not willingly grieve, but says, 'turn you at my reproof.'

"May the Lord 'make me to know my transgression and sin. May my soul keep it still in remembrance, and be humbled in me.'

"'Who is wise and he shall understand these things? Prudent, and he shall know them? For the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them.'

"I am, my dear sir, your's, very truly,

MARY RICHMOND."

We feel extreme reluctance to trespass on this holy ground, or interrupt the train of solemn thought and feeling which these interesting letters of a beloved wife and an affectionate child, must have inspired in the minds of our readers. Yet we cannot close this Memoir with satisfaction to ourselves or justice to our esteemed friend, without no-

ticing a few of those qualities for which he appears to us and to all who knew him, to have been eminently distinguished.

The following testimonies from those who possessed ample opportunities of forming a just estimate of his character, are at once a faithful and honourable record both of his public and private virtues. They will not be the less acceptable in being offered, for the most part, by men whose names are associated with the distinguished institutions that adorn the times in which we live.

"I not only witnessed," says Dr. Steinkopff, "the ability with which he publicly advocated the cause of the Bible Society, and the powerful and beneficial impression which his addresses produced on numerous and highly respectable audiences, but I also felt delighted with his Christian conversation. I saw him devoutly perusing those sacred pages which he so effectively recommended to the attention of others, and heard many an edifying remark dropping from his lips.

"Instead of living to himself, he felt an ardent desire to live to the honour and glory of Him who died for him, and rose again. He closely watched his own heart, temper, and disposition; and often expressed himself in terms of the most unfeigned humility and self-abasement,—renouncing all dependence on what he had done, and relying exclusively on the free grace of God, and the merits of his adorable Redeemer. In all my interviews with him, I witnessed a serenity of mind and cheerfulness of temper, peculiarly calculated to recommend the religion of Christ."

"By his fine imagination," observes the Rev. Mr. Bickersteth, "his devotional spirit, his full and copious flow of expression, and his rich exhibition of the good tidings of redeeming grace, he interested, in a very uncommon degree, the large assemblies he was accustomed to address. Some of his most extemporaneous addresses had a beauty of conception and a glow of feeling quite irresistible. Very many in our own country can testify that, through his labours, they not only first became sensible of the importance of missions, but the value of their own souls, and the infinite price at which they were redeemed."

In allusion to his exertions in behalf of the Jews, the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey remarks:—

"There was something in the cause of poor benighted and outcast Israel, which seemed peculiarly congenial with his affectionate and sympathising spirit. To exhibit their wrongs, and paint their sorrows, was a work in which he delighted to be engaged; and he did so with such genuine feeling and pathetic eloquence that few could resist his appeals; and it would not be easy to define how much, under God, that now widely diffused compassion for this interesting but long neglected people, is to be attributed to his pious and able exertions in their behalf."

"Enough has been witnessed by me," says the Rev. Mr. Hughes "on the road, in families, and at public meetings to furnish the materials of an ample testimony in favour of that excellent and extraordinary man. To a sound understanding, a full command of thoughts and language, a free and graceful utterance, and an exuberant imagination, he added those qualities of the heart, which endeared him to the whole of that large circle in which he moved Piety, candour, courtesy, and Christian kindness, were embodied in all his demeanour. Who that knew him could ever be reminded of the gall of bitterness, except by the perfect contrast of his own admirable dispositions?

"If all the professed ministers and disciples of our Lord shone with a radiance so mild, and exemplified a zeal so pious and affectionate, then would the church embody her arguments and persuasions in their most effective and impressive form."

The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Creaton, one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, thus writes:—

"He was no common man; whether considered as a writer, a speaker, a pastor, a parent, or a friend. I always felt it my honour and happiness to have the benefit of his acquaintance, and a share in his affections; which I happily enjoyed without interruption, from the time he came to reside at Turvey, to the day he entered his eternal rest. And I can now declare, with the greatest truth, that the nearer I came to him and the more opportunities I had of entering into his real character, principles, and disposition, the more I loved and esteemed him."

"I admit," remarks the Rev. Mr. Fry, "that the best of men are men at the best; and that religion has sustained no small injury from the unmeasured and injudicious encomiums bestowed on its professors, by friends and partisans. Legh Richmond might have his weaknesses, as well as others, but his faults were the excesses of his virtues. After a very intimate and confidential intercourse with him for more than twenty years, I may aver, in the perfect integrity of truth, that in my judgment he was equalled by few, and excelled by none. Although there is a considerable affinity of character in the general attainments and labours of the distinguished servants of God, there were some qualities in him which might be more peculiarly called *his own*.

"*Harmony is the perfection of character*, and Legh Richmond exhibited a beautiful combination of varied excellencies. With an acknowledged superiority of talents and acquirements, and with a tide of popularity and usefulness, which might have induced a train of fearful temptations, he possessed a deep consciousness of his own unworthiness, and his conduct was marked with a most unfeigned meekness and humility; no one could be more exempt from *display*. His rich stores of material were always at hand, but they were never brought forward till the occasion called for them. It is often seen that men of commanding minds are careless of the feelings of others, and unwilling to stoop to the infirmities of the weak. In Legh Richmond were united strength and sweetness; he had a head of intellect, and a heart of love,' as was expressively observed by my friend Mr. Garrard. He possessed powers to grapple with a giant, and sensibility that would not trample on a worm; tenderness, forbearance, and sympathy characterised his intercourse with every one.

"Men of fine taste and delicate perceptions, are frequently betrayed into fastidiousness; and are apt to be offended with the coarseness and peculiarity which sometimes disfigures a sincere and genuine profession of religion; but Mr. Richmond kept his eye fixed on the *jewel*, however rough and unsightly the *casket* which contained it.

"His *largeness of heart* embraced every part of the

church of Christ, and the kindness and cordiality of his manner endeared him to all.

"From his connexion and correspondence with good men of every denomination, he was suspected by some of indifference and laxity towards the principles of his own community.

"But if he be the best churchman, the purity of whose doctrine, and the fidelity of whose labours have the most direct tendency to check the progress of dissent, and to attract numerous worshippers within the walls of our own Zion, no man ever possessed a juster claim to this title than the subject of the present Memoir.

"He was conscientiously and firmly attached to the discipline as well as to the doctrine of the establishment, and never shrunk from its defence, when he thought himself called upon to advocate its cause.*

"He was remarkable for his *disinterestedness*, and when-

* Mr. Richmond once met the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, the well known secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, at the house of Mr. Livius, in Bedford. The conversation turned on the Ritual of the Church of England. Mr. Fuller remarked, "that it *assumed* the sincerity of the worshipper, which he considered a defect." "How would *you* frame these services?" said Mr. Richmond: "The Church presumes, in the judgment of charity, that all her worshippers are sincere, and forms her Ritual on this principle. If they are not sincere, the greater is their responsibility." "But the fact," said Mr. F., "is otherwise; and charity, unsupported by fact, is misplaced." "How would you remedy the defect?" rejoined Mr. Richmond. Here the conversation was interrupted. The time being arrived for family worship, Mr. Richmond expounded a passage of Scripture, and Mr. Fuller concluded with prayer; after which, our friend observed, with a smile, "your prayer, sir, is liable to the same objection which you make to the services of our church. Your petitions for pardon and grace, your acknowledgment of guilt, your hope and confidence in God were all generally offered up without qualification, as expressive of the feelings and sentiments of the whole assembly." "How would you have me pray?" said Mr. F. "Precisely as you did," replied Mr. Richmond,—"but you must no longer adhere to your objection; for you were not warranted to believe, except in the judgment of charity, that all the members of the family were sincere worshippers. You have this night authorised the principle on which our services were constructed, by your own example."

ever he asked a favour, it was for others, and not for himself. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate this part of his character than by relating an anecdote of Mr. Howe (one of Oliver Cromwell's chaplains,) to whom, in many points, Legh Richmond bore a strong resemblance. Hr. Howe was applied to for protection, by men of all parties, in those eventful times; and it is said of him, that he never refused his assistance to any person who was a 'worthy man,' whatever might be his religious tenets. 'Mr. Howe' (said the Protector to his chaplain, 'you have asked favours for every body beside yourself, pray when does *your* turn come.' 'My turn, my lord Protector,' said Mr. Howe, 'is always come when I can serve another.'

"He had a great abhorrence of *slander*, in any form or on any occasion: he shrunk from its foul breath, as if he feared his own soul would be polluted by it. It was a maxim with him, 'never impute a *bad* motive where you can find a *good* one; nor repeat a thing to the disadvantage of another, where imperious necessity does not require it.'

"It is no small praise to say of any man, '*they* loved him best, who knew him most.' Legh Richmond had not an inmate of his family, whether wife, child, or servant, perhaps scarcely a parishioner, who can even now hear his name without emotion.

"It is little to say, that I truly loved him, and shall ever cherish his memory with affectionate veneration.

"You, my dear friend, have a difficult task imposed on you, and much less time allowed than is needful, to satisfy the public or yourself, in the execution of a work which is intended to exhibit the character of one '*who was both a good and a great man, in every person's estimation but his own.*"

We merely add one more short testimony, from the Rev. Mr. Gauntlett, the vicar of Olney.

"Thousands, and tens of thousands, who have hung with admiration, affection, and interest on his eloquent addresses from the pulpit and the platform, will unite in the sentiment that 'a great man is fallen.' The sermons of Legh Richmond were characterised not only by a depth of piety, and a sound orthodoxy, in strict conformity with the Scrip-

tures, and with the fathers of the English church, but likewise by the most pathetic and affectionate appeals to his auditors on the subject of personal religion His addresses on public occasions, in behalf of many of the religious societies, were marked by extraordinary powers of description; by a pathos which deeply interested and affected his audience; by felicitous and appropriate references to present circumstances, arising from the occasion; and by an eloquence peculiar to himself, which must have been witnessed to be duly appreciated. Mr. Richmond was strictly an extemporaneous speaker. The remarks of his brethren and others on the platform were frequently made the occasions on which he formed the most judicious comments, gratifying to their authors, illustrative of the subject, and which, while they delighted, at the same time instructed and edified his auditors."

We intended to have drawn a summary of the character of Mr. Richmond, founded on recollections of nearly twenty years' continuance; but our anxiety to afford room for the contributions of others leaves little space for our own.

We shall, therefore, briefly add a few remarks to what has been already said of *his extensive usefulness*. Numerous indeed are the testimonies to this fact; not limited to the precincts of his own parish, but extended to various parts of the kingdom. Many at the last day from all portions of the world, who have read his tracts with profit and edification, will rise up and call him blessed!

The *cause* of this signal usefulness we consider to have been, not merely his acknowledged gifts and endowments, but rather the singular fidelity with which he uniformly exalted the Saviour, and humbled the sinner. The unceasing subject of his ministrations and writings, was "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Christ was exhibited in his varied offices, as prophet, priest and king—embodied in every precept and promise,—and his power, faithfulness, grace, and love, urged with affectionate and impressive earnestness. We would here beg emphatically to add, that it is only in proportion as this great truth forms the

basis and end of the Christian ministry, that the divine blessing can be the ultimate reward and seal of all its labours.

His publication of 'The Fathers of the English Church' is the first systematic attempt in modern times to communicate to the public the writings of the Reformers; and by its powerful influence in restoring the standard of sound Protestant doctrine, is a noble memorial of his labours.

If it be said, that in the above outline there is a faithful enumeration of what is excellent in the character of Legh Richmond, and that what now remains is with equal fidelity to record what is defective; painful as it is at all times to exercise so ungrateful an office, we are nevertheless supported by the conviction that we can record no blemish that affected the loveliness of the Christian, or the estimation of the man. In endeavouring, therefore, to discharge this duty, it will perhaps awaken the astonishment of the reader, who has been contemplating the laborious career of his life, to be told that indolence was naturally his besetting sin, 'the thorn in the flesh,' against which he had unceasingly to contend. It will be remembered that in his diary, the following remarkable words occur; 'sloth, detested sloth, how does it injure my advancement;' and again, 'what methods shall I take to cure my spiritual slothfulness? There must be a struggle and agony—heaven must be taken with violence.' We more particularly mention this fact, that we may magnify that grace which could thus convert indolence into activity, and supineness into zeal, till life itself became the sacrifice of his exertions, and he died literally spent in his Master's service.*

Let the reader improve the knowledge of this circumstance to his own personal edification, and reflect that natural infirmities afford no justification for their indulgence; that they are not only to be resisted, but may be subdued; that God's strength is perfected in man's weakness, and

* It was stated by Dr. Thackeray, a well known and highly respectable physician in Bedfordshire, who attended him in his last illness, that he fell a martyr to his ministerial labours,—that the death of his son might have hastened the event, but that his frame had been sinking for the last two years.

that divine truth has declared for our encouragement, "my grace is sufficient for thee."

There was also an excess of *sensibility* in Mr. Richmond's character, often injurious to his inward serenity and comfort, and which placed his feelings too much under the dominion of others. His tender spirit could not bear an unkind word, and still less an uncharitable act; and in the hours of confidential intercourse, he would deeply mourn over a tendency, even in what is called the religious world, to exercise a censorious spirit, incompatible with Christian charity, and with the precepts of the Gospel, which enjoin us to "bear one another's burdens, and so to fulfil the law of Christ;" and to "judge not, lest we ourselves be judged of the Lord."

We have already alluded to his unfitness for the secular concerns and business of common life. It might be that his mind was absorbed with higher contemplations, and that he forgot the perishing dust of this earth, in his pursuit after the imperishable riches of heaven. His excellent wife amply supplied the omission; and the manner in which his children have been brought up and educated, to the period of his decease, is the best commentary on the subject.

To Legh Richmond the judgment of man must now be a matter of profound indifference. Praise the most elevated can add nothing to the enjoyments of that scene on which he has entered; censure the most severe can detract nothing from its blessedness. Let it rather be our inquiry, how we may best imitate the virtues that have been recorded, and finally attain the same blessed end.

The grace of God, which was so eminently manifested in his case, let us humbly and earnestly invoke for ourselves. It may not be communicated to us in the like proportion—we may neither be distinguished by his endowments, nor honoured with the same extent of usefulness; but fidelity is attainable by all, whatever be the measure of their qualifications, or opportunities of doing good. To the possessor of ten talents is assigned the corresponding obligation to improve them adequately to the glory of their

great Giver: while from the lowest attainments and the humblest labourer will be demanded what is recorded of the zeal of a Magdalene—"she hath done what she could." While we respectfully address these remarks to all, we more especially beg to apply them to those who sustain the high office of the Christian pastor.

And oh! how great and transcendent will be the reward of the Christian pastor who has laboured with patience, and has not fainted, and who shall at length reap the harvest of an eternal blessedness! His trials may, in numerous instances, be signal, as in the case of Legh Richmond; and successive purifying dispensations may be the ordained messengers of God's providence, and necessary to accomplish the mysterious purposes of his grace; but the days of mourning shall have an end, and the year of recompence is at hand. And then how justly may we apply the animating language recorded in the Volume of inspiration:—"Who are these which are arrayed in white robes? And whence came they? And I said unto him, sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THE END.

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